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February 11, 1950

The Color Photos of the Year

OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA

By Lowell Thomas with L[illegible] Jr.

Feb. 11, 1950

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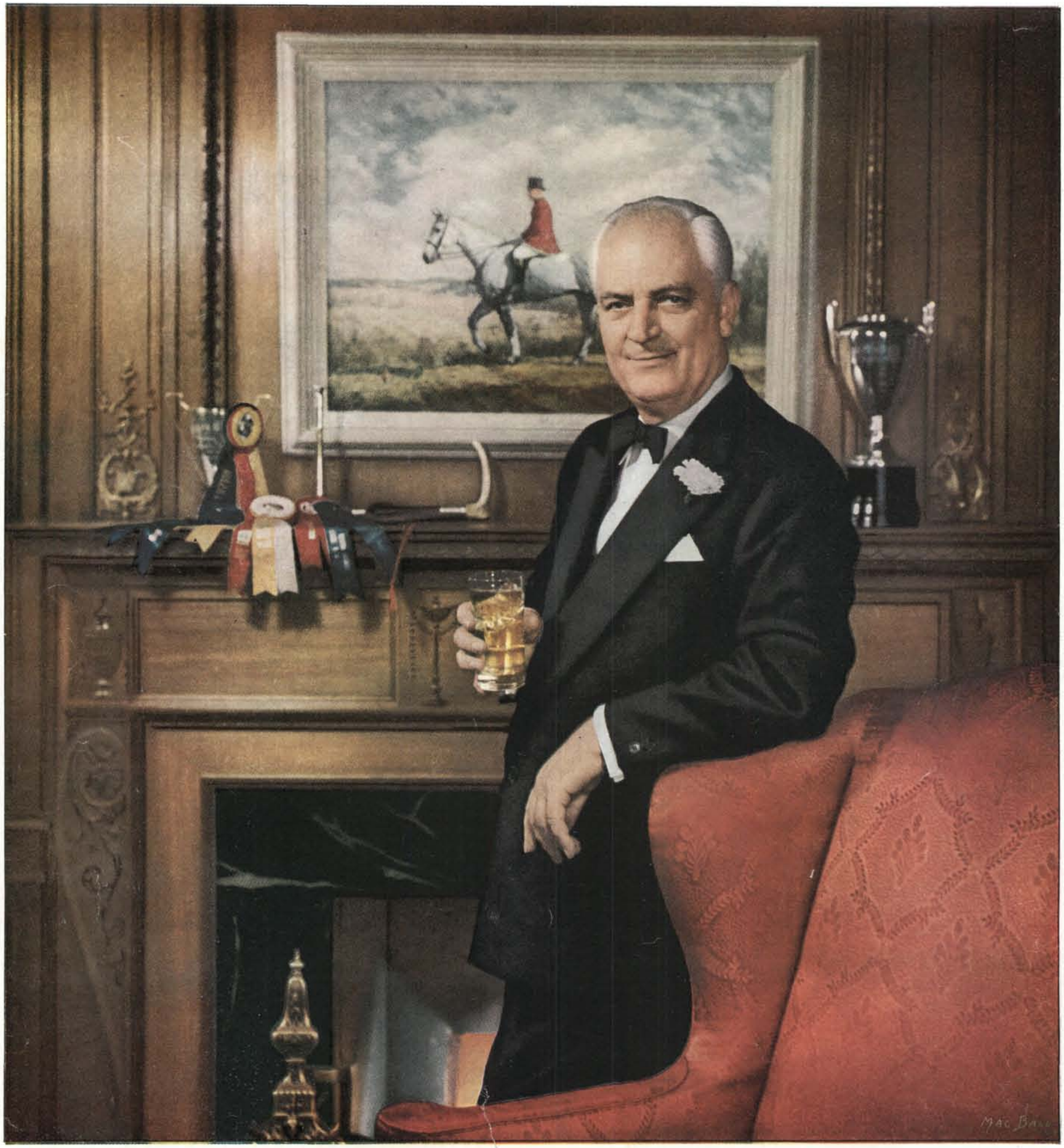

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MR. JAMES HARLEY NASH— *distinguished packaging designer and sportsman—has captured the country's topmost awards for his many outstanding designs. Away from the drawing-board, Mr. Nash breeds and raises fine hunting horses and is Director of the well-known Huntingdon Valley Hunt, Pennsylvania.*

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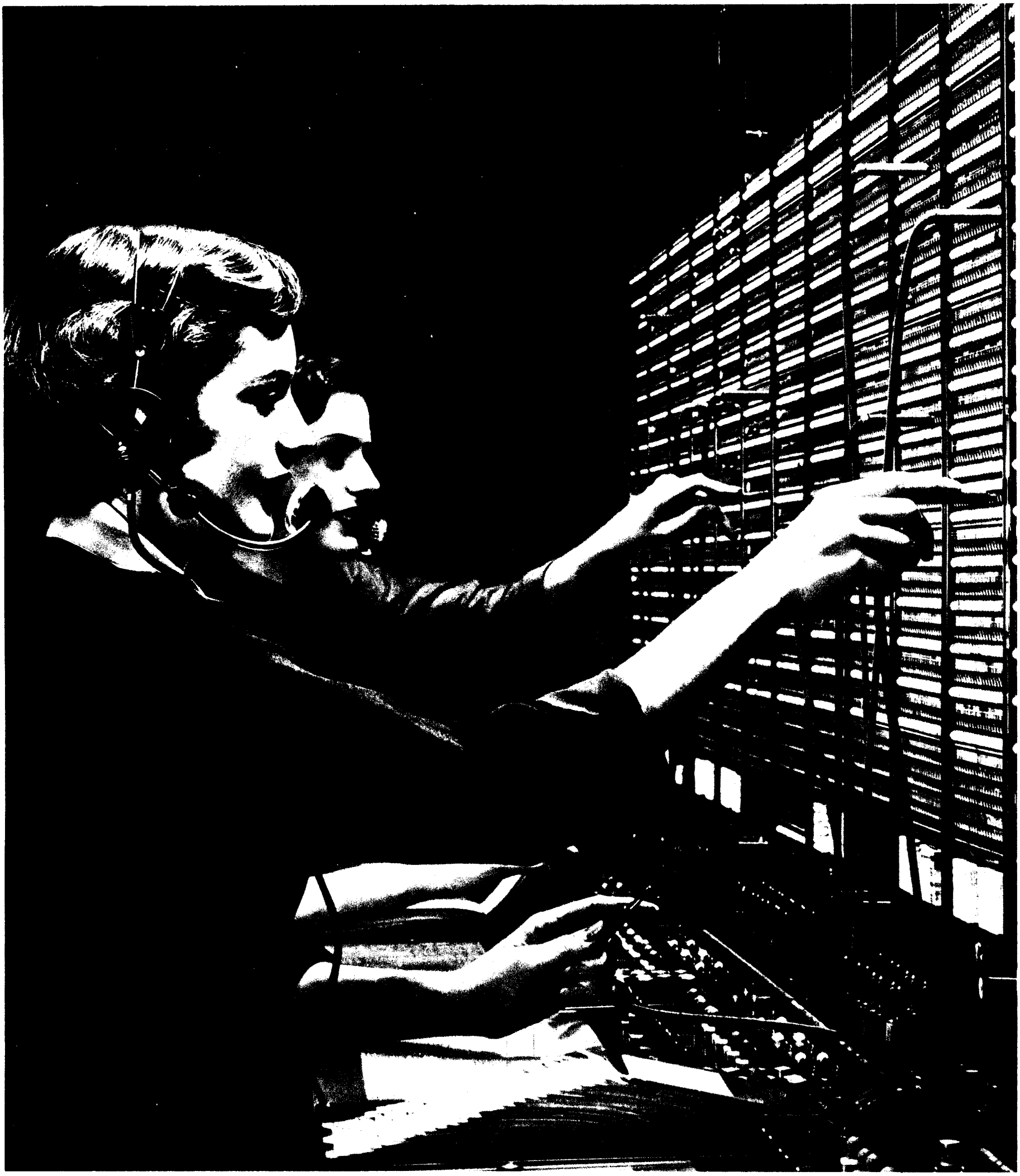

SERVICE THAT NEVER SLEEPS . . . Whatever the need or the hour, the telephone is on the job—ready to take you where you want to go, quickly and dependably. Telephone service is one of the few services available twenty-four hours a day—weekdays, Sundays and holidays. Yet the cost is small—within reach of all . . . **Bell Telephone System.**

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE • LORETTA YOUNG

in

"KEY TO THE CITY"

FRANK MORGAN

Marilyn MAXWELL • James GLEASON
Lewis STONE • Raymond WALBURN

Screen Play by ROBERT RILEY CRUTCHER
Based on a Story by ALBERT BEICH

Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN

A convention of U. S. Mayors might *sound* stuffy – but it isn't when gleeful two-fisted Clark Gable turns the Convention inside out, the town of San Francisco upside down – and a weary police force begins to yearn for the peaceful days of the Tong Wars!

It all happens in M-G-M's new comedy: "Key To The City", starring Clark Gable and Loretta Young.

Clark's a tough ex-longshoreman who's fought his way up to Mayor by fighting the people's fight (with time out for lots of horseplay, laughs and ladies – not necessarily in that order).

However, a *lady mayor* is a new experience for Clark! She's Loretta Young – prim, precise and pretty mayor of Wenonah, Maine. After a successful squeeze play with Marilyn Maxwell, an Atomic Dancer on the Chop Suey Circuit–Clark makes a romantic pitch at the cold but captivating Loretta. But sedate Loretta isn't buying any of Gable's brand of catch-as-catch-can amour.

"Look lady," begs crestfallen Clark, "who's got *conventions* at Conventions?"

From then on, the fun involves a free-for-all, a fire engine, a fancy-dress ball, and those delightful personalities – Frank Morgan, James Gleason, Lewis Stone and Raymond Walburn. As for Clark and Loretta they "click" like a key in a lock in "Key To The City" – and we doff our Dobbs to Director George Sidney and Producer Z. Wayne Griffin for the most rousing and romantic comedy of the year.

There's a hot time in the old town for you—and for the whole family—when you see the hi-jinks that go with "Key To The City".

SOMETHING TO-LOOK-FORWARD-TO DEPT.
"Annie Get Your Gun"

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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February 11, 1950

ARTICLES

Out of This World: A Journey to Lhasa.....LOWELL THOMAS
(PART ONE OF SIX PARTS) WITH LOWELL THOMAS, JR. 13

Big Grab at Washington.....U.S. SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS
WITH JAMES C. DERIEUX 20

The Doctor Brushed Off 'Utopia'.....HENRY LA COSSITT 24

Danger: Broadway Beauty at Work.....MAURICE ZOLOTOW 26

Another Gomez?.....HOLMES ALEXANDER 30

They're Sure to Get Caught.....WILLIAM J. SLOCUM 36
(CONCLUDING THE POSTAL INSPECTORS)

FICTION

Report on the Barnhouse Effect.....KURT VONNEGUT, JR. 18

A Wedding Is a Beginning.....HAMLEN HUNT 22

City Beyond Devil's Gate.....LILLIAN JANET 28
(PART THREE OF SIX PARTS)

We're Both from Biddeford.....COREY FORD 31
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Family Guardian.....RICHARD STERN 32

Life in His Hands.....BENJAMIN SIEGEL 34

●

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8

Who Switches Those Switches?.....ROY KAMMERMAN 10

Editorials..... 74

Cover.....LOWELL THOMAS, JR.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 6.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demuerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as *second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.*
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

One of the architectural wonders of the world is the vast Potala, that fabulous red and white stone "Palace of the Gods" in Lhasa, the sacred capital of Tibet. Towering as high as the Empire State Building, the 300-year-old structure serves as the winter residence and the capitol building of the Dalai Lama, Tibet's god king. On the top of the Potala rests the sparkling gold-roofed crypts of seven previous Dalai Lamas. Pictured before this Buddhist shrine are, left to right, Rimshi Kyipup, official interpreter; Luishahr Dzaza Lama, monk foreign minister; Dorje Changwaba, official guide, and Lowell Thomas. For more about this expedition to the roof of the world, see page 13.

Week's Mail

Bouquets for the Christmas Annual

EDITOR: I must tell you what an outstanding number your Christmas Annual is. I have never read a finer issue of a magazine—and no exceptions.

The old Christmas classics are lovely, and the Bob Considine story is magnificent. Do let Mr. Considine know how very much I enjoyed his story, and tell him that I think *it* will become a classic.

Keep up your good work in the interest of the brotherhood of man. We *are* making progress, even though it seems slow. And magazines like yours can do so much to help, for they reach such a large public.

MRS. MARTHA MILES SHERMAN,
Secretary, Information Center for the United Nations, New York City

. . . I cannot adequately express to you my enjoyment of Collier's Christmas number. From cover to cover it is indeed a thing of beauty. Especially outstanding to me are the art work and skillful engraving. So many of the small illustrations, I thought, would have made the choicest of Christmas cards.

Your selection of classics is a delight, with Chesterton's poem my favorite, and of the articles, Bob Considine's, the most poignantly beautiful and significant.

And as I turned lastly to the editorial it seemed too much to expect that the well-worn and repetitious seasonal theme could take on such freshness and simplicity.

My gratitude for all this and for the policy of consistent sensible optimism, tolerance and hope which pervades Collier's.

LUCY DEBASE, Stevens Point, Wis.

. . . In a world so torn with emotions, both mental and physical, it is pleasant to be able to revert to one's childhood, if just for a little while, through the medium of the Ten Christmas Classics.

I was especially pleased to read The Little Match Girl, which was one of my favorite stories when a child.

MRS. NORMA K. LINTZ, Reading, Pa.

. . . In reading The Christmas Plane, by John Conner, I was glad to see that Chaplain Teska is still doing his unusual job of helping other people and carrying on the spirit of giving. Captain Teska was chaplain with the 100th Bombardment Group in the ETO during the war.

He served all the G.I.s of our group with rich and friendly advice the same way he is carrying on now with the people up North.

Flying is nothing new to the chaplain. He "sweated out" our bombing missions like all the rest and served his country well. A true son of the Century Bombers.

GERSON L. KELMAN, New York, N. Y.

. . . Many congratulations to you and the editorial board for Mr. Considine's sensitive vignette, Well, a Little More Time . . .

As a Christian of no particular denomina-

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for the name of the nearest dealer who can give you...

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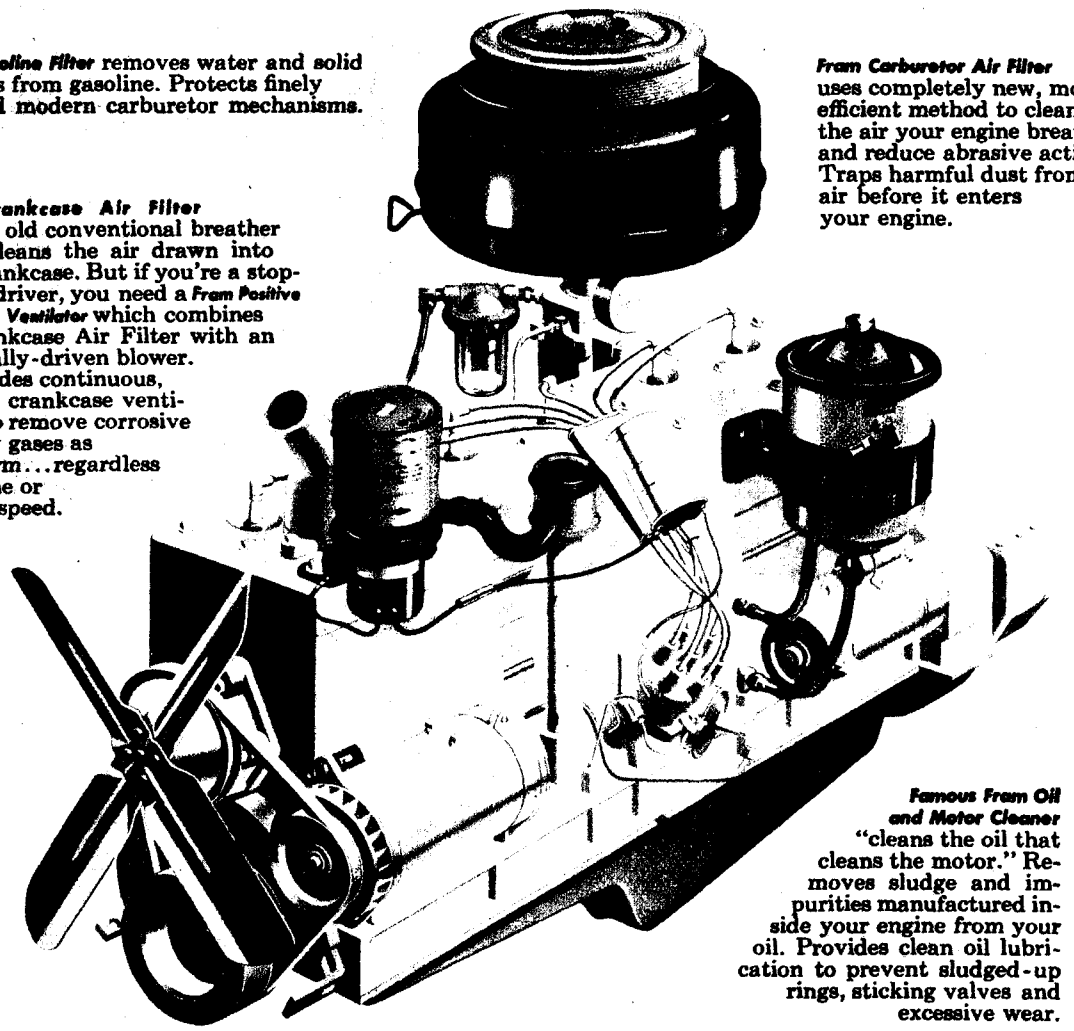
to save you breakdowns, time and money



Fram Gasoline Filter removes water and solid particles from gasoline. Protects finely adjusted modern carburetor mechanisms.

Fram Crankcase Air Filter replaces old conventional breather caps. Cleans the air drawn into your crankcase. But if you're a stop-and-go driver, you need a ***Fram Positive Crankcase Ventilator*** which combines the Crankcase Air Filter with an electrically-driven blower. It provides continuous, uniform crankcase ventilation to remove corrosive blow-by gases as they form...regardless of engine or vehicle speed.

Fram Carburetor Air Filter uses completely new, more efficient method to clean the air your engine breathes and reduce abrasive action. Traps harmful dust from air before it enters your engine.

Famous Fram Oil and Motor Cleaner "cleans the oil that cleans the motor." Removes sludge and impurities manufactured inside your engine from your oil. Provides clean oil lubrication to prevent sludged-up rings, sticking valves and excessive wear.

YOU need Fram Complete Engine Protection to clean the air your engine breathes . . . to filter the gasoline your engine burns . . . to clean the oil that cleans your motor and to provide adequate crankcase ventilation. Without this protection, your car may be committing suicide.

The engine shown here has Complete Engine Protection. It will outlast many. Will yours? Be sure! See your Fram Dealer today.

Wherever you live, call your local Western Union office by number and ask for Operator 25. Just tell her, "I want Fram Complete Engine Protection for my car . . . where can I buy it?" She'll tell you the name and address of your nearest dealer in a few seconds. Call her today.

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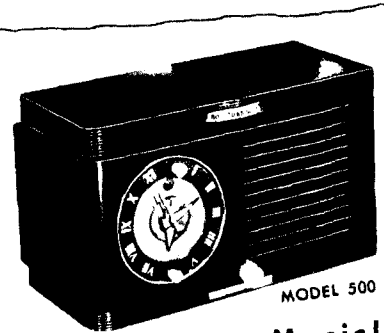
Imagine a radio with seven amazing services! It lulls you to sleep, wakes you to music, has your coffee piping hot for breakfast, brings in your favorite radio programs, all automatically—and gives you the correct time, even in the dark! Made by General Electric, leader in Clock-Radios, it also turns any of a dozen appliances on and off automatically! And it's a fine-toned table radio, too! No wonder it's the "world's most useful radio"! General Electric Clock-Radio Model 506 in lovely ivory plastic. $36.95* *Rosewood, $34.95*—burgundy $35.95**



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Remember the clock-radio that remembers! It wakes you to sweet music *automatically!* If you doze off, it buzzes till you get up. G-E electric clock, fine-toned radio. Rich rosewood plastic cabinet. Model 500. $29.95*

General Electric Co., Syracuse, New York

See and hear the General Electric Fred Waring show on television—CBS-TV network, Sundays, 9 P.M., EST.

**Slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

tion I believe that writings with the deceptive simplicity of Mr. Considine's can achieve a great deal in reminding Christians that discrimination is anathema to Jesus' teachings.

DOROTHY S. JOHNSON, New York City

. . . May I congratulate you on the delightful Christmas Annual just published? I am wondering why this has not been done before. I can remember many Christmas Annuals during my earlier life in England, where they are a tradition and as much a part of the festive season as the holly and the mistletoe. Such periodicals as TitBits, the Strand Magazine, the Graphic and the Illustrated News were, I remember, outstanding among the group.

I hope you have started a new idea with this issue of Collier's. I bought several extra copies to give to friends who may have arrived too late at the newsstand to get one.

EDITH OSBORNE THOMPSON, San Diego, Cal.

. . . Bob Considine's Well, a Little More Time . . . seems as eloquent on a single page as that great book, Gentleman's Agreement, was in an entire volume.

ART ARTHUR, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Early Lunch, Maybe

EDITOR: I believe that the description of the photograph on the cover of your Dec. 31st issue is inaccurate. It said the picture was taken when the children were returning from a noon recess.

The weathervane shows that the photographer was facing north; the shadows are coming from the east—which would show that the picture was taken in the forenoon.

BRUCE YOUNG, Simsbury, Conn.

At Least It Wasn't Malarkey

EDITOR: It's a very small matter but you may be interested to know that the temple in Madura, whose main gateway was described by your correspondent Freling Foster in Keep Up with the World (Dec. 24th) as the "largest and most elaborately decorated structure of its kind in the world," is the temple of Minakshi, and not Minarchi as unfortunately misspelled in the article.

G. P. JAIN, Government of India Information Services, Washington 8, D. C.

Ingrid's Defenders

EDITOR: Usually, I enjoy the squawks, the gripes and the takings to task by your readers in Week's Mail. This time, I should like to add one of my own.

Mr. John M. Kelly and Mr. M. W. Hunt (Dec. 24th issue) are no longer able to enjoy the performances of Ingrid Bergman. That is a pity. She is one of the finest actresses of our time.

Perhaps my moral sense is not so keen as theirs; perhaps I am a little more tolerant; or it may be that at this particular season, I remember a sentence from the world's best-selling Book: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone . . ."

HELEN C. MATHESON, Tucson, Ariz.

. . . I have read the letters of other readers in Week's Mail saying they did not like your article on Ingrid Bergman (Ingrid's Rossellini, Nov. 12th) and no longer like her.

They seem to forget Miss Bergman is a human being besides an actress and has as much right to her private life as the woman next door to them. If and when Bergman makes any more pictures, I for one will go to see them.

I also have no fault to find with Collier's and what you see fit to print.

MRS. EARLE RYAN, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Here's a Lady Would Like 'Em

EDITOR: Regarding your editorial, Scrambled Reasoning (Dec. 3d), may I say that you don't have to be starving to appreciate dried eggs. We cannot get them.

They are only issued to "under fives," and right now every British housewife would gladly change all those nuts and grapes in the shop windows for *one* tin of dried eggs.

It makes me weep to think of them. We get one shell egg per week and could make all our pancakes, Yorkshire puddings, omelets, cakes and puddings with dried eggs.

In fact, after using them when we *could* for these we would never use a fresh egg again.

MRS. M. NAUNTON, Prestwich, England.

One Vote for Velie; One for Perez

EDITOR: If a humble citizen, who knows quite a bit about how unerringly accurate your exposés of Arthur Samish and Leander Perez, the self-anointed Kingfishes of California and Louisiana, have been, could nominate Lester Velie for the Pulitzer prize for outstanding journalistic efforts—"I nominate you." Or at least I wish to be one of the many seconders of the nomination by those whose names carry greater weight in such matters.

GEORGE B. BUSH, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . After reading both installments of Kingfish of the Dixiecrats (Dec. 17th–24th) I must say that you have rendered a valuable service to freedom-loving people.

Perez could not have got to the first roadblock if the people had not been behind him. He has overcome all outside interference and demonstrated the desirability of home rule.

If Mrs. Wilson and I can find even a dishwashing job in Plaquemines we are going there to live out our remaining days in a true democracy.

H. S. WILSON, Bradenton, Fla.

No "New" Dogma

EDITOR: The article Year of Jubilee (Dec. 24th) was of general interest and very informative. However, it contained some outstanding mistakes:

"The holy year may also be marked by the pronouncement of a new dogma . . . the dogma has been under discussion since 1869 in the Vatican, where some church leaders opposed it as tending to widen the gulf between Catholicism and other Christian denominations."

In the first place the church does not pronounce *new* dogmas. Dogmas are like truth: saying them does not make them. What Mr. Attwood and Mr. Freidin meant is that the church is to *define* a doctrine that has always been taught by the church.

As for widening the gulf between Catholicism and "other Christian denominations," the church does not consider such possibilities any more than her Founder, Jesus Christ, considered the possibility of antagonizing the Pharisees with His teachings.

The idea that the opening of the cloistered monasteries and convents is a "reform" comparable to that of the Council of Trent is mistaken. The members of the congregations are merely being asked to leave their quiet life of prayer for a time. The need of reform in these monasteries is nonexistent.

CECELIA EMBRY, Norman, Okla.

. . . Congratulations on your recent article, Year of Jubilee. It is a distinct pleasure, all too seldom afforded, to see such painstaking care in the use of the correct terminology on a subject dealing with Catholic beliefs and practices.

To the authors of the article and to the publishers, a very sincere "thank you."

T. J. KENNEDY, O.M.I., San Antonio, Tex.

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READER'S DIGEST
reports clinical proof that it's
ANAHIST for COLDS

ANAHIST TRADE MARK *is the only drug proved CLINICALLY EFFECTIVE for Colds in the rigidly controlled tests described in the READER'S DIGEST*

ANAHIST CAN STOP COLD SYMPTOMS IN A SINGLE DAY!

"Here's the Best Health News of the Year," says Reader's Digest

Thus Reader's Digest, December issue, begins its exciting account of the development, testing and clinical proof of the effectiveness of a revolutionary new drug discovery—ANAHIST—the antihistamine for colds.

Worth noting is the fact that all antihistamines are *not* alike. They vary greatly in effectiveness. ANAHIST has been singled out as the *new miracle drug for colds* because of its amazingly successful record in actual clinical tests.

These tests show that, by taking ANAHIST upon exposure or at the first sign of a cold, the great majority of people can now eliminate cold symptoms in a single day! This means goodbye to sneezing, coughing, watering eyes, running nose. Thus, it is now entirely possible to avoid bad colds and their complications all year 'round . . . also avoid passing colds on to your family and to others. By taking ANAHIST *immediately* upon contact with anyone who coughs or sneezes, the chain of infection may be broken.

ANAHIST'S 25 mg. antihistamine tablets provide the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE dosage for colds now available without a prescription.

Prompt, efficient relief for hay fever, too . . . ANAHIST—new miracle drug discovery — is the exclusive trademark of ANAHIST CO., INC., Yonkers 2, New York.

THE ANTIHISTAMINE RECOMMENDED FOR FAMILY USE

ANAHIST TRADE MARK

Q. *Is* ANAHIST *SAFE?*

A. Yes. ANAHIST is SAFE for both adults and children, when taken as directed on package. Children over 6 get the same dosage as adults. For children under 6, consult your physician for proper dosage . . . ANAHIST also helps prevent passing colds on to children.

Q. *Are all antihistamines equally effective?*

A. No. Antihistamines differ in chemical structure and effectiveness. ANAHIST is the CLINICALLY-PROVED EFFECTIVE antihistamine you can buy *with confidence* for family use.

Q. *If a cold has already run three or four days, will the use of* ANAHIST *give relief?*

A. This drug, which has so much value when taken upon exposure to colds or during the early phases of a cold, gradually loses its effectiveness if its administration is delayed. However, there is clinical evidence that, in any phase of the common cold, ANAHIST may reduce the complications and reduce the severity, even after there has been invasion of the mucous membrane by secondary invaders.

Buy at Your Drug Store

Take ANAHIST *immediately* upon exposure or in the first 24 hours of a cold . . . then continue with one tablet after each meal and before retiring. Continue this ANAHIST treatment 72 hours for maximum effectiveness. ANAHIST is now available in the large, family-size bottle of 40 tablets—also pocket-size bottles of 15.

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Families Everywhere say Goodbye to Colds with

ANAHIST TRADE MARK

Richard Hesselgrave *family, 2076 Palace Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.* Mrs. Hesselgrave writes: "I read about ANAHIST in Reader's Digest, so, when I felt a cold coming, I started taking ANAHIST. Next morning — no sign of a cold! With such results on myself, I'm giving ANAHIST to my family, too."

John J. Roach *family, 84 Fremont St., Hartford, Conn.* Mrs. Roach writes: "I woke up sneezing—feeling stuffy in the head. I started ANAHIST and after 4 tablets all signs of a cold were gone. From now on, it's ANAHIST for the whole family if they get any symptoms."

R. H. Michael *family, 1508 Riverside Heights, Verona, Pittsburgh, Pa.* Mr. Michael writes: "I can't afford a long bout with a cold—and, since my wife brought home ANAHIST, that problem's solved." And Mrs. Michael adds: "Since we discovered ANAHIST, we can 'nip' colds in the bud!"

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HERBERT TAREYTON

MR. J. PETER HOGUET, Jr., popular young socialite and winter sports enthusiast. Discriminating in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Hoguet says: "I smoke Herbert Tareyton because no other cigarette gives me so much smoking enjoyment."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give...the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Glendale's Wee Kirk o' the Heather is one of three churches in the cemetery

Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, the 300-acre cemetery in Glendale, California, has three churches in which are held each week, on the average, 105 funeral services, 30 weddings and eight christenings.

* * * * * * * * *

For centuries, few cities in the world have had a worse crime record than Marseille, France. As the police seldom enter the dark, narrow passageways that wind through the water-front slums, these sections have long been inhabited by thieves, murderers, white slavers and dope smugglers. An example of their brazenness is a 1944 robbery in which a gang broke into police headquarters and stole all its criminal records. But the most astonishing fact about Marseille was unearthed by a study of the major felonies committed in France between 1900 and 1930. This fact was that three quarters of all these crimes had been perpetrated by persons who were born or had lived in this seaport.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten English words are used so frequently that they comprise nearly 14 per cent of all general matter printed in our language. These words, and the average number of times they appear in every 10,000 are: "it"—43, "for"—49, "that"—61, "is"—72, "a"—108, "in"—111, "to"—132, "and"—142, "of"—222 and "the"—420.

* * * * * * * * *

In December, 1936, opium became so plentiful in Honolulu's Chinatown that the Bureau of Narcotics in Washington assigned to the case one of its best detectives, a Chinese-American whom we shall call "Sam Chu." Believing only unorthodox methods would trap the smugglers, Chu set out to convince the underworld that he was a U.S. narcotics agent but that he disliked his job, was poorly paid and was not immune to bribery. To further the impression, he wore old clothes, seldom went to his office and never arrested anyone. By August, 1938, Chu still did not know that the men he sought were three Chinese—a crew member of a certain ship and two local residents who would go aboard and get the opium from the man. Feeling that he could now apply pressure, Chu had an order issued which required the searching of all persons who left the docks. As this stopped the smugglers, the leader, as expected, went to Chu and bribed him to bring future shipments ashore because he would not be searched. So on December 15, 1938, Chu himself went aboard the Empress of Japan, picked up 80 cans of the dope and delivered them to the leader. And the man and his accomplices were arrested within an hour.

* * * * * * * * *

During a thunderstorm on the evening of July 10, 1926, a flash of lightning struck and set afire a powder magazine in the Picatinny Naval Arsenal at Lake Denmark, New Jersey. As the flames spread rapidly among the warehouses filled with ammunition, one building after another was blown to bits; and the destruction continued for 24 hours. Many of the explosions were so violent that they rattled windows and dishes 50 miles away. The disaster killed 31, injured 400 others, destroyed 196 structures in the arsenal area and badly damaged 10 near-by towns. The total property loss was $93,000,000, an amount that is exceeded by only two other great American catastrophes—the Chicago fire in 1871 and the San Francisco fire in 1906.

* * * * * * * * *

At Anglo-Saxon weddings in the early part of the Christian Era, the bride promised, among other things, to remain "buxom and bonny," and the bridegroom promised to take her for "fairer or fouler."

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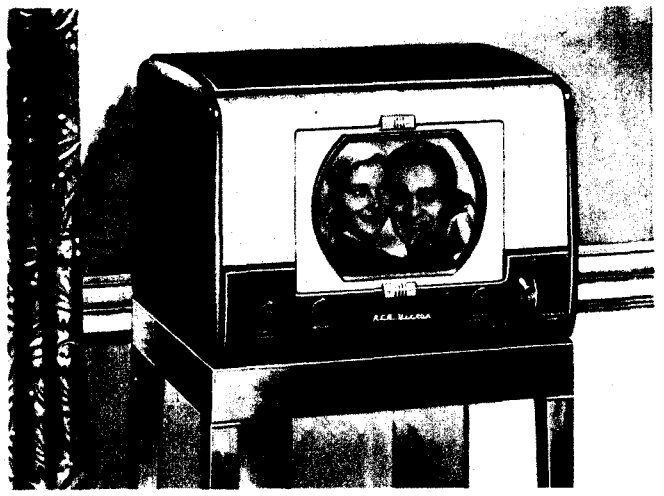
Performance you can count on



These 10-inch pictures are plenty big for the average living room—and they're Eye Witness quality. No need to compromise with "bargain" sets when you can get America's favorite at this price! Matching consolette base, with or without built-in antenna, is optional, extra. AC. RCA Victor T100.

$169.95
Plus $1.22 Fed. Tax. Factory-Service Contract extra

RCA Victor offers you double value in television. First, America's finest—and favorite—receiver. Second, the finest television service through their own, nationwide RCA Service Company.

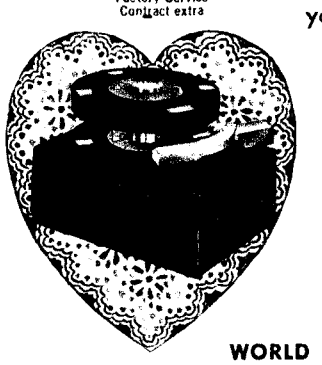
• Your RCA Victor television receiver will give you the *best* performance when it is installed and serviced by RCA Victor's own Service Company. You get this expert service and installation when you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract. And *only* when you buy RCA Victor Eye Witness Television can you take advantage of this Contract. Ask your dealer for details.

Everybody gets an Eye Witness view on the big, wide, 12½-inch screen of this new set. Pictures are *locked in tune*. They come in with amazing clearness even where television signals are hard to get. There's a built-in antenna, a phono-jack where you can plug in a "45" record changer. Polished mahogany or walnut finish—limed oak is slightly higher. AC operation. RCA Victor TC125.

$279.95
Plus $1.38 Fed. Tax. Factory-Service Contract extra

Music's the "food of love," the poet says—so what better Valentine than the *finest* music? This RCA Victor automatic record changer attachment plays the new 45 rpm records through any set. It's the music of the future, costs only **$12.95.**

***Have you met "Kukla, Fran & Ollie"**—with Burr Tillstrom's wonderful characters? See them on your NBC television station.*



RCA VICTOR

EYE WITNESS TELEVISION

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION!

Suggested list prices are subject to change without notice—are slightly higher in the far West and South.

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FRAGILE

Handle with Kellys

KELLY Springfield TIRES

Precious cargo . . .

No time to take chances with smooth-worn tires! And you don't have to be an engineer to select the best tire for your needs.

The true value of a tire is plainly marked by the maker's name on the sidewall!

When that name is Kelly-Springfield, you are sure of the very last word in design, craftsmanship and materials. For since rubber tires were first put on cars, Kelly has stood for long, worry-free mileage.

Your dependable Kelly Dealer will be glad to equip your car with safe new Kellys—giving full credit for the unused mileage in your present tires.

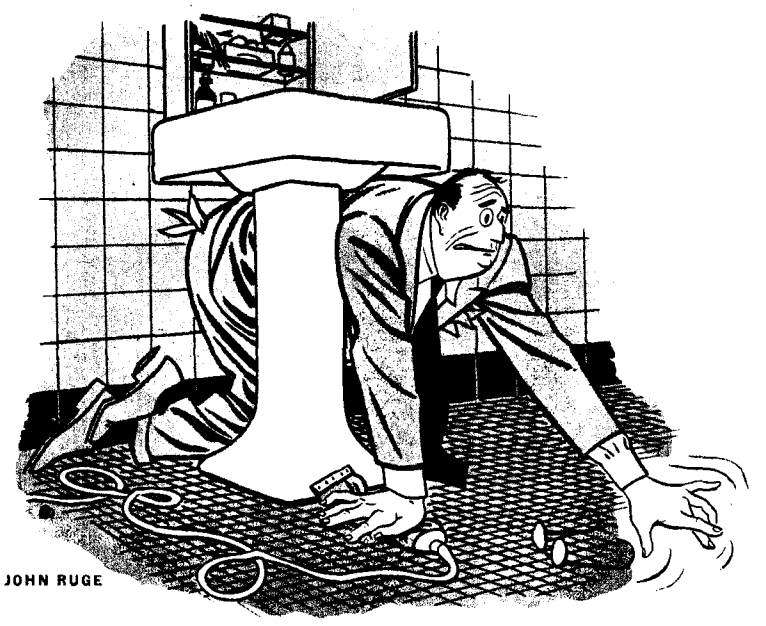
THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

Know-how makes them Better!

PROVED AND IMPROVED FOR 56 YEARS!

WHO SWITCHES THOSE SWITCHES?

By ROY KAMMERMAN



The medicine cabinet door knocks off your glasses

YOU can whisper about the bathroom light switch situation behind your hand if you want to, but nothing will be done about it until it's shouted from the housetops and that's what I intend to do. Suppose we begin with a little questionnaire.

A. When you visit a strange house in the evening, do you have trouble finding the light switch in the bathroom?

B. If your answer to A is no, for whom are you covering up?

Multiply your answers by the adult population of the United States and you'll have a *faint* idea of how many people suffer from misplaced bathroom switches.

You visit a friend for the evening, and he says, "I guess you'll want to wash up before dinner." He directs you to the bathroom and you enter, confidently running your hand along the wall to your right as you go in, expecting to find the light switch. It isn't there. You snicker a bit nervously and try the left wall. The switch isn't there either. That's the time you should yell, "Where in blazes is the light here?" but you think of the roomful of guests you just met, and you stay silent and continue groping.

You work your way to the washbasin, since you know that some bathrooms have shaving lights over the basin. You feel along the wall and with a twinge of excitement you find a switch. You click it. The medicine-cabinet door swings open, knocking off your glasses. You grope on the floor for your glasses or the tooth paste that fell out, come up under the basin with a bang and swear.

Desperate, you turn on the water in the basin, rinse your hands without soap, and grope toward where a towel rack may be. You grab something, rumple it gratefully in your hands and realize with horror that it's a pair of silk stockings. At this point you drop them and run for a door, open it, and find yourself in a linen closet. You eventually stagger downstairs, and your host, if he recognizes you, says, "I hope you didn't have any trouble finding the light switch; it's in the bottom of the clothes hamper."

I have known well-educated people who have tried to beat the system by taking a bearing on the light switches in the other rooms and heading for the same spot in the bathroom. Unfortunately, the architect has anticipated them. If every switch in the house is on the left-hand wall as you enter the room, the bathroom light will be turned on by pulling a cord which dangles from the center of the ceiling a cunning two inches higher than the average person can reach.

You find you're in a linen closet

Some architects have taken the light switch out of the bathroom altogether and located it a good six feet away in the hall. Just try groping for *that* in the dark some night.

What the motive is behind this highhanded hiding of switches, I don't know, but it's obvious the situation is going from bad to worse.

The only way to stop this ignominious fumbling for switches is to (1) join the SSLOBS (Society for Standardizing Locations of Bathroom Switches) and perhaps lobby through a few changes in the building code; (2) wash up in the kitchen sink; (3) always carry with you a supply of matches, which you can light to find the switch—provided that it's in the bathroom. THE END

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Admiral

GREATEST VALUE IN TELEVISION

New 1950 Models! First time ever shown!

Sensational new features! Designed to outperform any set, anywhere, any time

- Superpowered chassis for dependable performance even in "fringe" areas.
- Easy as a radio to tune.
- Built-in directional Roto-Scope antenna . . . nothing else to buy.
- Dynamagic FM-AM Radio . . . most compact, powerful.
- Exclusive "Triple Play" Automatic Phonograph . . . *one* spindle . . . *one* tone arm . . . *one* needle for *all* RPM speeds, *all* record sizes.

America's Smart Set

Brand new for 1950! Admiral TV table sets, consoles and combinations! 12½", 16" and 19" full-vision picture tubes. All designed to outperform any set, anywhere, any time. Admiral features never were so many . . . cabinets so stunning . . . values so great. See, hear and compare . . . at your Admiral dealer now. See for yourself why Admiral Television Combinations outsell all other brands combined!

32X26 (above)—Admiral 12½" Television Combination in stunning blonde cabinet. New superpowered TV chassis. "Triple Play" Phonograph. Dynamagic FM-AM Radio. In mahogany, only $399.95. 32X36 (right)—12½" TV Combination in classic 18th Century cabinet. Walnut or mahogany. In walnut, $379.95.

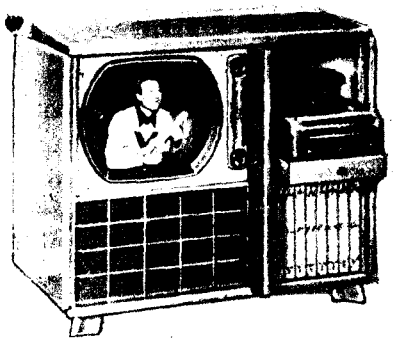
Prices slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice. Tax extra.

ON TELEVISION!

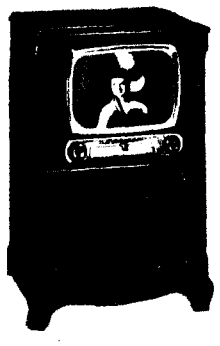
Admiral presents

"STOP THE MUSIC"
ABC-TV Network, Thurs., 8 PM, EST
"LIGHTS OUT"
NBC-TV Stations, Mon., 9 PM, EST

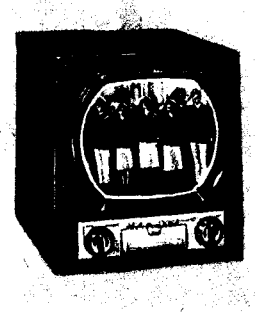
39X17—19" Television Combination. Mahogany, $695.00



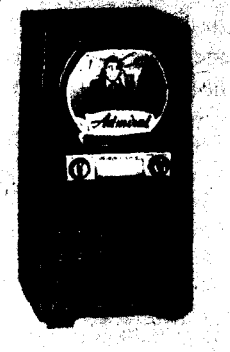
26X46—16" Television Console. Walnut, $299.95



12X12—12½" Television Table Model, $179.95



22X12—12½" Television Console. Mahogany, $199.95



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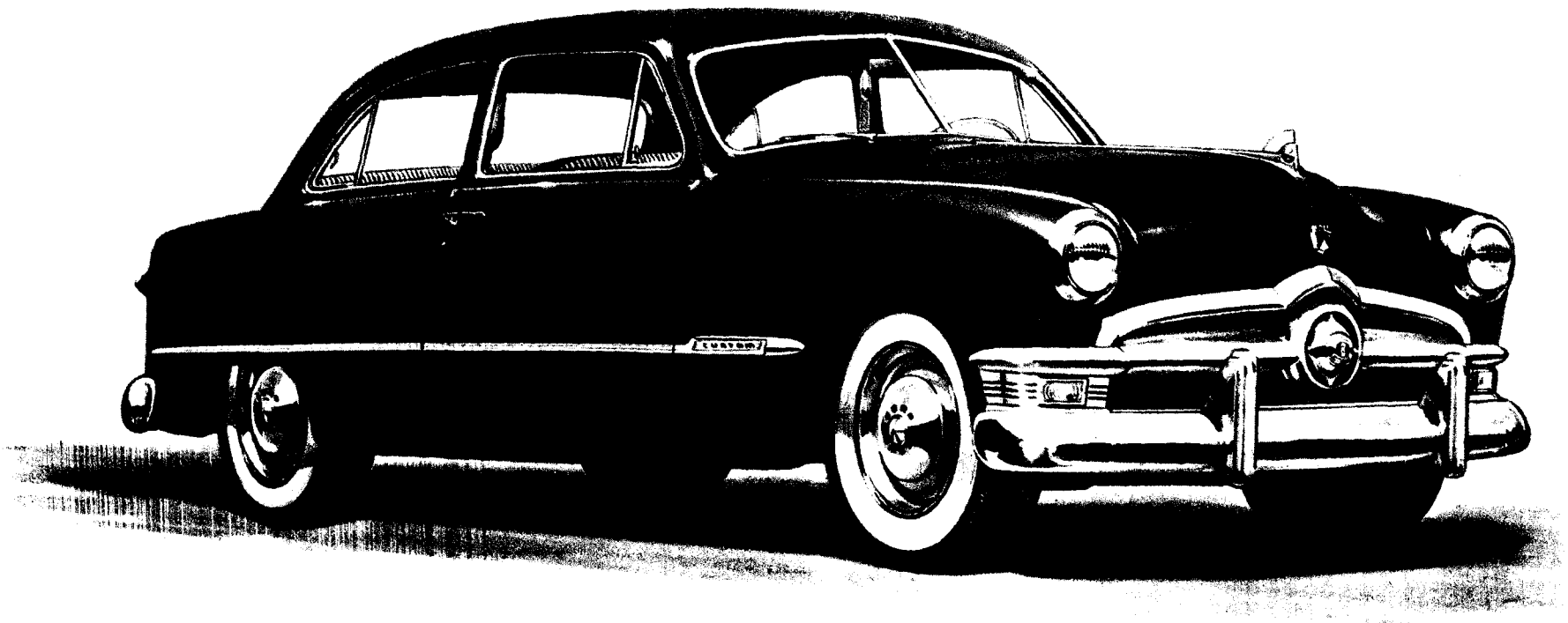
FORD

THE ONE FINE CAR in the low-price field



WHAT KIND OF ENGINES power America's finest cars? V-8's! What kind powers the '50 Ford? A 100-horsepower V-8! What other low-priced car has a V-8? None! And only Ford offers your choice of 100 h.p. V-8 or 95 h.p. Six.

WHAT KIND OF BRAKES does Ford have? Ford has King-Size Brakes—with "Magic Action" that uses part of the car's forward momentum for increased stopping power. That's one reason why Ford brakes stop you with 35% less pedal pressure!

WHAT KIND OF A BODY does the '50 Ford have? Ford's own "Lifeguard" body of heavy gauge steel! What's more, the Ford "Lifeguard" body is "sound-conditioned" in roof, doors and panels—so your ride is not only safe but quiet!

The '50 FORD

WHAT KIND OF A RIDE does Ford give you? A hushed "Mid Ship" ride—you travel in the balanced center section of the car—cushioned by Ford's famous "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs, "Para-Flex" Rear Springs.

WHAT KIND OF STYLE does Ford give you? "Fashion Car" styling—styling that stays out in front because Ford stylists are forward looking . . . They join with Ford engineers in a single objective—to make Ford the one fine car in the low-price field.

White sidewall tires optional at extra cost

There's a Ford in your future...with a future built in

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Collier's, February 11, 1950

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KANSAS

OUT OF THIS WORLD:
A Journey to Lhasa

By LOWELL THOMAS
with LOWELL THOMAS, Jr.

Beyond India, deep behind the massive Himalayas, lies Tibet—the Shangri-La of romance. For centuries a forbidden land, it seethes now with rumor and intrigue, fearfully aware that it has become a prize in the Red game for domination of Asia

PART ONE OF SIX PARTS

FORBIDDEN Tibet! Westerners have called it that for centuries. In fact, the mysterious mountain kingdom, beyond the towering Himalayas on the very roof of the world, has long been the number one Eldorado for travelers. But since visitors from the West first found their way to Central Asia, only a few have been able to penetrate that sealed and silent land. And fewer still have been allowed to visit its fabulous capital, the sacred city of Lhasa.

Both nature and the Tibetans themselves have conspired to make uninvited entry into Tibet well-nigh impossible. Lying far above the timber line, at altitudes averaging from 14,000 to 18,000 feet above sea level, this vast wind-swept tableland is guarded by bleak deserts and a great girdle of glacier-crowned mountains, some five miles high. In addition, its isolated people—commanded by 200,000 all-powerful Buddhist monks who rule the last theocracy on earth with an iron hand—have fiercely resisted nearly every attempt by "the white barbarians" to intrude on their solitude. Two world wars have brought startling changes to most of this planet, but so far not to Tibet. It remains a feudal state so strange and mysterious that you can hardly believe it even when you see it.

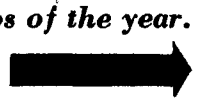
My son, Lowell, Jr., and I, however, recently returned from this highest and most remote of all countries where the mode of living has remained unchanged from the seventh to the twentieth century. It was our good fortune to receive an unexpected invitation from the Dalai Lama, Tibet's religious and temporal leader, to visit his hermit realm. Our journey across and beyond The Himalayas lasted over a period of three eventful months, including an unforgettable stay in Lhasa. That fantastic city is the Mecca for devout followers of Lamaism, a modified form of Buddhism and the nation's official religion, and serves also as the seat of government. Once across the main range of The Himalayas en route to the Dalai Lama's capital, we felt that we were indeed travelers in the land of Lost Horizon. We often imagined ourselves to be characters from that James Hilton novel, on our way to Shangri-La.

Why had we been so lucky? How had we come to be invited to the Land of the Lamas? After receiving our request to visit there, what prompted the youthful Dalai Lama and his high priests to say, "Open sesame!" to the door which Tibet has slammed so determinedly on *all* outsiders? My son and I pondered these questions as our caravan hugged precipitous mountain walls and scrambled over lofty passes on the way to the holy city last August. We suspected that we had Communism to thank for our lucky break. Tibetan officials confirmed our hunch when we arrived in Lhasa.

Tibet fears and hates Communism. It is the number one theme of conversation in the sacred city. For the Dalai Lama's land has been announced as the next objective of the Chinese Reds in their drive for control of Asia. As a matter of fact, the Communist radio in China, with increasing insistence in recent weeks, has been broadcasting its plans to "liberate all Chinese territory, including Tibet." Right now only 10,000 Tibetan troops, armed with obsolete weapons, stand behind the mountain barrier to protect their homeland. But they are hurriedly mobilizing another 100,000.

The Communists have a number of reasons for wanting Tibet. First, it would give them control of the capital of the Central Asian Buddhist world. But still more important, it would give them a 1,300-mile frontier with India—and India holds the key to virtual domination of the entire continent of Asia. Then there is the matter of Tibet's mineral wealth, the possibility of uranium—the material of the atomic bomb. Last September the British Foreign Office in London announced that expeditions in Tibet had discovered "mineral deposits of unascertainable value." The London dispatch left little doubt but that this new find was radioactive metal. Further evidence that the high spot of the world is fast becoming a hot spot was advanced with the reports that Soviet Russia is extending a chain of air bases down through Central Asia toward Tibet, and that a modern military highway is being constructed through Chinese Red territory to the Tibetan border.

In December we had an amusing indication of Moscow's

While the Thomases were touring the Land of the Lamas, Lowell, Jr., recorded the high lights of their trip on film. For color and drama, the 200 shots he took are the photos of the year. Collier's presents the best of these pictures in this and forthcoming issues 

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The Lowell Thomases, Sr., and Jr., making one of the rare journeys permitted outsiders, became the seventh and eighth U.S. citizens ever to reach the Forbidden City of Lhasa. While on the mountain trails to "Shangri-La," they had several close shaves—but none on the chin whiskers

Speed is impossible in the hermit realm of the Dalai Lama where all supplies have to be carried on the backs of mules or coolies. The Thomas caravan took 24 days to cover the 300 difficult miles between the Tibetan border and the sacred capital. They often traveled less than 10 miles daily

Prayer flags, strung on yak-cord rope along the summit of the 14,800-foot Nathu-la pass, mark the entrance to Tibet. Lowell Thomas inspects these strange religious symbols which supposedly carry prayers to Buddha with each gust of wind. Such flags are seen everywhere in the Land of the Lamas

zealous interest in Tibet, when the Soviet weekly, New Times, official organ of the Kremlin, attacked me editorially. The publication charged that we were sent to Tibet by the United States government to try to tear that country away from China and turn it into an Anglo-American colony! New Times said that my son and I had been "given a very important role by the U.S. government" for what the Russian journal called a "dirty adventure."

Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. Not only did I not have any consultation whatever with officials in Washington before leaving, but in my haste to get started I neglected to do one thing that I might have done out of ordinary politeness. I might have asked President Truman if he wanted to send some gift or letter to the Dalai Lama, a gesture that should never be neglected by anyone lucky enough to be invited to the Forbidden City of Lhasa.

Then, as my radio listeners well know, the whole affair was about as private as a fish bowl. We sent frequent recordings back to America, describing our journey into and over The Himalayas, and the interviews we had with the officials we encountered. These went out both by long wave and by short wave, over a vast radio network, on my nightly news show. In other words there was nothing secret about any part of our journey.

Well aware of the Reds' attitude toward Tibet, the government at Lhasa obviously was thinking of how America might be made more conscious of the country's problem of defense against Asiatic Communism. Right at that moment our request was sent from India to Tibet. Whereupon Lhasa decided to take a gamble on us although literally scores of similar pleas are rejected or ignored by the Dalai Lama's government every month.

At any rate, a once-in-three-lifetimes chance was given us, and we were off on short notice on a trek that truly was "out of this world."

Enthusiasm Undimmed by Accident

And so it was that our mule train crossed the border with the Dalai Lama's blessing. But later the Himalayan gods, who are supposed to abhor foreigners, seemingly gained some measure of revenge for our audacity in entering their closed land. On the way back from Lhasa I was thrown by a horse and suffered a shattered hip. I suppose the demons who, according to folklore, dwell on sacred Mount Chamalhari, grinned and chortled during those 16 days that I was being carried to the outside world. That incident, which a New York newspaper called "the most widely publicized broken leg in history," was not the most pleasant experience of my globe-trotting career. Nevertheless the accident in no way dimmed my enthusiasm for Tibet.

I know it's a chestnut to talk about a dream come true, and I'll leave it to you to decide whether that line fits this case. Whether I ever had visions of Tibet when I was a boy in the old Colorado gold camp of Cripple Creek, I don't recall. But from gold seekers I early developed a desire to travel, to visit all far-off places.

Any such ambition eventually brings dreams of Tibet, and that well-nigh impossible journey to Lhasa, because for centuries it has been the classic of the difficult.

As a young adventurer during and after World War I, there were three so-called forbidden spots on the globe that intrigued me most of all: Holy Arabia, Afghanistan and Tibet.

I reached Arabia first, finding there a bonanza of romance in the person of Lawrence of Arabia, the fabulous young Englishman who led the Arab revolt in the war of the desert. That gave me a story to tell, both in a book and on the platform. Next I succeeded in getting into Afghanistan. A second ambition had been realized. To the east of Afghanistan, beyond the lofty ranges of the Karakorams and Himalayas, lay Tibet, the goal of goals. Thirty years ago I had arrived in India for two years of travel in Southern and Central Asia. At that time I had hopes of getting to Lhasa. But there wasn't a chance.

Other travels followed, a 28,000-mile flight, with my wife, to Europe, Asia and Africa, in the primitive planes of 1926. It was then I encountered that jovial sailor, Count Felix von Luckner. The count had commanded a windjammer during the first World War, sailing the Atlantic and Pacific as a daring sea raider. Luckner came to America with

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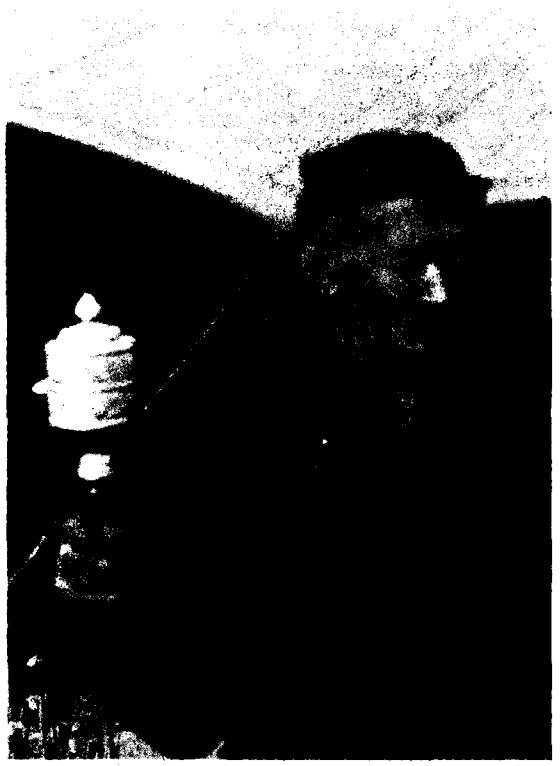
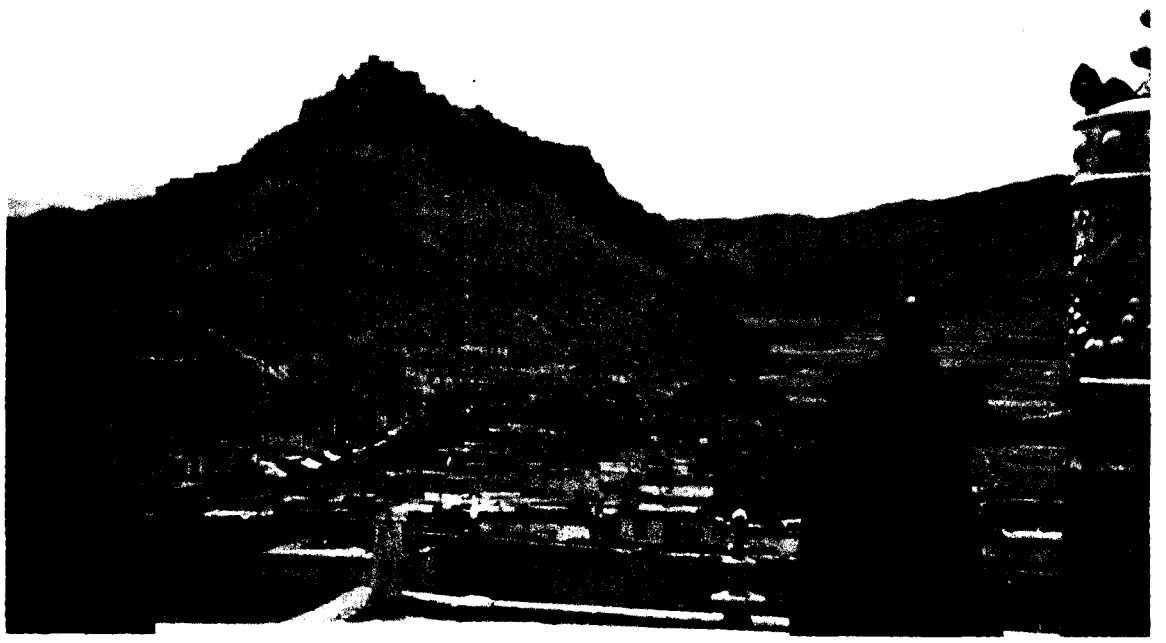
This extremely rare photo shows the Dalai Lama, Tibet's all-powerful god king, posing on an outdoor throne along with his regent. Because the monarch is only 15, all executive duties are now in the hands of the 73-year-old regent, a high lama named Tokta. When the youthful ruler turns 18, he will assume absolute power over 4,000,000 people in the last completely feudal, completely theocratic land on earth



Aged Tibetans spin silver prayer wheels to prepare themselves for death and the reincarnation which they believe follows



The town of Gyangtse, Tibet's third largest city, marks the end of Western civilization on the rugged way to Lhasa. At this point, halfway between the border and the sacred capital, the Indian mail service terminates. From there the caravan found the going most difficult

Collier's for February 11, 1950

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us and I recorded his story in two books about the Sea Devil. But again I was telling about another's romantic travels and adventures instead of my own.

Then came radio and long years of broadcasting the world's news; also days and nights of newsreel deadlines.

During World War II there were hurried broadcasting journeys to other lands, including one around the world. On the latter I once more found myself along the Tibetan frontier deep in China.

Lowell, Jr., shared my desire for travel and adventure. As a boy, he had made a voyage around Cape Horn with a U.S. Navy squadron. Later he joined a mountain-climbing expedition in Alaska. After serving as an Air Force pilot during World War II, he flew to Bikini and on around the globe with Air Secretary Stuart Symington. That was followed by two expeditions to Turkey.

Last summer, when approval of the Tibet tour came through, he was on a similar journey among the Bakhtiari tribes in Persia.

Long Vacation Gives Time to Travel

That brings us to 1949. I had a new radio sponsor, Procter & Gamble, with a policy that I personally had never experienced before in my record-setting 19 straight years on the air. They followed a rule, customary with most sponsors, to take their program off the air during seven weeks of the summer. So, suddenly I found I was to have my first real vacation in nearly 20 years.

What to do? Then it was that the old dream came back. How about Lhasa? Could it be done? Probably impossible—especially on such short notice. But I thought: This may be my one chance. A million-to-one shot—but why not try?

Off went an air-mail letter to our new ambassador to India. One of our top diplomats, Loy Henderson, had been sent out from Washington to represent our country at New Delhi. In addition to congratulating an old friend on his appointment, I added this query: "Now that you are in Hindustan, a land of miracles, how about performing a miracle? How about arranging for me, my son and three other Americans to visit Tibet? Is there any hope?"

Ambassador Henderson quickly replied that he didn't think so. The door to Tibet seemed more tightly closed than ever. He also reminded me of what I already knew, that we have no official diplomatic contact with the Dalai Lama. There also came a letter from another friend in India to whom I had appealed, Sir Girja Shankar Bajpai, top official in Prime Minister Nehru's Ministry of External Affairs. He simply confirmed what Loy Henderson had said. But both he and the ambassador seemed to like the idea and, hopeless though it seemed, they sent my request across The Himalayas to Lhasa.

And, lo and behold, the miracle came to pass! A midnight call came from our State Department, reporting that a radio message had been received from Tibet, via India, saying: You are invited to Lhasa. Come at once. But, instead of a party of five, permission granted for only two—myself and son. Entrance by way of Gangtok, capital of the Himalayan state of Sikkim, via the caravan route over Nathu-la, a 14,800-foot pass.

By the time all that happened, a couple of weeks of my vacation already had gone by. I knew I could not possibly make the trip, with all that caravan travel from India to Lhasa and back, in the month that remained. Part of the journey would have to be on my sponsor's time. But that merely suggested another idea to complete the whole project. Scheduled to go back on the radio, why couldn't I do it from Tibet—culminating with broadcasts from Lhasa? This certainly was piling fantasy on fantasy, for there is no radio and no electricity in Tibet.

But there was another resource. New recording devices had come out, portable recorders which could be used for remote broadcasts—even from the heart of Asia. So why not take one of these battery-driven outfits to Tibet? My sponsor was all for it. Whereupon they gave me a leave of absence to undertake a sort of broadcast travel diary from the roof of the world. We arranged a list of big-name personalities to take my place on the show to give the regular news. Lowell, Jr., and I would come in from somewhere along the route, wherever possible, with our tape recordings.

I cabled my son in Persia and told him to fly to Calcutta to start rounding up supplies for the trek to the land of Shangri-La. I promised to join him as soon as I could get around the world.

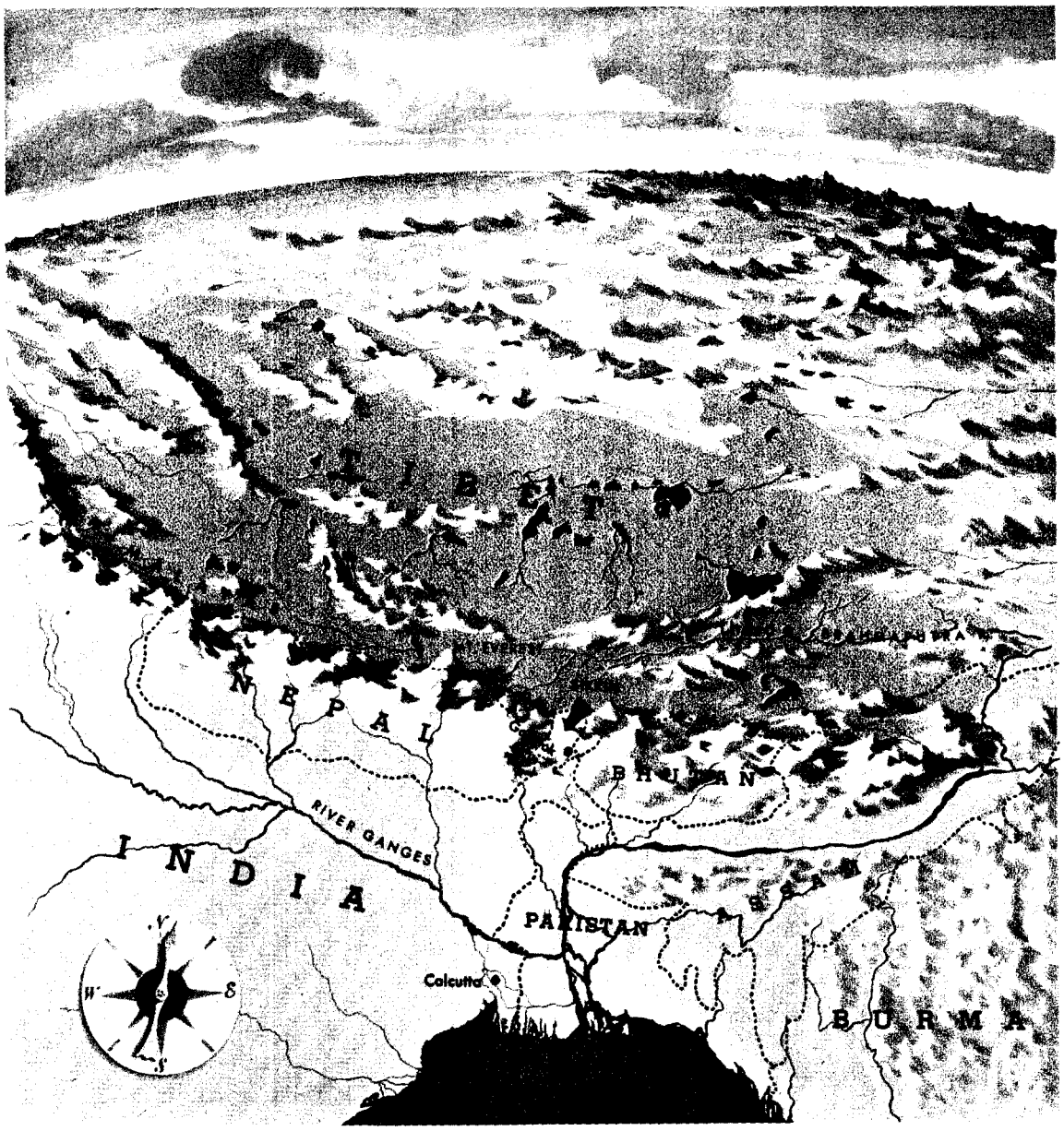
Then I called Suydam Cutting, the American author-explorer who still is one of our top experts on Tibet. He gave me a list of suggested supplies we should purchase in Calcutta, along with general hints and instructions about travel and customs in Tibet. His advice was invaluable.

In a matter of hours I was on a plane for a flight across the Pacific. The most interesting stop of that leg of the trip was in Japan, for interviews with the emperor and General MacArthur. The general was much interested in our trip to Tibet and told me that he, too, had once tried to get permission to visit Lhasa, but was refused.

At Calcutta, Lowell, Jr., was waiting for me at the airport. He had done wonders lining up supplies for the expedition. It was the height of the monsoon season and the daily torrential rains had flooded streets up to the shop doors. But with the invaluable help of U.S. Consul General Charles Derry in Calcutta, Vice-Consul Glenn Olson, and J. Jefferson Jones, first secretary of our embassy at New Delhi, young Lowell had done a rush job of rounding up food, camping equipment and miscellaneous supplies. "Jeff" also handled the political angles—passes for the border province of Sikkim, and the formal request for the "Lamyik," the picturesque Red Arrow Letter, without which no Western traveler can move safely in Tibet.

To reach the Dalai Lama's mountain kingdom one must either travel on foot or by caravan. Depending on your starting point in Asia, it will take from three to four months to reach Lhasa by the long routes, or a minimum of three to four weeks via the shortest.

Is it any wonder, then, that so few white men have thrilled to the first view of Lhasa after rounding the last mountain before the Forbidden City?



AL TARTER

Strategically situated between India and Red China, the Dalai Lama's land holds the key to future Communist success in Asia. The Chinese Reds have broadcast plans to "liberate" Tibet

The First European Visitors

The first Europeans to visit barren Tibet were Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries who made sporadic journeys there beginning in the mid-fourteenth century and continuing through the eighteenth century. But they made few converts and the Buddhist monks soon demanded that they leave. In 1811, Thomas Manning became the first Englishman ever to reach Lhasa. A few other Europeans followed, journeying in disguise. In 1904, Britain climaxed a long cold war it had been waging with Russia and China over Central Asian trade by sending a military expedition to Tibet. These troops, led by Lieutenant Colonel Francis Younghusband, entered by force of arms, made their point, stayed only two weeks in Lhasa, gained trade concessions and withdrew. Ever since then —until India won her independence in 1947—British representatives have been in close touch with the Dalai Lama's government.

As for Americans, many have tried and only a few have reached Lhasa. In fact, we were the seventh and eighth citizens of the U.S. to be received officially by the Tibetan god king and to visit his golden-roofed Potala, the many-storied palace, cathedral and capitol building which is the Vatican of the Buddhist world. Suydam Cutting was the first of our countrymen to reach the Forbidden City. He arrived in 1935. Suydam made so many friends that two years later he was permitted to return, accompanied by his wife. The story of their travels was chronicled in Cutting's book, The Fire Ox and Other Years.

The third American to see *(Continued on page 70)*

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On the high trail to Lhasa, roadside shrines—such as this delicately carved Buddha—are placed so that Buddhist pilgrims may stop and pray

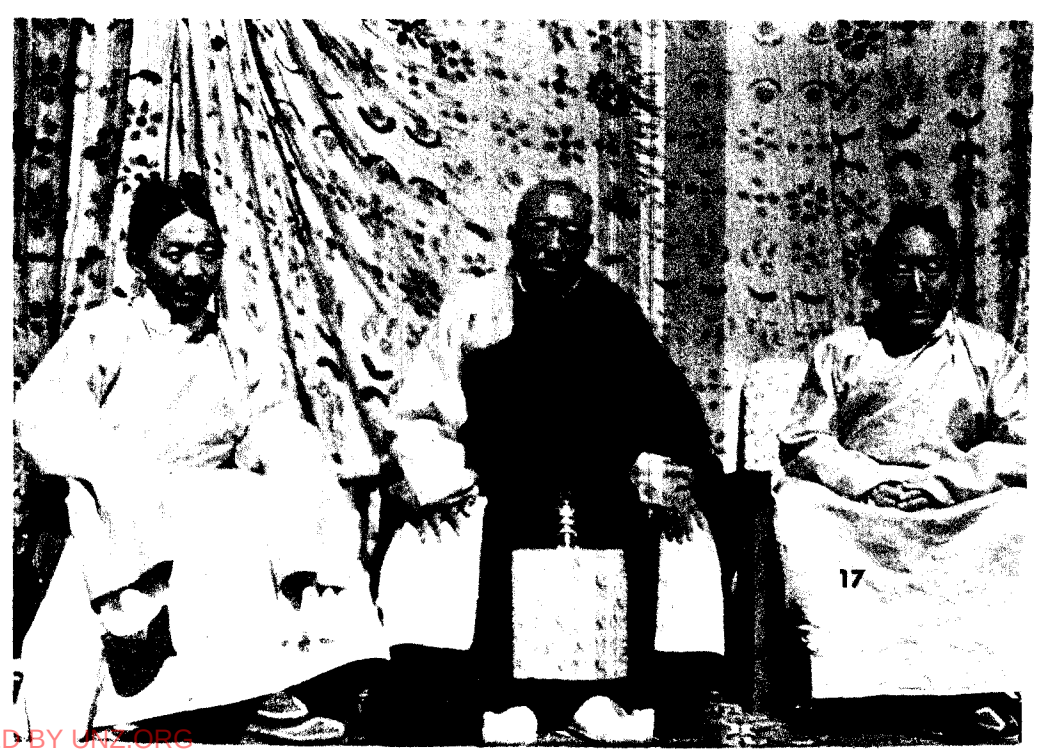
A farmer tills his small barley field with a primitive yak-drawn plow. Few crops grow in Tibet, most of which lies well above the timber line

This gold-hatted monk is a proctor who helps maintain order at the Sera Monastery in Lhasa, one of the hundreds of such abbeys found in Tibet

Dogs, most of them wild and vicious, are the scavengers of Tibet. But the Apso, held by this Tibetan, is a popular pet behind The Himalayas

Some of the fabulous riches of the Dalai Lama's land can be seen in the lavishly ornamented costumes and jewels of these two ladies from Lhasa

These are three of the most powerful men in Tibet. They are members of the Kashag, the most influential of three Cabinets under the Dalai Lama



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Report on the BARNHOUSE EFFECT

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

Author has vanished. But he wrote before he [illegible] and I know he was right.

LET me begin by saying that I don't know any more about where Professor Arthur Barnhouse is hiding than anyone else does. Save for one short, enigmatic message, left in my mailbox on Christmas Eve, I have not heard from him since his disappearance a year and a half ago.

What's more, readers of this article will be disappointed if they expect to learn how *they* can bring about the so-called "Barnhouse Effect." If I were able and willing to give away that secret, I would certainly be something more important than a psychology instructor.

I have been urged to write this report because I did research under the professor's direction and because I was the first to learn of his astonishing discovery. But while I was his student I was never entrusted with knowledge of how the mental forces could be released and directed. He was unwilling to trust anyone with that information.

I would like to point out that the term "Barnhouse Effect" is a creation of the popular press, and was never used by Professor Barnhouse. The name he chose for the phenomenon was *"dynamopsychism,"* or *force of the mind.*

I cannot believe that there is a civilized person yet to be convinced that such a force exists, what with its destructive effects on display in every national capital. I think humanity has always had an inkling that this sort of force does exist. It has been common knowledge that some people are luckier than others with inanimate objects like dice. What Professor Barnhouse did was to show that such "luck" was a measurable force, which in his case could be enormous.

By my calculations, the professor was about fifty-five times more powerful than a Nagasaki-type atomic bomb at the time he went into hiding. He was not bluffing when, on the eve of "Operation Brainstorm," he told General Honus Barker: "Sitting here at the dinner table, I'm pretty sure I can flatten anything on earth—from Joe Louis to the Great Wall of China."

There is an understandable tendency to look upon Professor Barnhouse as a supernatural visitation. The First Church of Barnhouse in Los Angeles has a congregation numbering in the thousands. He is godlike in neither appearance nor intellect. The man who disarms the world is single, shorter than the average American male, stout, and averse to exercise. His I.Q. is 143, which is good but certainly not sensational. He is quite mortal, about to celebrate his fortieth birthday, and in good health. If he is alone now, the isolation won't bother him too much. He was quiet and shy when I knew him, and seemed to find more companionship in books and music than in his associations at the college.

Neither he nor his powers fall outside the sphere of Nature. His dynamopsychic radiations are subject to many known physical laws that apply in the field of radio. Hardly a person has not now heard the snarl of "Barnhouse static" on his home receiver. Contrary to what one might expect, the radiations are affected by sunspots and variations in the ionosphere.

However, his radiations differ from ordinary broadcast waves in several important ways. Their total energy can be brought to bear on any single point the professor chooses, and that energy is undiminished by distance. As a weapon, then, dynamopsychism has an impressive advantage over bacteria and atomic bombs, beyond the fact that it costs nothing to use: it enables the professor to single out critical individuals and objects instead of slaughtering whole populations in the process of maintaining international equilibrium.

As General Honus Barker told the House Military Affairs Committee: "Until someone finds Barnhouse, there is no defense against the Barnhouse Effect." Efforts to "jam" or block the radiations have failed. Premier Slezak could have saved himself the fantastic expense of his "Barnhouse-proof" shelter. Despite the shelter's twelve-foot-thick lead armor, the premier has been floored twice while in it.

There is talk of screening the population for men potentially as powerful dynamopsychically as the professor. Senator Warren Foust demanded funds for this purpose last month, with the passionate declaration: "He who rules the Barnhouse Effect rules the world!" Commissar Kropotnik said much the same thing, so another costly armaments race, with a new twist, has begun.

This race at least has its comical aspects. The world's best gamblers are being coddled by governments like so many nuclear physicists. There may be several hundred persons with dynamopsychic talent on earth, myself included, but, without knowledge of the professor's technique, they can never be anything but dice-table despots. With the secret, it would probably take them ten years to become dangerous weapons. It took the professor that long. He who rules the Barnhouse Effect is Barnhouse and will be for some time.

Popularly, the "Age of Barnhouse" is said to have begun a year and a half ago, on the day of Operation Brainstorm. That was when dynamopsychism became significant politically. Actually, the phenomenon was discovered in May, 1942, shortly after the professor turned down a direct commission in the Army and enlisted as an artillery private. Like X rays and vulcanized rubber, dynamopsychism was discovered by accident.

FROM time to time Private Barnhouse was invited to take part in games of chance by his barrack mates. He knew nothing about the games, and usually begged off. But one evening, out of social grace, he agreed to shoot craps. It was a terrible or wonderful thing that he played, depending upon whether or not you like the world as it now is.

"Shoot sevens, Pop," someone said.

So "Pop" shot sevens—ten in a row to bankrupt the barracks. He retired to his bunk and, as a mathematical exercise, calculated the odds against his feat on the back of a laundry slip. His chances of doing it, he found, were one in almost ten million! Bewildered, he borrowed a pair of dice from the man in the bunk next to his. He tried to roll sevens again, but got only the usual assortment of numbers. He lay back for a moment, then resumed his toying with the dice. He rolled ten more sevens in a row.

He might have dismissed the phenomenon with a low whistle. But the professor instead mulled over the circumstances surrounding his two lucky streaks. There was one single factor in common: on both occasions, *the same thought train had flashed through his mind just before he threw the dice.* It was that thought train which aligned the professor's brain cells into what has since become the most powerful weapon on earth.

THE soldier in the next bunk gave dynamopsychism its first token of respect. In an understatement certain to bring wry smiles to the faces of the world's dejected demagogues, the soldier said, "You're hotter'n a two-dollar pistol, Pop." Professor Barnhouse was all of that. The dice that did his bidding weighed but a few grams, so the forces involved were minute; but the unmistakable fact that there were such forces was earth-shaking.

Professional caution kept him from revealing his discovery immediately. He wanted more facts and a body of theory to go with them. Later, when the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, it was fear that made him hold his peace. At no time were his experiments, as Premier Slezak called them, "a bourgeois plot to shackle the true democracies of the world." The professor didn't know where they were leading.

In time, he came to recognize another startling feature of dynamopsychism: *its strength increased with use.* Within six months, he was able to govern dice thrown by men the length of a barracks distant. By the time of his discharge in 1945, he could knock bricks loose from chimneys three miles away.

Charges that Professor Barnhouse could have won the last war in a minute, but did not care to do so, are perfectly senseless. When the war ended, he had the range and power of a 37-millimeter cannon, perhaps—certainly no more. His dynamopsychic powers graduated from the small-arms class only after his discharge and return to Wyandotte College.

I enrolled in the Wyandotte Graduate School two years after the professor had rejoined the faculty. By chance, he was assigned as my thesis adviser. I was unhappy about the assignment, for the professor was, in the eyes of both colleagues and students, a somewhat ridiculous figure. He missed classes or had lapses of memory during lectures. When I arrived, in fact, his shortcomings had passed from the ridiculous to the intolerable.

"We're assigning you to Barnhouse as a sort of temporary thing," the dean of social studies told me. He looked apologetic and perplexed. "Brilliant man, Barnhouse, I guess. Difficult to know since his return, perhaps, but his work before the war brought a great deal of credit to our little school."

When I reported to the professor's laboratory for the first time, what I saw was more distressing than the gossip. Every *(Continued on page 63)*

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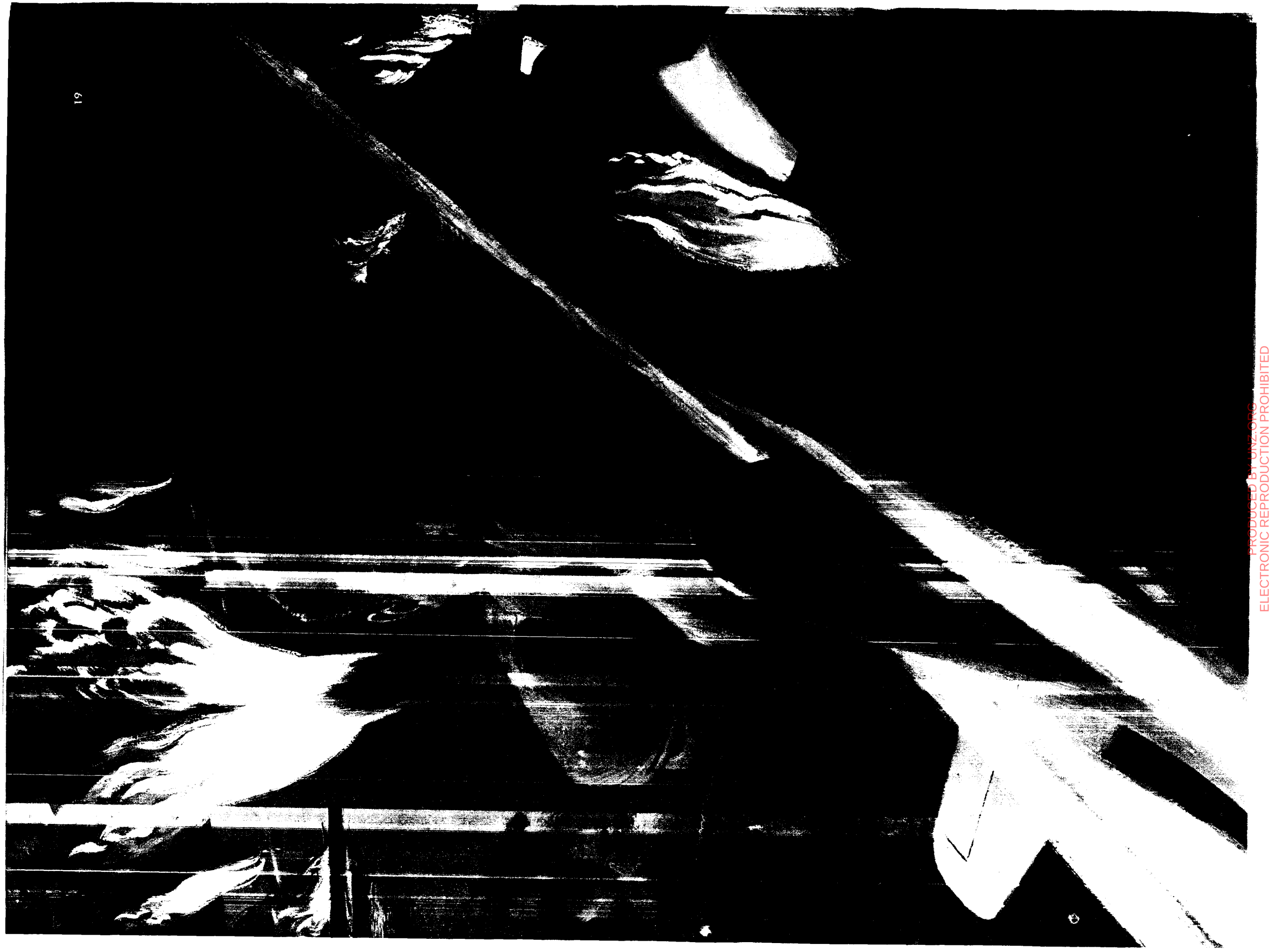

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Employees swarm out of a government building in Washington, D.C. Senator Douglas

Big Grab at

Our representatives in Washington find that the pressure groups

Senator Douglas, one of the nation's outstanding economists, was a professor at the U. of Chicago, served with the Illinois Housing Commission and as a Chicago alderman. Born in Salem, Mass., in 1892, he took his A.B. at Bowdoin, his M.A. and Ph.D. at Columbia. He also studied at Harvard, and as a Guggenheim fellow in 1931. Enlisting as a Marine Corps private at the age of fifty, he rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, won a decoration at Peleliu and was wounded at Okinawa. He was elected to the Senate in '48

By U.S. SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

WITH JAMES C. DERIEUX

UNCLE SAM is in trouble with his family. Not because he is failing to support the children in the manner to which they are accustomed, or even better; but because of their table manners. They are not behaving as a family in which each member is considerate of the others; each one is grabbing for everything, especially the gravy, as if family life were wholly competitive, not co-operative. If this attitude and behavior continue, and the competitive grabbing develops in vigor and skill, the family eventually will break up into a mess of minorities, with each member losing many of the blessings he now has, including the two-party system, representative government, political stability —and liberty.

The gravest danger we face today is economic and political disintegration into competitive groups, each placing its own interest above national interest. Loyalty to a group can be good when it is secondary to loyalty to our country, but when magnified out of its proper place it becomes a menace. If I were limited to only one conclusion based on my first year in the United States Senate, it would be this: We must guard against breaking our population down into self-conscious, selfish segments, commonly known as pressure groups.

There are about 4,000 national organizations in the United States with memberships totaling at least 80,000,000. Each one is actually or potentially a pressure group. Many of them—it seems to me, most of them—come to Washington seeking something. Their motives are not bad. Often the ends they advocate are plainly good. But if every group is given all it wants, even all it needs, Uncle Sam will go broke; and the referee in bankruptcy is likely to be a dictator!

What is happening today is not new in the story of mankind. Self-interest and group interest have manifested themselves, I imagine, since away back when hairy cave men contended for the available food supply. But group pressures have been terrifically intensified in recent times as we have moved from a simple work economy into the complications of an industrial and dollar economy. Man cannot live by work alone today. He must have dollars, and a lot of them. Even a farmer tilling the richest land cannot breed his own tractor, or grow his own gasoline, or pay his taxes in turnips.

Since the days of the depression, Uncle Sam has rescued millions of citizens with direct dollar relief, with grants-in-aid to states, with work projects, and in many other dollar-spending ways. The net result of big spending up to now has been good for most individuals and groups. Disaster has been predicted ever since big spending began, but it has not come.

And it is hard for the common man to get himself all worked up over what has *not* happened. He believes he is better off now than he was before big spending became the policy in his community, county, state and nation. His experience has not yet taught him that there is a limit to what government can do for him, and that when this limit is passed, government will be doing things *to* him, rather than *for* him. So, men continue to organize themselves into pressure groups, demanding more and more of and from the national government, without waiting to consider the end result. They operate on the assumption that others will get the gravy if they do not.

A very charming and usually high-minded young woman, who was lobbying me in support of a worthy measure for which I thought she was asking too much money, told me, "I have learned around here to grab all you can get."

By way of creating a wonderful paradox, many of those who demand much also demand that the tax burden be lightened. It is a common experience for a member of Congress to be praised for what he has secured for his district or state, and harassed because he has not worked harder to reduce appropriations. Economy is something everyone favors, until affected by it. Then he hollers and, without realizing how he is characterizing himself, says to us, in effect, "Cut the other fellow, but give me mine."

That is not good group behavior, and it is not good national behavior. Something has got to be done about it, and we, the Representatives and Senators who do the appropriating, should take the lead in doing it.

I do not urge the disbanding of pressure groups. They are legitimate, even essential, protections for important group interests. They often afford healthy checks and balances against one another. They have played an influential part in the development and acceptance of many vital government programs. But the times demand, on all sides, a new degree of public-mindedness, a greater sense of responsibility for the general interest, a self-discipline that marks the wise use of freedom.

First, we must be candid with our constituents,

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suggests too heavy federal pay rolls can be painlessly thinned down simply by not filling vacancies

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on Capitol Hill, pursuing their selfish interests, constitute a real threat to democracy's future

telling them the facts of political and economic life. My faith in the character and sense of the American people is unshaken and profound. Give them the facts. Tell them about the pressure groups they themselves make up. Explain why spending cannot for long exceed income. Point out the dangers in exaggerated group loyalties. Once they see the whole picture, I believe they will restrain their demands, and see their own inconsistency in seeking more government services and less taxes all at the same time. Tell them the story of France, where there is no real party majority, but only a congeries of minorities which trade and dicker among themselves for temporary advantages—during fleeting administrations.

Over the stretch of years, we candidates for elective offices have encouraged the people to make demands on the public treasury. We have promised them bigger buildings, better roads and everything else, if only they would elect us. We have told them to come to us in our state capitals or in Washington and we would get for them what they want. So we must share the moral responsibility for what has happened.

In our campaigns we have often promised too much. Now I think we must reverse ourselves, even at the risk of defeat, and talk straight economic and political truth to the voters.

If saying "No" instead of promising "Yes" occasionally results in political defeat, what of it? It will at least advance the popular understanding of a basic issue.

We Americans simply must not become an agglomeration of contending groups, each trying to outreach the other at the dinner table. The good of the family must override the desires, even the needs, of any member of it. There must be a willingness to give in, or to sacrifice now and then, for the common good. Without at least that much morality and intelligence, we cannot remain a strong, united, advancing people.

This is not an easy role I am suggesting for myself and my fellow legislators. It is much easier to agree to everything, and hope that if the deluge comes, it will be somebody else who will be washed away.

A second step is for Congress to adopt a tougher attitude than it now has.

On Capitol Hill, three parties are active every hour of every legislative day. One is the Democratic party, another the Republican, and the third the party of the Departments and Agencies, vulgarly known as the Bureaucrats. This third party makes use of and operates through both the others. No pressure group is more persistent, or more skilled in the technique of getting what it wants.

HARRIS & EWING

U.S. Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois

And in common with the others, it always wants more, and more, and more.

The representatives of the party of the Departments and Agencies who come before us in Congress are, generally, men of good ability, good intentions and good plans. But if they got all the money they want, approval of all their plans and authority to carry them out, government as we have known it in this free country would disappear. Enthusiasm, initiative, accomplishment would be suffocated under a mass of regulations, most or all of them well meant.

I have never known a department head to admit that his outfit was overstaffed. On the contrary, nearly every head insists that he must have more men, more money and more powers. Every department and agency has its own legal staff, which solemnly renders legal opinions to the boss, telling him how much more power he can assume.

Every requested appropriation seems to be good for the area in which it may be spent, or for the group to which it may go. Therefore, the departments always can build up pressure to carry out their programs, drawing their strength from the home districts and states of some of us in Congress. They know how to play on local interests and local pride, how to get local groups to turn the heat on their congressmen. Somehow, local groups seem to believe that whatever comes from Washington is so much velvet, for which somebody *else* pays.

Every man in Washington who holds a public job is from a district and from a state. This means he has one Representative and two Senators to whom he looks for protection and advancement. Usually, he develops close ties with one of the three, and he does not fail to tell his family and his friends back home how well or how poorly that Congressional patron serves him.

It takes political fortitude to stand up against the pressures from officialdom as a group, and from individuals in it. But Congress cannot survive as an equal branch of *(Continued on page 45)*

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A Wedding Is A Beginning

BY HAMLEN HUNT

Everything that could be wrong with a marriage had been wrong with Pat's first one. Too much depended on this one, and I had to see for myself why she was willing to try again

IT WASN'T raining yet, but I could tell right away, as I got out of the taxi, that Mama was worried about this wedding of Pat's, and of course I knew why. It wasn't the weather, and Mama's hand was in for weddings. We were four sisters, Annette, Mary, Louise and Patricia, and we had all married at home—with Dad a minister, it seemed natural—but this was the first *second* wedding we had ever had. Pat, who had always been the shy one, had been married before.

When Mama saw me she hurried over, and under cover of kissing me, saying I looked fine, and when was Allen going to arrive, what a shame he had to go to Scranton just this week, but it couldn't be helped, she told me what was on her mind. "Louise, go and find Hugh. He's around somewhere, but I've been so busy, and he keeps getting invisible."

"Put on your cloak of darkness, Prince," I said, from some old fairy tale that came back to me, "then you can travel where you will, invisible as the wind."

"None of that," said Mama. "There's too much to do."

From where we stood on the front porch, I looked out at the vaguely fenced-in fields around the old house, and I saw how the grass had been cut and the folding chairs set out, and I knew how busy Mama had been. I knew she was worried; I could have told that just by her quick, nervous breathing.

"And the *sandwiches*—" she said.

"All right, Mama, I'll go find my new brother-in-law," I said. "Where's Pat?"

But Mama only shook her head.

Of course she and Dad couldn't help but find this wedding troubling. Not that marrying a second time was against their principles, and there was nothing in their religion against it, but the occasion itself was upsetting, reminding, worrying. A wedding is always a beginning, and yet it brings things back, too. That was why Mama was anxious about Hugh, and why I knew I had to find Pat, to see for myself. Instead, when I put my suitcase in the hall, I met Mary.

"Do you know where Pat is, for goodness' sake?" she asked. "Oh, I forgot. You just got here. Well, I've been here since eight this morning, and so far as I know, nobody's seen her."

Mary was the one of us who spoke her thoughts aloud, uncensored: her ankles must be scarred from under-the-table reminders not to. Now she said, "Doesn't Pat *want* to get married? Now she's back here, maybe she can't face it, after all. Maybe she's hiding."

"Mama knows where Pat is," I lied. "I'm just looking for Hugh."

But as I looked, I felt my own anxiety. It was another time of year, now. Everything about this occasion was as different from the other as it could be, which so far as I was concerned could only be a change for the better. It may sound like second-guessing, but I never did like Philip, Pat's first husband, now head of the chemistry department at the university. Still, when I looked around at flowering quince bushes and at lilac bushes and at apple trees in late, appropriate wedding bloom, transforming the rather shaggy old grounds into gentle outdoors, fit for brides, I remembered autumn, and bright leaves, and Pat and Philip being married right here.

I remembered that Pat shivered in a sudden gust of winter that blew by, and Philip nudged her, without even knowing that was what he was doing, because, somehow, he took the involuntary movement as uncomplimentary to himself. Pat could freeze before he would think of getting her coat, which lay over the branch of a tree, but she must not shiver. I choose to think this was typical of Philip. He wanted everybody to hide his feelings, of whatever nature, so as not to make it appear so obvious he had none of his own. He had small scale-models of what he thought he ought to feel, and, by using Pat's genuine emotions as mirrors, sometimes made himself appear a whole man.

PAT wasn't anywhere. People stopped to talk to me and ask about my family, which was too young to transport all the way back to Glens Falls just for a day or two. I loved seeing the familiar faces. I loved being back, though the ginger-colored house was never beautiful. It had too many rooms and not enough furniture, but we had had an interesting childhood there. We were minister's children, four lively girls fighting over the barrels of clothes that came in to be distributed to the parish poor, starting with us. I notice that since we've been grown up and married, three of us have been extremely clothes-conscious, and only Pat has occasionally looked as though she had put on whatever olive-green garment was handy, because she felt there was no one to notice or care.

We helped at church suppers, and knew the words of most of the hymns, and lived our secret, wicked lives of instinct and rebellion out in the long grass, among the gnarled fruit trees. There was a shallow river to explore, and we had each a private reading place out of sight and sound of the house, and loved best books that came in series.

"Where's Pat?" my sister Annette asked, turning away from the telephone.

ANNETTE looked very smart in a brown suit and a sealskin jacket—somehow sealskin isn't what it used to be when we had muffs and collars out of it, from barrels—and she is energetic and amiable. She's even cheerful before breakfast, and we hated her for it when we were children.

"Somewhere," I said vaguely. It troubled me that I didn't know. Pat troubled me, in general, and I longed to see her, so I would know what she hoped for today. "I'm after Hugh. Mama's worried about him. She wants him."

Annette nodded. "She wants him to feel *included,*" she said solemnly.

I nodded back. How easy it was to fall back into family manners! It was like stepping back into a play in which we all knew our parts.

"She doesn't want him to feel this getting married is an old story with us," I said. "She wants him to realize we realize—" We both began to laugh.

But, actually, that was it. Mama wanted us to make much of Hugh, because so much depended on him. Pat's happiness, for instance. We had all been relieved and surprised—it almost made us trust Hugh in advance, even though we hardly knew him—because Pat was willing to try again. We hadn't expected she would. It had begun to seem natural for her to be alone.

I could remember now, how Pat had changed, after she married Philip. At twenty, and younger than most girls at that age, she had married her professor of chemistry, fifteen years older than herself. Mama and Papa thought that was all right, because Pat was shy and quiet, and they thought she would get along with an older man. But by the end of six years we had, without realizing it, witnessed tragedy of a nondramatic kind—an unhappiness so quenching, and so accepted, that at last all we noticed was that Pat was thin and pale and not just quiet, but completely silent. You felt she realized there was nothing to say. She had married the man of her choice. She expected to stay married. She had hoped for children and there were no children.

And also, there were no letters. Now, Pat always had been shy enough so that she loved letter *(Continued on page 66)*

"Go find Hugh," Mama said. "He's disappeared again, and your father wants to begin. The sun is shining—"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

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In the doctor's waiting room, patients fill out applications for dental care, wait months for treatment

Scene in the index room at the headquarters of the Londo

THE DOCTOR BRUSHED OFF

From bitter personal experience, a young British physician argues the case against socialized medicine.

RALPH JOCELYN GAMPELL is a man of medium height, with black hair flecked with gray, deep-set brown eyes, and an enormous and challenging mustache bristling darkly beneath a rather prominent nose. He usually wears glasses and, like a great many Englishmen with positive intentions, reminds one at times of a determined mastiff.

I met Dr. Gampell in Chicago where, under the auspices of the American Medical Association, he was telling the story of his wrestle in England with National Health Service, the Western world's most celebrated example of State or Socialized Medicine.

At thirty-three, Ralph Jocelyn Gampell is a voluntary exile from his native Britain because of this National Health Service. A successful practitioner in his native Lancashire, last March he came to a parting of the ways with National Health Service, or, as the British call it, the Scheme. Dr. Gampell decided that he could not continue to practice effective or ethical medicine under the Scheme and retain his self-respect and status as a freeman.

"So," the doctor relates, "since I wanted to practice medicine, I came to this country in search of freedom, after the fashion of some other Englishmen who, I think, are reasonably familiar to most Americans. My Mayflower was the Queen Elizabeth, and Manhattan was my Plymouth Rock. If the folks could do it in 1620, so could Ralph Jocelyn Gampell in 1949."

Right now Dr. Gampell is interning in San Francisco's St. Joseph's Hospital in order to satisfy the requirements for obtaining a license to practice medicine in the United States. But in his spare time he is being presented to audiences by the A.M.A. in its drive against our own proposed compulsory health program, as a sort of Exhibit A of what happened in England.

It is not the purpose here to take sides in the debate between those who wish compulsory health insurance and those who do not. Dr. Gampell's story is simply that of one general practitioner under state medicine in Britain.

The story begins on April 1, 1947, when Dr. Gampell bought a practice in the town of Coppull, just 23 miles northwest of Manchester, and the same distance northeast of Liverpool, in the county of Lancashire. "My hopes were high, my confidence full," he recalls, "but I had forgotten two things: the Scheme and the fact that it was All Fools' Day."

Coppull is a town of about 5,000. It derives its income from deep coal mines and cotton textile manufacturing. It is old, so old that it is mentioned in the famous Domesday Book, that economic survey of England completed for William the Conqueror in 1086.

Its people are old stock and provincial. "Inbred," says Dr. Gampell, "and suspicious of outsiders. But I was no outsider. I was Lancashire and therefore acceptable. The practice was a good buy. I gave around £3,000, or about $12,000, for it."

In England a medical practice is salable, just as a business is. The usual purchase price is one and one half times the income the practice brings in during an average year. In dollars, Dr. Gampell's practice could be expected to bring him about $8,000 a year. He borrowed the amount of the purchase price at the local bank and was launched—or so he thought.

This was his first crack at private practice. The son of a Manchester textile manufacturer, he had

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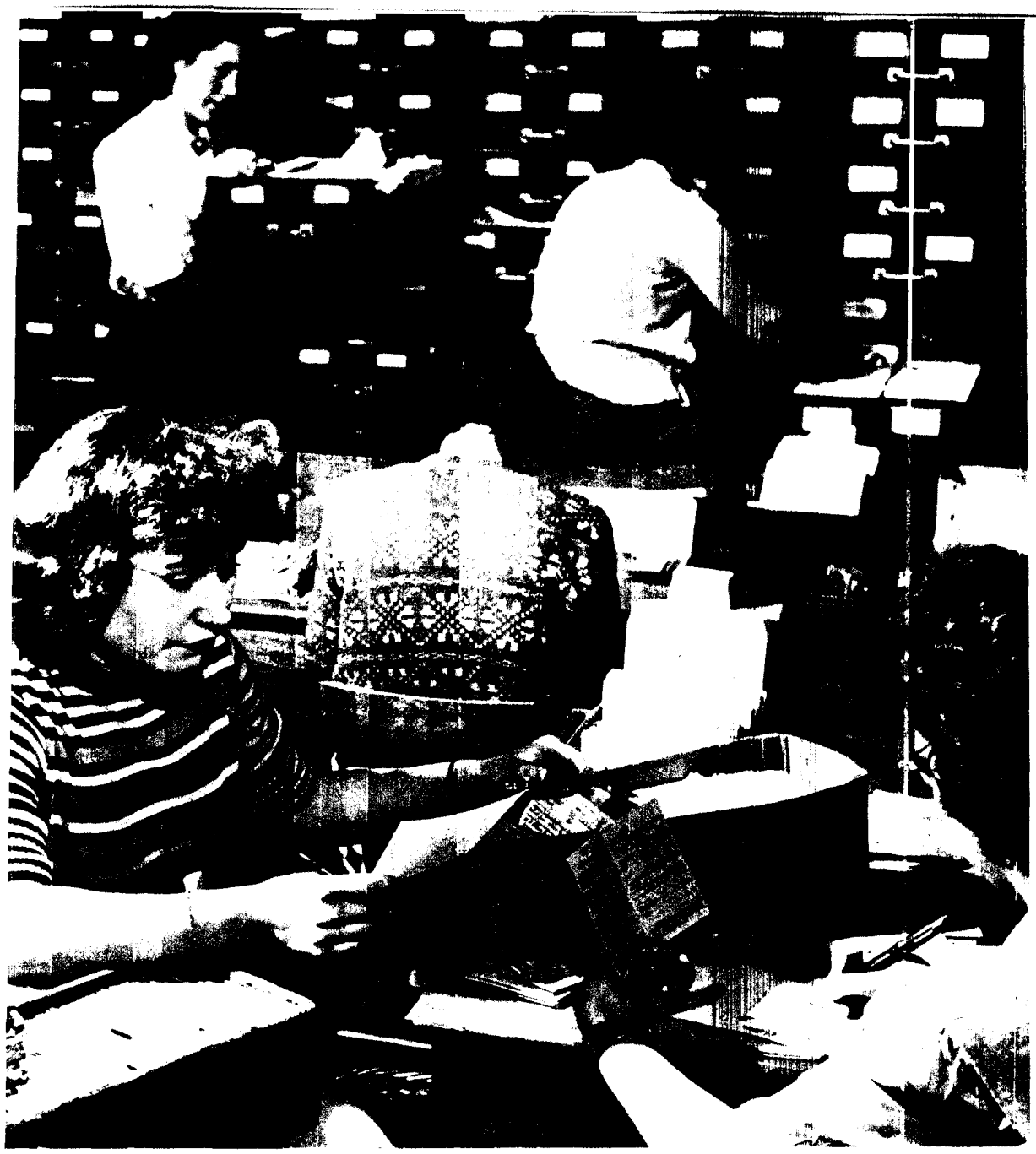

Executive Council. Names and particulars of people in London County are filed here after they choose a doctor

'UTOPIA'

By HENRY LA COSSITT

taken his medical degree at the University of Manchester in 1940, and on November 1st of that year began a residency in a hospital in Coventry.

"I suppose you remember what happened in Coventry on November 14, 1940," Dr. Gampell says. "The Germans bombed the place right out of the atlas. An appropriate beginning, you might say, for my medical career."

Shortly after this baptism of fire, the young Britisher had enlisted in the Royal Air Force and was assigned as R.A.F. Medical Officer in China, stationed at Chengtu. Altogether, Gampell did three years and nine months in the China-Burma-India Theater. "But," says he, "there was always the reassuring thought that at the end there was England and the practice of medicine. So you didn't mind sweating it out." Toward the end, in Bombay, he met and married a young lady named Margit. Margit and another young lady named Jennifer Anne, now two years old, are cheerfully sharing his exile in San Francisco.

Dr. Gampell was mustered out of the R.A.F. July 9, 1946. He went immediately to Manchester for a refresher course in obstetrics. "This was a good thing from two points of view," he declares; "mine, because childbirth is something you seldom, if ever, encounter in the R.A.F., and therefore I needed the practice before beginning work; the community's, because population was booming after the war and I was needed."

Eager as a bridegroom, to use his own phrase, Dr. Gampell began practice in the town of Coppull.

Parliament had already, in March, 1946, passed the National Health Service Act. Dr. Gampell knew about it, of course. "But," he claims, "nobody believed it. Honestly we didn't. Twice the doctors of Britain had registered their resounding protest against the thing, and while the British Medical Association is on record now as being in favor of it, in those days most doctors were not. But we didn't do anything about it."

At first he saw about 25 patients a day. He estimates that he had about 1,000 patients in all, regulars, not counting extras and transients. For 15 months Dr. Gampell practiced on his own. Then, in the summer of 1948, the Scheme took effect. "July 4th," says Dr. Gampell, "may mark the first day of American independence, but it was the last for British doctors." The Scheme began in what Dr. Gampell describes as "a blizzard of forms."

People had to sign up with the doctor they wanted, so forms—thousands, it seemed to Coppull's practitioner—had to be filled out. Under the Scheme each British doctor is permitted a maximum of 4,000 patients at $3.40 a head per year. The American average is about one doctor to 1,000 patients. Before he was through, Gampell had 3,200 patients and was seeing 90 a day.

In the beginning, his regular patients and some 1,300 more signed up with him. "Margit and I sat there, signing, signing, signing." He shudders. "You signed your name, your address, your code number, on forms brought from the post office by the patients. You gave the patient's name, of course, and you signed whether you were to furnish drugs, or whether you were not to furnish drugs, or whether it was optional whether you were to furnish drugs.

"According to regulations, if a patient lived within one mile of the drugstore nearest you, he got his drugs from that store. If he lived two miles or over from the store, you made up his drugs from supplies sent you by the government. If he lived between a mile and two miles from the drugstore, it was optional whether you furnished him the drugs or not. But all this had to go down on a form. The medicines were free."

When the doctor and his wife saw the magnitude of their chore—which included reading a map to determine where the patients lived—he asked the Executive Council, local administrative body of the Scheme, if he could use a rubber stamp to sign his name, address and code number. He thought this would facilitate matters.

"The council deliberated and said no," he says, "so we signed everything by hand. Then, after three weeks and all the hurly-burly, they said yes."

The Executive Council is at the lowest level of the British Health Service setup. Each community has such a council. Supervising all the councils is the Medical Practices Committee, a national body. And at the very top is the Ministry of Health, headed by Aneurin Bevan, whose clashes with former Prime Minister Churchill over the Scheme have sometimes been spectacularly violent. The majority of the personnel in this setup is nonmedical. Bevan has absolute authority over doctors operating under it, for they cannot appeal his decisions to the courts.

The Gampells finally finished their signing and sat back to await what had been heralded as the millennium. The millennium—and the forms. "I never would have believed," the wonder still fills Dr. Gampell's voice, "that there was that much paper in the world."

If a man had lumbago, Gampell had first to make out a form that would get him codeine and liniment. Then he had to make out a form so the patient could secure his social security benefit. Then came a form to explain his absence from work. Such forms were necessary each week of the man's illness.

There were forms for *(Continued on page 72)*

Dr. Gampell is interning to get his U.S. license

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At home Nanette studies the score of her latest show, Arms and the Girl! Though she pretends to have a bad memory she mastered her long role quickly

Danger: BROADWAY BEAUTY

Nanette Fabray got herself black and blue climbing to musical-comedy stardom

THERE are moments in her hectic life when Nanette Fabray, the vivacious young musical-comedy star, is firmly of the opinion that playing in a Broadway show is one of the most dangerous professions in the world. Miss Fabray has danced, talked, sung and looked luscious in nine musical extravaganzas since 1939, including such smashes as Let's Face It!, By Jupiter, Bloomer Girl, High Button Shoes, Love Life and currently Arms and the Girl!, the latest Theatre Guild melodic masterpiece.

In Arms and the Girl!, a musical set in 1776 during the American Revolution, she portrays an aggressive Yankee patriot, named Jo Kirkland, who is obsessed by a Joan of Arc complex. For the amusement of her audience, at each and every performance Miss Fabray gets involved in blowing up bridges and amateur espionage, attempts to commandeer a detachment of Connecticut militia, engages in bundling parties with two (2) colonial gentlemen, hides in a barn which collapses when an honest-to-goodness cannon ball is dropped on it, and climbs out of the debris to fight a duel with a deserting Hessian soldier.

"I'll probably get my skull fractured before the show ends its run," Miss Fabray predicts cheerfully.

"The duel is the real thing, too," she says, her almond-shaped eyes twinkling. "Georges Guetary, who plays the Hessian, and I fight with real swords. Finally he slams me across the . . . across the . . . you know. After five weeks of rehearsals, I'm black and blue. Hurts me to sit down."

But this is not the first time Nanette has suffered for her art. She ran an equally hazardous anatomical peril in Love Life, one of the really delightful musical soirees of the 1948-'49 season. Love Life was a fantasy about the tribulations of a married couple in the United States from 1791 to 1948; and to dramatize the psychological confusion of modern woman, who often feels split in two, the author decided to have the leading lady sawed in half in the opening scene. The script called for Miss Fabray to get into a box; then a magician, cast for the part, was to drag out a crosscut saw and actually slice the box in half.

"It was an awfully small box," Miss Fabray recalls with a shiver.

If she scrounched down in it just right, the saw would miss her by one-sixteenth of an inch. Several times the saw came so close it tore her dress. And on one occasion, the magician actually shaved off several ounces of her flesh as neatly as a delicatessen meat slicer snips a Virginia baked ham.

In Bloomer Girl, she wore a 72-pound iron-boned hoop skirt and it took three stagehands and a block and tackle to maneuver it down around her. Once in it, she couldn't get out without help. The plot called for her to unhook the hoop skirt and show herself in bloomers. Unhooking this contraption was almost an engineering problem, and one night the fastener got stuck and she yanked and yanked, and finally ripped a ligament in her right hand. She played most of the run of Bloomer Girl with her hand in a splint. Now, four years later, the ligament still hasn't healed completely.

In By Jupiter, she made her first entrance carrying a 50-pound stag across her shoulders as she marched down a flight of 20 steps. One night, just for laughs, as she was preparing to make her entrance, Ray Bolger, the star of the show, unexpectedly pinched her. Nanette shot forward, tumbled pell-mell down the steps and fell flat on her face on the stage. The stag flew out of her grasp and landed on a bass drum in the orchestra. The effect was so hilarious Bolger wanted to keep the bit of business in the show permanently. Miss Fabray discouraged him.

When she was in Let's Face It!, Benny Baker, the corpulent comedian, accidentally fell on her during one performance and shattered five ribs on her left side. In Meet the People, a swinging iron door crashed into her and cracked three ribs on her right side.

The body which has been taking this prodigious beating is slim and graceful, five feet, six inches tall, with a weight that's normally a slight 105 pounds. Nanette Fabray is always trying to fatten herself up. Three months before she goes into rehearsal for a new show, she embarks on a fattening diet—stuffs herself with potatoes, puddings and pastries. She hit 127 pounds at the start of Arms and the Girl! rehearsals. By the time it opened its tryout in Philadelphia last December 29th, she was down to 110. Natural restlessness and nervous energy are what does it. Although a number of critics have called her one of the most beautiful creatures in the American musical-comedy theater, Miss Fabray, curiously enough, feels that she is a rather plain-looking girl. No amount of critical flattery or adulation can convince her that she is, in fact, beautiful. Her inferiority complex is genuine and deep-seated, and it seems to stem from the earliest years of her life.

Nanette was a child performer. Her mother, a vivacious person filled with practical energy, was a perfectionist about Nanette's training and appearance; her nose, for instance—a tip-tilted nose—seemed wrong. Nanette has had three operations on her nose: the first, a plastic operation to change it into a lean Grecian nose; the second, to place a metal support inside to strengthen the Grecian nose; and the last was to undo the effects of the first two operations and return her nose to its original shape.

She also underwent a serious tonsil operation at the age of twelve, which, while it widened her vocal range to three octaves, caused a serious break in her middle register; it took five years of hard work with a voice coach to correct the weakness.

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AT WORK

At sixteen she had an appendicitis operation, after which her long golden hair unaccountably changed to its present brown shade.

No, Nanette Fabray doesn't consider herself a fragile beauty. Nor does she strut around Broadway or put on displays of heavy temperament. She's modest, kind, thoughtful, sweet. Veterans around the big street consider her tops.

La Fabray is among the highest-paid and most solidly established of the new musical-comedy heroines who are today challenging the long-time domination of the field by Mary Martin, Ethel Merman and Beatrice Lillie. In 1947, Nanette won two Donaldson Awards for her exploits in High Button Shoes. For her heart-warming portrayal of the eternal American female in Love Life, she received the 1948 Antoinette Perry Award for the best musical-comedy performance of the season. Both of these awards—the highest Broadway can give—are analogous to Hollywood's Academy "Oscars" in that the selections are made by persons in the theater—including actors, directors, producers, scene designers, dancers and singers.

Leland Hayward, the canny director of South Pacific, remarked not long ago:

"Nanette Fabray is going to be the greatest musical-comedy star since Marilyn Miller."

Fiscally, she's been doing all right, too. From the $500 a week she received for her role in Bloomer Girl, she climbed to $1,250 a week in High Button Shoes and $1,500 a week in Love Life. For Arms and the Girl!, in which she finally attains star billing, she receives $3,000 every seven days on a guarantee and percentage basis.

What makes her worth such a huge chunk of currency was recently explained by Sammy Cahn, one of the best lyric writers in the business, who penned the rhymes in High Button Shoes. He said, "Nanette takes a line in a song, gives it a little twinkle at the right word, and packs a ton of meaning into it just with the expression on her face. It isn't only that she punches a lyric across to an audience as few singers can, but she sparkles, just sparkles all over, like a great big diamond. If you've got a song that's bad, Nanette makes it good. But if you've got a good song, why that girl will make it a show-stopper.

"We had a little thing in High Button Shoes—the Ladies Birdwalking number—just a couple of lines, strictly a throwaway bit to get the chorus and Nan on the stage. Nan took this incidental bit and she worked up a raucous whistle, like a truck driver, and she put in some business where she wipes her lips after each whistle. Well, she took some pretty tame lyrics and she brought the house down with it.

"It was one of the three big show-stoppers of High Button Shoes. The others were the Papa, Won't You Dance with Me number, and then I Still Get Jealous, where after she sang it she did a soft-shoe dance. People will be talking about what Nan did with that number for years. It's that look in her eyes, that smile, it's—well—it's her, and you can't put it in words."

But like all the great musical-comedy empresses, Nanette Fabray can do more than merely sing well. She's a quadruple-threat gal—singer, comedienne, dancer and actress. The qualities that make for distinction in the musical theater are diverse, and the training that brings out these qualities is complicated. Nanette started her training shortly after she was born in San Diego, California, on October 21, 1921. Her name originally was Fabares (pronounced Fah-bah-ray). She changed it to Fabray in 1939, because it was the only way, apparently, to get everybody to agree on the same pronunciation.

The Fabares had come from New Orleans originally. Her father, Raoul, was a railroad engineer until he retired. Her mother, Lela McGovern, was and is a beautiful Southern *(Continued on page 61)*

As Jo Kirkland, Nanette plays a pocket-sized amazon who wants to take on the entire British army alone, but succeeds only in creating confusion and chaos among Colonial troops. It's her first starring role

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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Continuing a vivid novel of the American Frontier

City beyond Devil's Gate

By LILLIAN JANET

This is the story of the pioneers who founded the fabulous gold and silver town of Virginia City, on the eve of the Civil War. JASON FEATHERS capitalized on the community's sudden wealth by opening a bank. He looked forward to acquiring all the mines in the area, and to a prominent role in the projected Pacific Republic. When young DANIEL MACGRATH returned to Virginia City and asked for a job, Jason hired him, although Daniel had been a minister when he and Jason had known each other in Sacramento. Why Daniel had stopped preaching abolition and left the cloth was a mystery.

News of Daniel's return to Nevada was carried to beautiful EMILY FIELDING by TOOEY, a miner who had operated her mine for her since her father, NOAH FIELDING, and her brother JOHNNY were killed in an ambush by warring Paiutes. Emily had heard Daniel preach three years before, and had been in love with the memory of the fiery young man ever since.

Two weeks after the massacre, Emily was asked to tea by REBECCA FEATHERS, Jason's spoiled and gossipy young wife. Rebecca told Emily about Daniel's tragic marriage the year before to the young sister of Jason's first wife. The bride had died three days after the wedding.

Daniel, Jason, and TOM FEATHERS, his son by his first wife, came in at the end of the tea, and tempers rose as Jason tried, unsuccessfully, to buy Emily's mine. Later, Tom forced his father to let him take a job in a mine by threatening to go to work for Emily. And that night Rebecca, bored with life in the crude town, made advances to the impressionable Tom.

When Daniel protested a wanton killing engineered by Jason during a mine foreclosure, Jason rationalized, saying that JESSE HULL, his hired gunman, had acted rashly. Alarmed, Daniel went to Emily to warn her of Jason's plan to force her to sell out. He had to tell her of the murder. They fell silent, and Daniel wondered if this was to be the first and the last time he would ever be close to Emily.

III

EMILY was still silent when they reached her house, and Daniel hesitated in front of the door, wondering how to take his leave. It was quite dark now, and the soft night air seemed to bring a stealing, inexorable sadness. Loneliness and longing—he was not sure for what—welled up in him. They had grown very close, sitting out on the mountain. The vastness of the panorama spread around them had left him moody, almost spellbound.

"It's getting late—" he said at last.

She seemed not to have heard him. She put her hand upon the latch and with weariness and effort pushed the door open. And then, strangely, she left it open. She took a step inside and looked back over her shoulder at him.

"You haven't any place to go," she said. "Come on in and eat with Charley and me." She had spoken flatly, without enthusiasm, and yet he sensed that she did actually want him to stay. He said nothing but followed her into the house.

It was even darker inside, and she lighted a lamp and placed it on the round wooden table. Charley, the Paiute handy man, was nowhere in evidence. Some late errand had apparently taken him out of the house.

"I'll start supper," she said.

She went over to the stove, took down an apron, took potatoes from a barrel and started peeling them.

Daniel felt ill at ease, uncomfortable at her silence. "Can I help?" he began uncertainly.

"The fire in the stove's gone out. If you want to light it, you can." Her voice was not angry or resentful. It was merely quiet, and rather tired.

Daniel went quickly to the stove and created a flurry of activity with kindling and wood. Then he straightened and looked toward her. But now she had stopped her work.

"Why did you give up preaching?" she asked. Her eyes were on his face, probing, searching. "Why are you working for Jason Feathers?"

He hesitated, trying to frame an answer. She tilted her head slightly to one side, studying his face. "Why did you come to Virginia City?"

"I don't know," he said at last.

A self-consciousness seemed to come over her. She turned back to her work, began moving with uneven, almost jerky haste.

"I heard you preach once," she said. "I was just wondering."

That was not entirely true, of course, what he had said about not knowing what had brought him there. Like most evasive answers it had contained an ingredient of truth. He could remember and point to this event or that and say, here it started, or this was a turning point, or that was the final deciding factor.

And yet all of these were but fragmentary. Perhaps, he reasoned, he was as yet unable to see the picture whole because of the immediacy of certain memories. Those memories! How could he ever share the bitterness, the humiliation of them with someone like Emily. Yet why was he goaded by this almost masochistic compulsion to return again and again to those memories, himself?

Of one thing he was certain. It had started in a crowded San Francisco street that September afternoon almost a year ago.

"There hasn't been a funeral like this since Bella Cora buried her lover."

Daniel had never forgotten those words. He had turned angrily to the man standing next to him. "That seems to me a highly inappropriate remark, sir."

"Quite a show," the man went on, taking little notice of Daniel's heated remark. He was a short, stocky man in a tall silk hat, and his black frock coat hung open to reveal a green satin waistcoat which bore evidence of several past meals. He had a bland round face, but both shrewdness and speculation showed in his quick, observant eyes.

They were draping the doors with black in San Francisco; the bearded, heavy-handed, humorless, desperately earnest David Broderick lay dead. Senator Broderick was dead, struck down in a duel by a bullet from the gun of his archrival Judge Terry, the hotheaded Southerner.

"They have killed me." His words were whispered back and forth, reiterated, searched for meaning and import. "They have killed me because I was opposed to slavery." The words, Broderick's

It seemed to him that they had grown very close, sitting out on the mountain. The vastness of the panorama had left him moody, almost spellbound

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last, echoed up and down the streets of San Francisco. "I die. Protect my honor."

And now Daniel could see approaching slowly the six black horses draped in black.

"Yet once more, O ye laurels,
and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy
never sere,
I come to pluck your berries
harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the
mellowing year."

Had he imagined the words or had someone really spoken them? Daniel looked around him. To his astonishment he saw that they had come from the stocky green-waistcoated man. Unexplainably, the cynicism seemed to have dropped from his manner. He turned slowly so that his look was on Daniel and yet extended in a further focus somewhere far beyond. "Who would not sing for Lycidas?" he murmured.

And Daniel could think of nothing to say.

Then he began edging his way out of the crowd. He had gone almost a block before he realized that the stocky man was at his heels. The man looked up cheerfully at him and nodded.

"The end of an era, our friend Broderick's untimely demise. Were you acquainted with the late senator?"

Daniel answered grudgingly, "I was."

"So?" The man cocked an eyebrow at him. "I never had that pleasure. He seldom frequented my bailiwicks, enjoying none of the pleasures of chance, liquor or ladies. A drab life, a spectacular death!

"May I ask what errand takes you toward the water front with such determination?"

"I am bound," Daniel said sternly, "for the steamer Minerva, which will leave tonight for Sacramento."

Delight spread over the man's face. "The Minerva! What happy chance! I too intend to be a passenger on the Minerva tonight. We shall be shipmates." He extended a fleshy hand. "Clarence K. Mullins, sir. At your service."

Daniel grudgingly put *(Continued on page 38)*

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ANOTHER GOMEZ?

By HOLMES ALEXANDER

Maurie McDermott, lean young southpaw of the Boston Red Sox, is the pitchin' image of the onetime New York Yankees' star

ACME

CUPPING his hands to his mouth, Manager Joe McCarthy of the Boston Red Sox hollered at a long, youthful left-hander who was shagging flies in right field. "Hey, Gomez, come in here a minute!" Then with a grin which seemed to suggest a trace of nostalgia, McCarthy said to the photographer at his elbow, "I always make that mistake when I see that kid."

Maurice J. McDermott, Jr., the elongated youth who came loping toward the Red Sox dugout in response to McCarthy's call last summer, didn't really resemble Lefty Gomez, the old Yankee star. But McCarthy's remarks illustrate both the irony and the glittering promise of Maurie McDermott's career.

Young Maurie, now twenty-one and a five-year man in the Red Sox organization, is not today the best left-handed pitcher in the American League; but he's the wildest, the fastest, and many baseball pundits think he has the stuff to become one of the greatest. And while Maurie hasn't yet achieved it, he was born and raised to greatness and has had it thrust upon him by proclamation. From the time he was three, Maurie has been in training as a big-league pitcher. Since he was fourteen, baseball scouts and critics have been comparing him with Gomez, Lefty Grove and other celebrated southpaws of yesteryear.

All this adds up to quite a handicap for an earnest, unspoiled young man who simply wants to make good in his profession and to help the pennant-starved Red Sox to a championship. Last August 6th, in the dining room of a Boston hotel, Maurie looked up from a sizzling steak dinner and said to me:

"This talk about greatness is much too soon. I'll settle for being just a good starting pitcher for the Red Sox."

His Adam's apple bobbed emotionally as he added, "And I think I have arrived at that."

Next day at Fenway Park, before a sellout Sunday crowd, Maurie had three Detroit Tigers on base, and up to bat came Art Houtteman, the opposing pitcher, who was celebrating his own twenty-second birthday. Houtteman slammed a line-drive double into center field for three runs. That one hit scored as many runs as Maurie had given up in his previous three games together. After that, he didn't win or even finish another game all season.

Maurie wasn't around when the Red Sox slogged off the field that Sunday with a 6–4 defeat and a seven-game winning streak broken. He was dismally getting into street clothes and preparing to meet the disappointment of two men who believed deeply in his pitching genius. His father and Uncle Eddie had driven all the way from Poughkeepsie, New York, where the McDermotts now make their home, to see him go against the Tigers. They were hoping to watch him add another victory to his abbreviated season's record of five won, two lost, two of the wins being shutouts.

One reason why Maurie feels compelled to make good in the majors is that his father didn't. McDermott, Sr., during the middle 1920s was a speed-ball southpaw, a teammate of Lou Gehrig and Leo Durocher at Hartford.

"I was faster than Maurie," Mr. McDermott says factually, but something went wrong with his arm before he was ready for the majors. He switched to the outfield and was making a new start there when he decided to get married. No longer feeling free to gamble on his baseball future, McDermott, Sr., took a stay-at-home job at Poughkeepsie and played semi-pro ball after work. But he was determined to have a big-leaguer in the family, which eventually grew to six children. Maurie, the first-born—August 29, 1928—was it. The father says:

"When he was three, I gave him a baseball and taught him to toss it up and catch it. At six, he had his first pair of spiked shoes and was throwing to me in the back yard. I took him with me to the ball parks where I played and umpired in those days. When he was eleven, he found a pair of his Uncle Eddie's white flannel trousers and scissored them down to look like baseball pants. From then on I knew for sure that we had a ballplayer."

Here, of course, are the elements of the classic father-son success story. But life doesn't always move toward an automatic happy ending. There are some rasping setbacks and unresolved climaxes in Maurie McDermott's story. He's about as normal a young athlete as you'll find anywhere, *(Continued on page 68)*

McDermott stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. He's fast and "just wild enough"

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Collier's SHORT SHORT

As I started past her she said, "Pa'don me, which way is Pa'k Avenue?" and I halted in my tracks

We're Both from Biddeford

I HAD a letter from her just the other day. It was in a young excited scrawl: she was so happy, she had done the right thing, she never could thank me enough. *Meeting you on the street corner that afternoon was fate*, she wrote, underscoring the word three times. *Do you believe in fate? I do. Because I'll never know why you stopped and spoke to me . . .*

I knew why. It was her accent. I had not heard that familiar down-East twang since I had left home three long years ago. She was standing on the corner, that first and only time I ever saw her, looking small and bewildered in the crowd, and as I started past her she said, "Pa'don me, which way is Pa'k Avenue?" and I halted in my tracks.

"Whereabouts in Maine are you from?" I asked.

"Biddeford."

"Biddeford?" I grinned with pleasure. "Why, I'm from Biddeford, too!"

When her letter arrived, almost a year later, it was a complete surprise. I did not think she would even remember me; but she wrote: *What you said that afternoon gave me confidence when I needed it most. It was just the challenge I needed— It helped me make up my mind . . .*

I had been feeling anything but confident at that particular moment. I'd had a note from Katherine that morning, sweet and patient and loyal as always; she knew I would find something steady sooner or later; of course, my old job was always waiting for me back home, and so forth, and so forth, but I could read between the lines. Three years is a long time to wait, when you're waiting to be married.

Oh, I had been so sure of myself when I left home. I would grab New York in my bare hands, I would swing it aloft by the tail, I would send for Katherine and we would live in a gold penthouse in the sky. And now, three years later, I was still turning out occasional radio whodunits, and trying to sell enough of them to boost my average earnings for the year to something more than twenty-five dollars a week. I was sleeping in a basement room and eating at the Automat, feeling an emptiness that I could not put into words. The accent of the girl beside me was like a fresh Maine breeze. "What's your name?" I asked her as we walked.

"June. June Allard."

"Any relation to Fred Allard that used to live out Saco way?"

"I'm his da'ter," she said. "That's our fa'm."

I grinned again, in delight, and she looked a little hurt. "I'm sorry," I apologized. "I just like to hear you say it like that."

"I guess I sound like a hick."

"Oh, no. No," I protested, "you sound like home. I used to talk that way myself when I first got here, but now of course I have ha'dly any—"

She said gravely, "Anybody could tell right away you were from Maine."

"They could?" I was surprised how much it pleased me. It gave me a feeling of identity; I was a person, after all, in this impersonal city, and suddenly felt stronger, more self-assured. She hurried beside me, her coat collar turned up against the fine February drizzle, her face glowing with youth and eagerness both. "It's starting to come down harder," I said. "Let's duck in somewhere."

The gray clouds hanging over the city were gathering more swiftly and drops of water spattered on the sidewalk; up and down the avenue umbrellas began to sprout like mushrooms. I led her down a side street to one of the cafés in the vaults of Radio City. We found a table by a window, and I signaled to a waiter. "What would you like?" I asked her.

"I'd like a Ma'tini," she said.

"Two Ma'tinis," I pronounced deliberately.

THE tops of the towers of Radio City were lost in the fog, but their thousands of windows glittered with light. She leaned sideways and craned her neck and looked up at them through the gloom, her eyes as bright as raindrops: "It's beautiful. It's like I dreamed it would be."

"This city? It's a mess when it rains. All the streets jammed, and everybody fighting for a cab."

"Back home when it rains the trees drip on you and the gutters are full of water, and there's nothing to do but sit indoors and wait for the rain to stop." She frowned. "I don't want to go back, not for a long time, anyway."

"What would you do here?"

The waiter set down the drinks, and she considered her glass for a moment, twisting the stem intently. "I sing." She glanced quickly at me to catch my reaction. "Don't laugh. I've got a pretty good voice; my music teacher and the folks that have heard me all say so. I'm going to be a singer."

"Look, kid," I said, a little brutally—but I intended to be brutal—"forget it. New York eats little girls alive. You'll be lonely. This is the loneliest place in the world. Nobody speaks to anybody—"

"You spoke to me."

I tried again. "It's not like a little town. There you have neighbors; you have friends. Somebody cares what happens to you." Now all at once I realized what the emptiness was, and my voice got tough. "Go on back where you came from."

"I'm not going home," she said, setting her jaw stubbornly. I recognized that New England jaw. "You don't believe I can make a go of it here. Well, I'm going to show you. I'm going to show everybody. I'm staying right here."

"What will you do for money?"

"I—" She fished in her purse, and took out a railroad ticket. "I've got the other half of my round trip. I can turn it in at the station."

The rain was stopping; the puddles were draining down metal grilles in the concrete, and the transient shrubbery around the plaza dripped neatly. Back home the tree trunks would be black and shining, and the fragrance on the drenched evergreens would be sharp and clean. I could smell the rich odors of wet earth, even though the ground was probably deep in snow at that moment. I knew what I had been wanting.

"The station's right on my way," I said; "I'll save you the trouble." I got out my wallet, and handed her my last twenty dollars. "Wait, let me give you a note." I scribbled a few lines on the back of Katherine's envelope. "This is to a man I know at NBC. He may be able to help you."

I put her in a cab, and she waved and smiled through the window. "Drop me a line and tell me how you make out," I called after her. "Write to me at Biddeford." . . .

Her letter came a year later. I showed it to Katherine when it arrived. She came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on an apron, and stared at the signature. "June Allard—not *the* June Allard!" she gasped. "Why, I hear her every day on the radio. She's famous! I never dreamed she might be one of the local Allards." She smiled at me. "But I don't know why not. It's just the way it should be." She paused, considering it. "It makes me feel good."

I felt good too. For a lot of reasons. THE END

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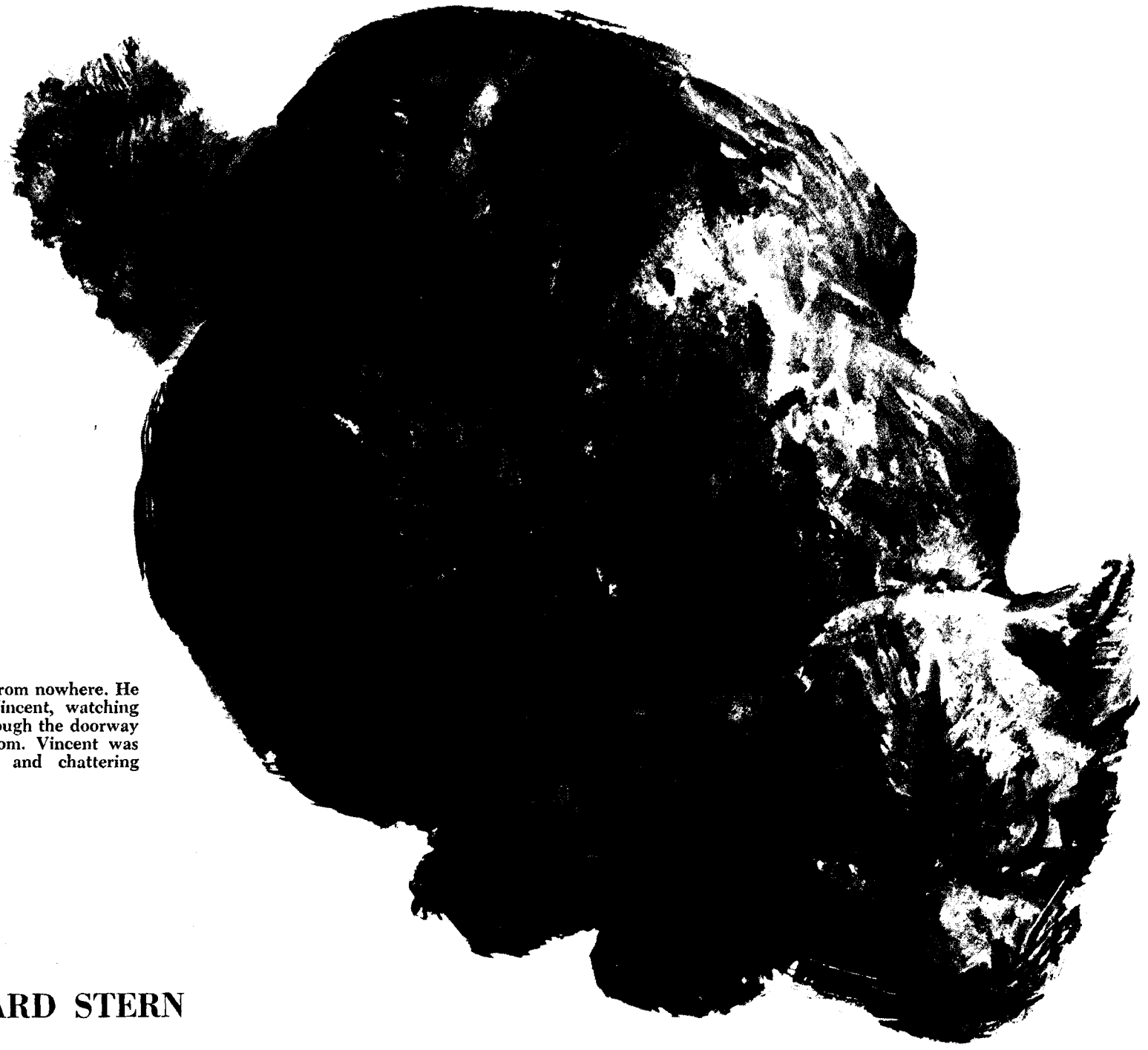
Family Guardian

The dishonor of Joe the Cat-



Joe had appeared from nowhere. He crouched beside Vincent, watching Cook. He went through the doorway into the dining room. Vincent was holding the toast and chattering

By RICHARD STERN

MASTER THOMAS McCOY, in the full vigor of his thirteen months, crawled down the hallway from the nursery on this rainy day, passed the bedroom of Tim and Lucas, his parents, and turned the corner and then turned again and found himself in the living room.

It was a place of wonderment, with its large soft rug and enormous chairs; a room of color, of light. Thomas brought it all into focus, surveyed it carefully and gurgled to himself. And then he saw Joe, the McCoy cat, curled up on Tim's chair, asleep; and the room as a whole lost its importance. Thomas took his sight, set his course. On all sixes —hands, knees, feet—he scuttled toward the target. Joe slept on.

Thomas seized the skirt of the chair. He hoisted his body erect. He steadied himself, wavering only a trifle on his knees. He extended one small hand, grasped a fistful of Joe's whiskers and tugged mightily. The results were beyond all anticipation.

Joe rose into the air a good three feet, awaking and twisting as he went. His roar was a thing of force, of fury. He landed upon the chair seat, crouched and set, his whiskers laid flat, his eyes gleaming and his big head low. The bunched muscles in his shoulders were taut, tensed. His stub tail twitched, and his growl rumbled loud in his chest. He eyed Thomas, one forepaw lifted, curved, the five hooked knives shining free of their sheaths, and in his mind dark, sullen thoughts were stirring.

Thomas' voice was joyful. "Kiee!" he howled. "Kiee!" He steadied himself and grabbed again, putting his all into the effort. He missed this time and lost his balance and fell, sliding slowly down the front of the chair. He lay still for a moment. Then he opened his mouth and began to shriek. Joe hopped out of the chair and stalked out of the living room, setting his feet down with slow dignity. Miss Henderson, Thomas' nurse, and Lucas arrived almost in a dead heat from down the hall.

Lucas reached Thomas first. She gathered him up, still screaming. She saw the long, angry scratch against the white of his forearm. And she saw Joe, walking quietly away, and the evidence was unmistakable. "It's all right," she said, almost crooning, trying to soothe, "it's all right, baby. We'll fix it right up, make it all well."

Thomas' shrieks dwindled. Joe, haughty and silent, lofted himself to the top of the high sideboard. His stub tail twitched. He composed himself and lay down. He stared, unblinking, at Lucas, at the baby.

"Well," Miss Henderson said. She was looking down at the scratch, examining it. She looked now at Lucas. "Well," she said again.

And then came Cook, flying in from the kitchen, drying her hands as she came. "Look," said Miss Henderson. Cook looked. And then she turned to glare at Joe.

"That devil," she said.

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Joe yawned. He lifted one forepaw and studied it. He produced a length of pink tongue. He began to wash.

"I'd clip his wings," Cook said, which was untrue; Cook's fear of Joe was a potent force. But she said it again, muttering darkly, "I'd clip his wings."

"Clip," Lucas said. She looked at Cook, she looked at Miss Henderson, she looked again at Thomas' forearm. "Come along," she said, "and then we'll settle this."

Joe was asleep on top of the sideboard when he heard Lucas call. He opened his eyes and looked at her. She was dressed, complete with hat. And she was standing beside Joe's traveling box. And in her hand she held a small bowl. Even from where he was, Joe could detect the warm, wonderful aroma of rum. "Here," Lucas said.

Cook, standing well off to one side, watched in silence, prepared for flight.

Joe stood up. He stretched himself. He yawned. He dropped to the floor, and his whiskers twinked as he tested the odor again. There was no mistake; it was rum, rich and tempting. His stub tail rose. He chirruped. He trotted forward. Lucas set the bowl inside the box. Joe hopped in after it. And then the lid slammed hard, and the locks clicked shut. Cook let out her breath in one long sound.

"There," Lucas said, and she stood there for a moment or two, looking down at the box, finding her feelings mixed, but her mind made up. She thought of Tim, of what Tim might say, might think. "I don't care," she said. "I've told him, I've warned him that this might happen."

Cook made soft, substantiating sounds. From the box there was silence.

"Help me carry it to the car," Lucas said. . . .

The veterinarian himself helped Lucas take the box out of the car. Together they carried it inside, set it upon a white table. The vet peered through the mesh. Joe peered back and growled. The vet straightened up. "That's quite a beast," he said.

Lucas nodded.

"Anything wrong with him?"

"No," Lucas said.

"I thought I smelled alcohol."

"He drinks rum," Lucas said. "He just had some."

"Smokes, too? Or does he take snuff?"

Lucas ignored it. "I want his claws clipped," she said. "Good and short. So they can't scratch."

"I see." He bent down and looked through the mesh again. "He's a house cat? I mean, if he spends much time outside, hunting or climbing or—"

"Can you, or can you not clip his claws?"

"Why," the vet said, "I expect we could manage."

"I'll wait outside," Lucas said.

AND so it was done. They drove home, Lucas silent at the wheel, Joe locked once more in his traveling box and brooding upon this indignity to which he had been subjected. He knew nothing of veterinarians, but he disliked the smell that remained in his nostrils, and he disliked the ruthless efficiency with which he had been handled, and he loathed and detested any fussing with his paws, and he resented the box. He had been wronged; he felt this deeply. He was not happy. He lay quietly in the box, watching Lucas through the mesh. His eyes were opaque and unblinking, and his stub tail twitched gently.

Cook came out to the car. She helped Lucas carry the box to the back porch. She stood back while Lucas opened the locks and lifted the lid, and she watched Joe stand up and look around and then hop slowly over the edge. Lucas said, "I guess maybe he'd better have a little more milk. After all—" She bent down. "We—we had to do it, Joe."

Joe said nothing.

"The baby," Lucas said, "I mean—" She stopped there. She straightened up. She looked at Cook. "Give him some warm milk with a little rum." She walked quickly into the house.

"Come on," Cook said, and she was smiling. "You're not so high and mighty now, are you?" She chuckled. "No claws," she said. "Just a big fat cat with no claws."

Joe followed her without comment. He waited beneath the stove, and he sniffed the brew which she set before him. He began to drink.

Cook went about her chores, callously rejoicing over Joe's humiliation, openly jeering at his plight. She moved ponderously around the kitchen, chuckling, and at last her triumph was entirely too much to contain. She went over to the stove and bent down and pointed at Joe's nose with her forefinger. "Just a big fat cat now," she said, "no more harm than a rabbit." The chuckles turned into laughter; Cook shook and trembled with her amusement. It was a mistake.

Joe's head came up out of the bowl. He stared at the finger. He stared at Cook's face. He heard the laughter, loud and mocking, making burlesque of his dignity. He wiped the last few drops of milk and rum from his chin. He laid his whiskers flat against his cheeks. He let a growl begin, deep in his chest. And he moved forward, slowly, inexorably, maintaining his crouch.

"You can't bluff me," Cook said. She backed up a step or two. "You can't bluff me." But her voice lacked assurance, and Joe came on, and Cook retreated another two or three steps. "Not any more," Cook said. Her voice rose in pitch. "That's all over now, you—you rabbit!" The last word was almost a shriek. It hung in the air, quivering. Cook fled into the dining room and slammed the door behind her.

But there was no real satisfaction in it, no true assuagement of the basic hurt. Joe stood for a time in the center of the floor, his tail twitching with anger. And then, abruptly, he muttered something half aloud, and turned away and trotted to the back door, thrust it open with a push of his great shoulder, and went out into the yard.

Beside the tool shed, he found Vincent, the McCoy monkey. Vincent held a leaf in his small hands. He twirled it by its stem, watching its movement, taking joy in its changing shape. His eyes were bright and happy.

When he saw Joe, he *(Continued on page 56)*

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Life In His Hands

A young surgeon was a good doctor—a better surgeon than many of his elders, but he was selfish. Up to now he had not permitted himself to concern himself with the human struggle between life and death

By BENJAMIN SIEGEL

THE old man, Grimaldo, his face composed and patient beyond the blue-gray blanket, was waiting to be wheeled into the operating room. Dr. Nesson checked the case record at the foot of the cart, smiled down at his patient, and went into the locker room. He hung his clothes carelessly on the hooks of one of the empty lockers. From a pile on a table against the wall he took one of the laundered, unpressed pajamalike suits and pulled it on.

Dr. Harlan, chief of surgery at Mount Jackson, came in and carefully began to undress, opening his locker with a key and using the hanger inside. "How do you feel, Robert?" he said to Nesson.

"Fine." Dr. Nesson had laced on a disreputable pair of comfortable shoes. He adjusted a cap to his head and tied the string around the back of his neck, noting abstractedly the older man's paunch and unconsciously flexing his own lean belly.

Dr. Harlan put on suit and cap and mask and went out. Robert took a cigarette and matches from his limply hanging trousers. He inhaled deeply. He took a final puff and ground out the cigarette in an ash tray and went into the operating room.

Dr. Wills, the anesthetist, with the help of an intern, had put Grimaldo on the operating table. Dr. Nesson leaned over him, murmuring something meaningless but reassuring. Nearly always, at this point, he was accustomed to see fear in the eyes looking up into his. But the old man had the calmness of nonparticipation. Robert nodded to Wills and gave him instructions about how to arrange the patient on the table. Then Robert went in to scrub up.

Dr. Brower was already washing. Robert nodded and took the next basin. "Luck," Brower said.

"Thanks." Dr. Brower, associate visiting surgeon at Mount Jackson, forty-five years old and specialist in appendectomies and hernias, had fought against letting Nesson do this operation. "Thanks," Robert said. "I know you mean it."

Dr. Brower looked up quickly and nodded. Holding his arms away from his body, he went out. Nesson finished and followed. A nurse waited with sterile towels, held the gown for him to slip into, poured powder and waited with the rubber gloves.

Grimaldo slept. A tube in the old man's mouth through the trachea ended in a rubber mask with which Wills would mechanically breathe for him. A transfusion bottle hung at the other end of the table, feeding through a vein in the ankle. Robert looked at Wills, who was taking the old man's blood pressure.

"All right," Wills said. He was a tall lanky embittered man who railed constantly against the unrecognized status of the anesthetist, saddled with clerical duties and blamed if anything went wrong. He was the best man at the job that Nesson knew and he had held up the operation until Wills was available.

Dr. Harlan helped fold the sheet and lay out the towels until there was nothing visible of Grimaldo except a square of exposed skin at the chest; he was sheeted beyond the feet and at the other end was the hump over the brace keeping his head free. Nothing but white sheet and a square of white chest —and inside the trouble, the malignant growth which might, or might not, yield to the skill of young Dr. Robert Nesson.

Robert frowned up at the light, and Dr. Harlan said quickly, "This light isn't right, Dr. Wills."

The anesthetist came to the side of the table and adjusted the huge circular light and went back to his position behind the patient's head. Robert glanced at the round face and flat features of Miss Rogers, the scrub nurse. He had waited for her, too. He had a good team this afternoon.

Two residents stood carefully back, unscrubbed, waiting to be shown.

This room was once called a "theater." There was a hush as of house lights being dimmed and from above the spotlight shone on Dr. Robert Nesson.

Dr. Brower was waiting, too: hostile and challenging as he always was in the presence of young Dr. Nesson. Brower's eyes were cold; his mobile face, incapable of dissembling, showed antagonism in the set of every feature. Robert glanced at him, fleetingly amused with the thought that Brower would be an easy man to beat at poker. The others in the operating room were too used to the antagonism between the two men to give it much attention. It was no secret at Mount Jackson that Drs. Brower and Nesson disliked each other.

THE enmity between Robert and Dr. Brower had started many months ago, almost as soon as Robert joined the staff of Mount Jackson as clinical assistant. From the beginning Robert had chafed because he felt that his full skill as a surgeon was not being used. He was assigned only to minor surgical cases, of the kind he had performed expertly when he was a mere first-year resident at Bellevue, five years before he went to Mount Jackson.

Ambitious and aggressive, Robert clamored for more difficult cases. He was outspoken on behalf of his own career, pointing out that he had greater qualifications than *(Continued on page 50)*

The old man looked at Robert steadily, with eyes that didn't know how to register fear. "How much time," he asked, "if I don't have the operation?"

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The forger is a talented criminal who works hard to perfect his art, and sometimes it pays off well—for a while

They're Sure to Get Caught

INTERNATIONAL

Jerome Poster, master forger, damaged his eyes, got his bail reduced and fled

Concluding THE POSTAL INSPECTORS

Check forgers eventually land behind the bars, but meanwhile they cause banks, merchants and others a lot of trouble. The most skillful of them, now in prison, was so adept even government experts couldn't distinguish his forgeries from real signatures. He made $50,000 a year. A mailbox robber-forger kept inspectors on the chase seven years through virtually all the 48 states. He lived off mailboxes for five years without working a single day. Scientific detection methods, used by smart, relentless agents, are fast removing the roses from the path of the forger. But despite the near-certainty of arrest and prison, men are still willing to take the risk. These stories of master forgers show how to spot some of the tricks they used to defraud the trusting

V

NOT so long ago the Post Office Inspection Service waged a desperate fight to protect the banks against a man so crippled by arthritis he could hardly write but who, nevertheless, bilked bankers of close to $25,000. In fairness to the banks it must be added that the gentleman also heavily embarrassed the post office during his brief career.

His technique was simple. About five o'clock in the evening he would walk through the lobby of a busy office building and grab himself a large handful of mail resting on top of mailboxes. He would go to a hotel, open the letters and remove checks. Letters without checks were resealed and mailed.

When he presented a check at the bank for cashing and was quickly challenged for identification, he would nonchalantly hand over a fishing license bought within the hour in the name of the payee. He always got his money. Twice he crossed the country buying fishing licenses and forging checks, clipping many a bank three or four times each. His crowning achievement was in Jacksonville, Florida, where he used three fishing licenses to cash three checks in the same bank on the same day.

Checks made out to people with normal names were easy, of course. Checks to firms were more of a problem because it is awkward to take out a fishing license in the name of the Morgan Barber Co. or the Theo. Browne Pharmacy. But a little pen work of the rudest kind changed those firm names to, respectively, Morgan Barbares Cole and Theo. Browne Bhasmacgo. Licenses were secured in those odd names and checks honored. And there was the name right out of W. C. Fields and Charles Dickens—Appleton F. Coxbetner, nee Apple and Company.

After the gentleman cashed checks in banks in 27 cities from coast to coast, the inspectors knew they had a professional on their hands. Inspector John B. DeMott was told to devote himself to finding out who Appleton F. Coxbetner, Theo. Browne Bhasmacgo *et al.*, were. Agents throughout the country channeled their latest bad news to DeMott and in Washington the service's *(Continued on page 53)*

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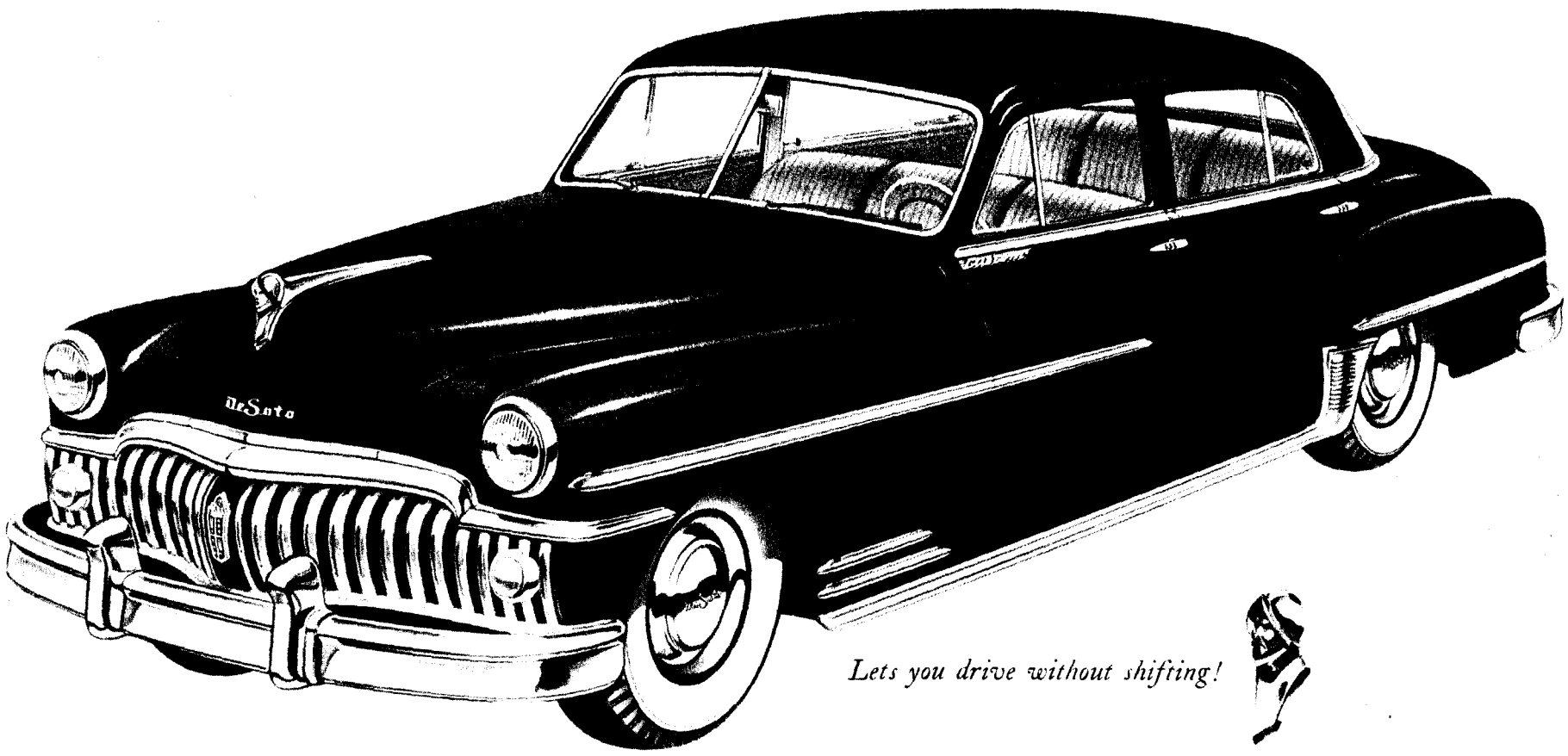

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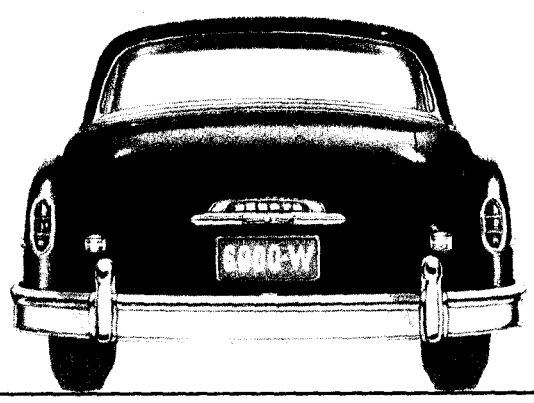

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City Beyond Devil's Gate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

out his own hand and said, "Daniel MacGrath."

The man's eyes narrowed to slits. "The Reverend Daniel MacGrath?" he queried softly.

"Yes."

"Indeed!" Clarence K. Mullins meditated. "Indeed now!"

IT WAS well after midnight, but few of the Minerva's passengers were sleeping. In the social hall, soberly dressed gamblers mingled with young dandies, businessmen, prospectors bound for the new strike at the Washoe—the great new Comstock Lode.

Daniel stood at the railing and watched the dark outlines of the tree-bordered banks slip past. The prospect ahead of him looked less insurmountable. In another week he would be standing in the pulpit of his own church. No more splinter-rough platforms, no more speaking in saloons to crowds of skeptical miners, no more struggling and pleading—merely begging for the attention of an audience. But a real congregation, men and women in Sunday clothes.

"Fools!" a voice at his elbow announced with disdain. "Complete and utter fools!"

Daniel looked up with a start, but he had ceased to be surprised at the unexpected appearances of Clarence K. Mullins. And now, suddenly, he did not resent the man's presence.

"Who, pray, Mr. Mullins?"

"All of them," Clarence K. Mullins announced sweepingly. "Rushing to the Washoe this year as though their lives depended on it. And of course when they do arrive they'll find only a mirage."

Daniel smiled. "Surely, Mr. Mullins, you're not calling the Comstock Lode a mirage."

"In a manner of speaking, yes, my young friend. There's silver there, but not for such a pack of clerks and farmers as this."

"We're a nation of clerks and farmers, sir," Daniel reminded him.

Clarence K. Mullins inclined his head politely. "You can't beat the tiger when the dealer's holding a sanded deck."

Daniel was faintly surprised. "You're a gambler, Mr. Mullins?"

"Merely an avocation with me, sir. The stage is my true profession. But alas, the press of circumstances—" he spun the stub of his cigar in an odorous arc over the railing. "Which leads me to observe that in both preaching and play-acting, one must present the type of show the audience wants. Messianic young apostles are quite the vogue now. You should play to a full house in Sacramento."

Daniel found himself more amused than indignant. "You seem to know a great deal about me."

He could feel the stocky man's eyes scrutinizing him. "As who in California does not? Broderick's stormy young disciple, the apostle of Union and abolition. Tell me, why are you going to Sacramento?"

"I've received a call to go there—to the pulpit of the new M Street Church."

"Jason Feathers send for you?"

"Why—Mr. Feathers is chairman of the church board—see here, I consider it a golden opportunity, to be able to take over a pulpit in a large city, to reach so many people." He wondered why he felt defensive.

"One's adversaries," Clarence K. Mullins announced, "are sometimes less dangerous when they are close at hand. How much do you know about Jason Feathers?"

"I know that he's not for slavery," Daniel retorted indignantly. "I presume that's what you're hinting at."

"Not at all, my boy. Jason Feathers doesn't care a row of pins whether we have slavery or not. But he's decidedly against the Union. He wants to see a Pacific Republic out here. Next year's election will see some rather surprising developments, I think. And Jason Feathers will be ready."

He paused to draw out a fresh cigar and light it. Then he said softly, "Where was the farm you came from, boy?"

"In Ohio." Daniel had answered before the significance of the question struck him. And then he wondered miserably: Was the stamp of the country boy so ineradicable a mark upon him?

"No." Clarence K. Mullins' tone had grown softer now, and there was a trace of gentleness in it. "It's nothing to worry about, boy. I just wondered—"

Daniel grew defensive. "I never pretended to be anything I'm not. I didn't seek out this call to Sacramento. They wrote to me—Mr. Feathers did. I'm nothing but an ordinary preacher."

"A preacher," the gambler agreed. "But scarcely ordinary. And I can assure you the ladies will show up en masse."

Daniel felt all at once awkward and inadequate. "You seem rather cynical!"

"My young friend," Mullins said, with slow deliberation, "I think you perceive far more than you have yet admitted to yourself." He turned and started to stroll in the direction of the crowded social hall, then stopped. "See you in the morning, eh? We'll be docking early, and I expect your welcoming committee will be on hand."

"Who'll be there, do you suppose?" Daniel inquired anxiously. "Someone from the church board?"

"It's a matter of conjecture, my boy. If I were to hazard a guess I should say Mr. Feathers will be there in person. Perhaps"—he paused and squinted thoughtfully into the mist—"perhaps with Miss Edwards."

"Who's Miss Edwards?"

"Mr. Feathers' young sister-in-law." Clarence hesitated as though there were more he might add. Then he seemed to think better of it.

THE summons from Jason Feathers to the fine new M Street Church in Sacramento had left Daniel MacGrath momentarily stunned, and for a time he was not overly concerned with probing into the reasons for it. He was a country preacher, a young circuit rider from the Ohio farm lands, and he was taking over the pastorate of one of the finest new churches in the West. He felt exalted and completely incredulous.

On his arrival in Sacramento, he entered a phase of change considerably accelerated by Mr. Jason Feathers. Perhaps more correctly, Mary was the instrument of his awakening, but in his mind he associated the two together. They accepted him with warmth and cordiality. They invited him to small suppers, arranged gatherings at homes of other important members of the congregation. They saw personally to the furnishing of the pleasant little parsonage, and Mary had fresh flowers on the altar for every Sunday-morning service.

What added the incredible touch, the element of wonder, was that she was quite the loveliest girl he had ever seen, small and delicate and fair-haired, exquisitely graceful. Her voice was softly pitched, her movements easy and charming, and she had a way of listening when he spoke, giving him all her attention, that made him begin to regard himself in a new light. He began to feel a resurgent confidence, as though there was nothing he could not do, nothing he could not undertake, in order to prove himself to her.

He looked back on the days before Sacramento almost with amusement now.

How naïve he had been! How lacking in perception! How youthful had been his ambition to revitalize the West!

And along with other changes came a change in his manner of preaching.

From the first he realized that this was no congregation of hard-bitten, superstitious miners who would look upon a preacher as some instrument of divine intervention and accord him both fear and respect. These were literate men and women, sophisticated, mature.

Accordingly he began to read and study more. His speech grew quieter, his sermons more larded with classical references. And the ladies of the congregation loved him.

Twice during those fall and winter months he encountered Clarence K. Mullins. The first time was by chance, and it was late in the autumn. Daniel was hurrying along the street just coming from a drygoods store where he had gone to price muslin for the costumes of the angels in the Christmas pageant at the church. He was walking quickly because he had been invited to take supper at the Feathers home.

As he passed the newspaper office he saw a crowd examining a bulletin. He too paused briefly to peer at it. Then at his side he heard a remembered voice.

"The Reverend Mr. MacGrath, isn't it?"

He turned to see Clarence K. Mullins standing next to him, wearing what seemed to Daniel the identical costume in which he had first seen him—the tall worn hat teetering rakishly, the spotted green waistcoat, the shabby frock coat.

Daniel was seized with a second's self-consciousness over his own trim black cleric's suit, his suitable black string tie, his finely tucked shirt.

"Why, Mr. Mullins! How do you do?"

"I do about as usual, thank you. Quite a bit of news, eh?" The gambler nodded in the direction of the bulletin.

"So I gather. But I can't quite make it out—"

"Fellow named John Brown. Bit of a wild-eyed visionary, so it would appear. Seized the arsenal at Harpers Ferry in Virginia. Got a few blacks with him and seems bent on shooting it out with the authorities. Says he's going to free all the slaves."

"Oh? Is that so?" Daniel felt stupidly at a loss for words, his discomfort intensified by the feeling that Clarence K. Mullins was staring at him with a rather piercing directness. "Well—I suppose there'll always be a few fanatics like that—" He sensed that he was beginning to appear ridiculous, and he hurried on. For the moment he was seized with an intense dislike for the grubby little man.

ONCE in the house, however, filled with good food and with Mary's voice chattering gaily at his elbow about the plans for the pageant, he began to relax. Later he even mentioned the incident.

"People love to be stirred up over one thing or another." Jason smiled. "Let them enjoy this while it lasts. The poor fellow's apparently completely deranged."

Daniel knew a moment's intense longing to possess even a fraction of Jason's composure, his quick, sure judgment. Although Jason seldom discussed politics, Daniel knew that he was a fervent advocate of the Pacific Republic idea. Now for the first time Daniel began to wonder whether there might not be some merit to the idea.

After they had eaten they sat together in the parlor and Jason smoked a long slender cigar. Mary took out her fancywork and sat quietly with it, and Jason's son, Tom, who had joined them this evening, cornered Daniel and began asking him eager, enthusiastic questions about the various mining towns where Daniel had preached. And Daniel found himself once more enjoying the evening, fully.

Daniel was invited by Jason to take Christmas dinner with them, and it was one of the happiest days he could remember, full of laughter and good humor and long, leisurely conversation.

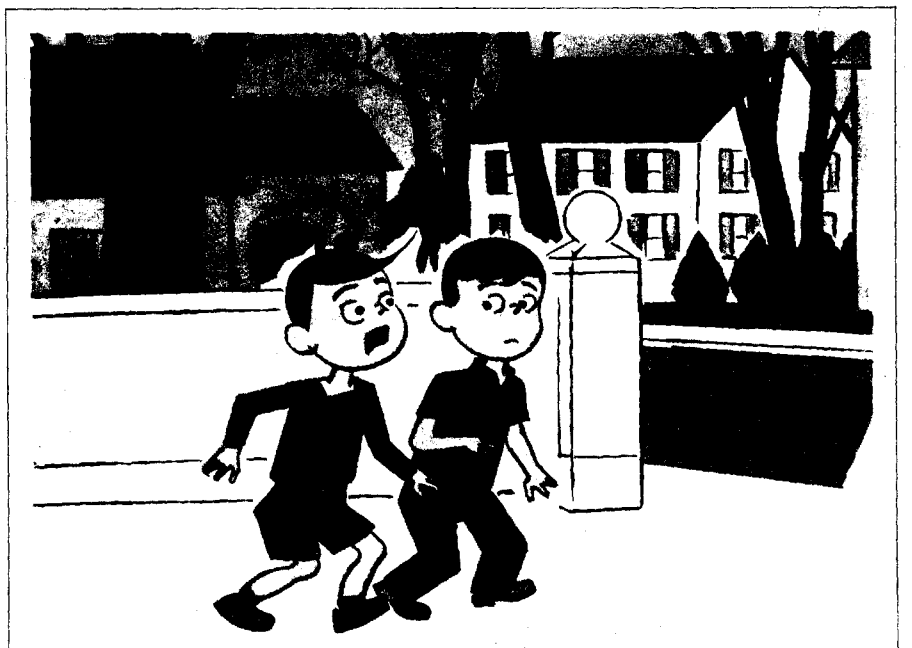
Mary had knitted him a pair of green gloves which she handed him shyly as though wondering at her own boldness, and he was so surprised and touched that his eyes blurred for a moment. Jason brought out his best brandy for the Christmas celebration, and although Daniel had never drunk before, he took two glasses, marveling at the mellow relaxation that surged through him. . . .

It was evening before he could bring himself to leave. When Mary accompanied him into the vestibule and offered him her small soft hand in farewell he held it for an unconscionably long moment.

So preoccupied was he with his own good humor that as he approached the parsonage he almost stumbled over the outstretched legs before the figure on the top step stirred and arose, and Daniel was able to recognize Clarence K. Mullins.

"Your pardon, Reverend. I must have dozed. I happened to be in the neighborhood and thought it would be only meet to stop and extend Yuletide felicities. Then when I found you not at home I permitted myself the luxury of stretching out here for a few seconds—"

Daniel, whose first reaction had been one of annoyance, felt instantly contrite. "Then you must come in for a spell and warm yourself." He led the way to the front door and pushed Clarence in ahead of him. "Happened to be in the neighborhood," Clarence had said. That was pure



"If you're gonna be late getting home, make it real late. Then they're so glad to see you safe, all is forgiven!"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

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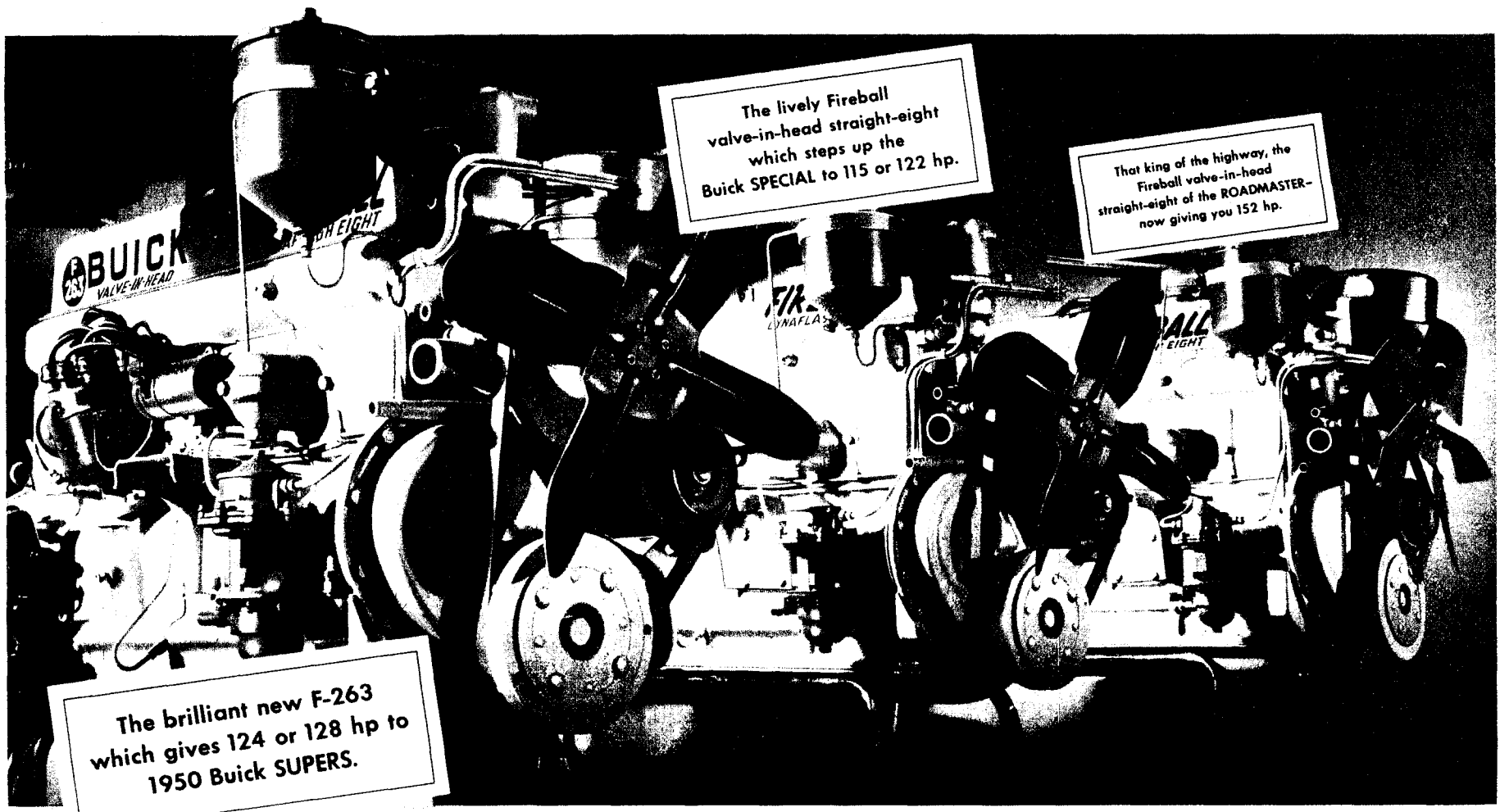
···AND THERE'S NEW PUNCH IN ALL THREE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That king of the highway, the Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight of the ROADMASTER– now giving you 152 hp.
The brilliant new F-263 which gives 124 or 128 hp to 1950 Buick SUPERS.
BUICK
VALVE-IN-HEAD

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HERE lifted from their chassis are the three mighty power plants that give new surge and drive to the 1950 Buick — one for each series, SPECIAL, SUPER and ROADMASTER.

Note that all three are *valve-in-head* straight-eights.

Note that all three employ Buick's very own Fireball combustion principle.

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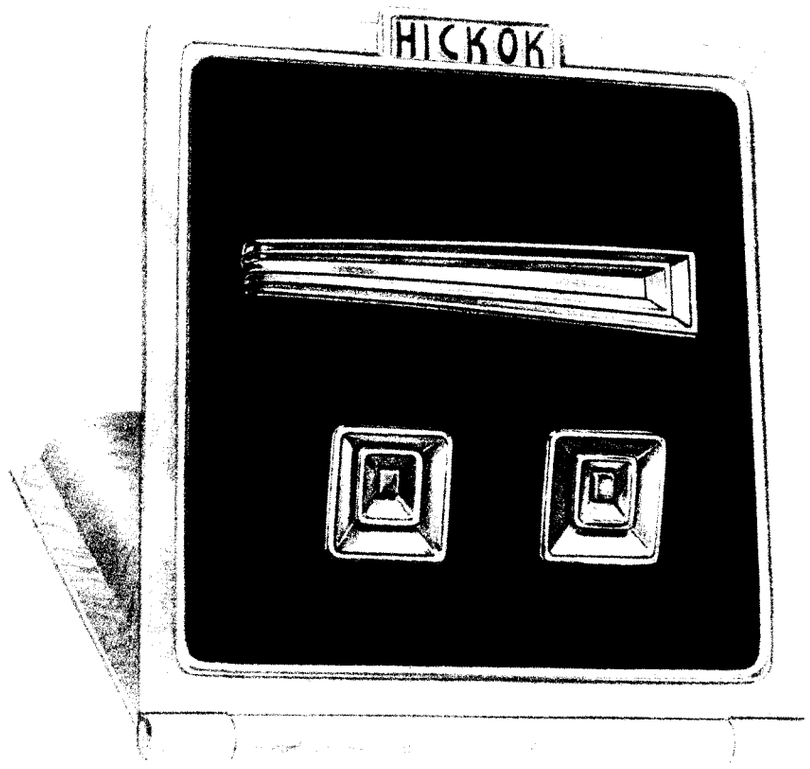
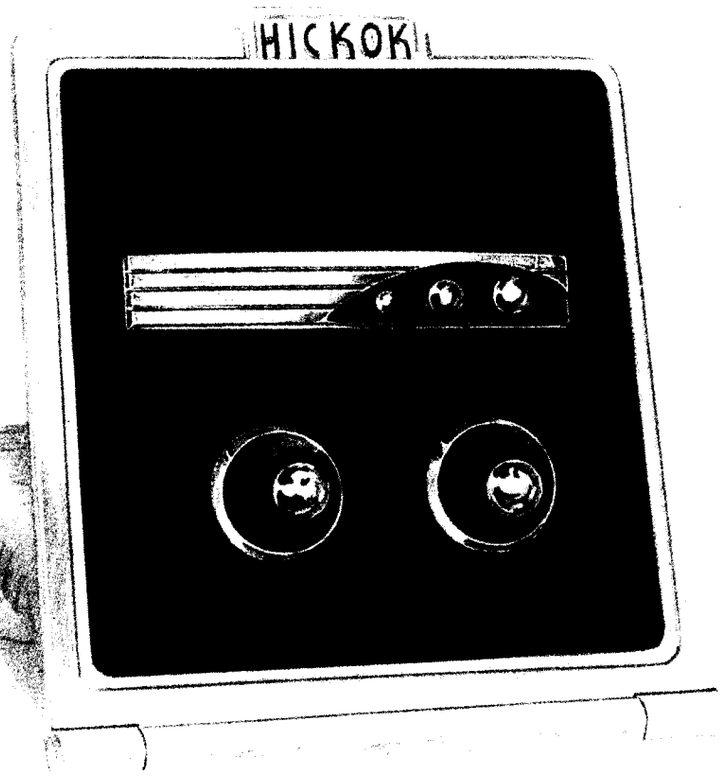
In Valentine gifts if it's... HICKOK

CUSTOM-INSPIRED "SWEDISH MODERN" JEWELRY FOR MEN



Stockholm Square Cuff Links and Tie Bar. Illustrated: Two-tone Gold Finish. Also in Oxidized Silver. Tie Bar $2.50. Cuff Links $3.50.



Dress Circle Cuff Links and Tie Bar. Available in Oxidized Silver *(as shown)*, or Two-tone Gold Finish. Tie Bar $2.50. Cuff Links $3.50.

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BELTS ♥ BUCKLES ♥ JEWELRY ♥ WALLETS ♥ SUSPENDERS

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fabrication of course. Since Clarence was never in the neighborhood of the parsonage he must have made a special trip today.

Daniel could not help feeling touched. While he himself had been spending the holiday so delightfully, where could Clarence have been? Where did such men go on the occasions when families were together and homes were full of closeness and intimate tenderness?

Clarence seemed to read his thoughts.

"From the gaiety of your demeanor, Reverend, I surmise you spent the day in congenial company."

"I was the guest of Mr. Feathers."

Clarence nodded. "Congenial indeed," he muttered.

Daniel felt a prick of irritation returning. "Was there—did you have some particular reason for stopping by?"

"I was wondering if you had heard the news." Clarence appraised Daniel idly across the room.

"I don't know what news you're referring to," Daniel replied somewhat stiffly.

Clarence swung his legs up and stretched them across the sofa. From his pocket he produced a cigar and took several seconds lighting it.

"They've hanged John Brown," he said.

Daniel felt chilly and suddenly depressed. What had Clarence said? Thoughts and fragments of thoughts began rushing in a mad jumble through his head—

Christmas Day, and the Babe in the Manger, Three Wise Men, and angels in five yards each of bleached muslin. Do try it, Mr. MacGrath, only a little sip, I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Are you sure they fit? You're not just saying that? They don't seem at all tight? Well, if you insist, it doesn't seem too strong, I will have just a bit more. And fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul—the raw rope-smell and the measured steps, the upturned faces seeking entertainment. And Broderick in a cold grave out on Cemetery Hill, high over the unremembering ocean. "I die; they have killed me—"

He whirled on Clarence. "Why are you telling me? What do you expect me to do?"

Clarence looked at him. "My good young man, I haven't the faintest idea."

THE new M Street Church was a long narrow building. Inside, its center aisle was richly carpeted and its front pews upholstered for the comfort of wealthy contributors. It was a church of quiet elegances; the young man occupying the pulpit looked rather self-consciously out of place.

There was an air of hesitation about him. He seemed to be feeling his way through devious thoughts. There were barely audible stirrings in the congregation. And then, as they watched, a change seemed to come over him. His eyes took on a luster, a directness that was a personal accusation aimed at each of them. Suddenly his voice came at them, rolling out like thunder.

"A new year is upon us, brethren and sisters. Yet rejoice not, for with the old year has died a Christian martyr in the cause of man's freedom. Kneel then and pray—not for the soul of John Brown, for he rests in the kingdom of Heaven. Pray for your own souls, wretched and swollen with pride, gross and malignant and petty, that permit you to sit here in the luxury of easy worship, nor raise a hand or voice in protest against tyranny and wanton oppression!"

His fist came down like a whipcrack upon the closed Bible, and the congregation gave a collective start. In his own pew, far to the front, Jason Feathers frowned.

Mary had stood at the door of the parsonage the next afternoon looking more sweetly shy than he ever remembered her. She seemed small, remote, withdrawn, preoccupied with an inner burden. With concern he led her into the parlor and begged her to remove her bonnet and cloak, but she shook her head gently.

"I've come to say good-by."

"Good-by!" He almost shouted it in his incredulity.

She raised her face to his, pleading for forgiveness. "Oh, please—I'm so sorry to say it this way—so abruptly."

"But where are you going?" he asked. "Why?"

She looked past him, out through the lace-curtained front window. "I've been planning it for some time—to go join my aunt in St. Louis. Jason has been like my very own father—so good to me, and especially since my sister Faith died. But I can't impose on his generosity indefinitely."

Her eyes returned to him, brimming with tears that she fought to keep back. "This is the hardest part, Daniel, telling you. It's been such a wonderful winter—"

He leaped to his feet, and seizing her arms, pulled her up with him. "But you can't go! I can't let you go, Mary! Oh, if I were only better at saying these things—"

Her eyes searched his face tenderly. "What things, Daniel?"

"I love you, Mary. I've loved you right from the very first, but I never felt bold enough to say so. I had so little to offer—"

COLLIER'S "Remember the fun it was fighting a cold before anti-histamine?" FRITZ WILKINSON

"So little!" she murmured incredulously. "With all your great gifts—"

"But I do want you, Mary. Please stay here and marry me. I know we could be happy together—"

She seemed unable to believe him. "Daniel, you can't really mean it! Oh, if you knew how I'd dreamed of a moment like this— But it's not just because of what I said. Not just because I'm going away—"

Her eyes searched his face for a moment, and then she seemed to drift into his arms. He clung to her unbelievingly.

HE HAD stayed downstairs longer than was necessary, he supposed. But he was feeling a little shy, a little reticent, and more than a little awed at the thought that she had been, since that afternoon, irrevocably his, bound by ties of words repeated and names recorded. He wanted to allow her this little time of privacy and self-respect. And of course there was his own feeling in the matter. He had never had a woman before, and he felt youthfully gauche and uncertain.

But then at last he had gone up, hesitating at the door of the bedroom, envisioning the shadowed room with perhaps only a lamp burning low in one corner, and Mary in the great poster bed, the coverlet drawn up about her chin in a last pathetic clutching at maidenhood—he swallowed and pushed the door open gently.

Three lamps were blazing in the room, all of them turned up high so that the chimneys were already blackening with soot. The bed had not been turned down, and Mary was sitting quite calmly in front of the big dressing-table mirror. She turned at his entrance.

"You took such a long time, love!" she called gaily. "I was sure that you'd forgotten me!"

He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. For a moment he stood quite still, staring at her in mute bewilderment.

She was in her nightdress, holding out both hands to him. She said, smiling, "Oh, do come on in. You don't look a bit like the happy bridegroom!"

He had a moment's frantic impression that he had blundered into the boudoir of a total stranger. Through his mind flashed the remembrance of Mary as he had known her these past months, the shyness, the averted eyes, the soft voice, the tiny waist primly corseted, the bosom discreetly covered.

The girl who stood before him now carried her head high. Her mouth seemed redder than he remembered, and her yellow hair flowed sensually over her shoulders. The thin nightgown did nothing to hide what was underneath.

"Well? Aren't you going to undress?" What was there about her voice—teasing, mockery, amusement?

He tried to be dignified. "Yes, of course. I'll just—" He turned as though to leave the room once more, but her laughter called him back, a full-throated hearty laugh that made him chilly with apprehension. She seized him by the hand and pulled him back into the room.

"You're sweet," she said softly, close to his ear. "But it's not hard to tell you're a preacher. Look. I'll turn down the lights."

When the room was in darkness she went to the window and threw back the draperies so that the moonlight came streaming in, whitening the flowered carpet and touching her form with a pale glow.

"There now." She returned to him and pulled him over to the bed. He sat down gingerly and she sat close beside him. "Now you don't feel funny any more, do you?"

"Of course not." He felt that she was laughing at him silently. He wished she had not pulled back the draperies. There was something more blatant and revealing about moonlight than even the glaring lamplight.

And then her hands were on him, moving in small caresses over his chest, her arms going around him, tightening.

Her laugh came softly, as though from a distance. . . .

It seemed to him that night that he would never forget the ignominy of it. Her easy vulgarity had shocked him. Her boldness, the fact that she had taken the initiative. He had fallen back, spent and enervated, but his sleep was full of restlessness and uncertainty. Toward dawn he rose, dressed and went downstairs and spent the first pale gray hours of daylight walking from room to room in the tidy little parsonage.

BUT when the sun was high and she came down to breakfast looking as she had always looked, lovely, quick-moving and bright, her head lowered slightly so that she had to look up at him with a kind of wistful supplication, he was instantly sure that the fault had been his.

Her "Good morning" was completely unself-conscious, and when he touched his lips to her hair he could smell a faint spring fragrance there. He could think of nothing to say, but he tried to make up with her in little ways. He poured her coffee eagerly, he buttered hot biscuits for her and spread them with jam, and watched entranced as she ate with small dainty bites.

When, after breakfast, she announced that she had shopping to do, he urged her to buy whatever took her fancy, even offered to accompany her. Her smile was full of sweetness, but she refused his help. There were only a few small personal things, she said.

So he stood in the doorway and watched her make her way down the street, her bonnet tilted perkily, her hoops swaying gently with every step. And then, filled with a bewildering mixture of exultation and despair, he went to his study and prepared to work on Sunday's sermon.

But again and again his thoughts kept returning to the night before, and he experienced a sinking, dejected feeling. He got up from the desk, walked with determination to the window and back. No, he was not going to dwell on it. If there was any lesson for him to learn from it, it was that her honesty was greater than his.

Social convention demanded reticence from a woman, and even he had been guilty of expecting it. He knew that she loved him. What was more natural than that she also desire him? She had given freely of herself and he had been prudishly, stupidly aghast.

He had behaved like nothing so much as an awkward country dolt. The laughter repeated itself softly, mockingly, far back in his mind. He tried to shove it away, but it persisted with maddening repetition. He wished she had not laughed.

He was disappointed when she did not return at noon, and he ate in doleful silence the meal which his housekeeper prepared. He felt melancholy, deserted.

Then, as the afternoon wore away and she still did not return, his mood of lonely self-pity began to change to one of vague alarm. Suppose she did not come back at all! Surely she would not be so quick to condemn. But what was keeping her then?

For a wild moment he thought of hurrying to Jason's house to see if she was there. But if she was—

No, he would only be making himself look more ridiculous.

The shadows lengthened, and the spring evening drew on, and still there was no sign of her. Genuinely alarmed by now, Daniel stood at the open front door, looking anxiously up and down the street. More than ever now he began to think he should go to Jason's.

Then at last he caught sight of her, and his heart leaped. Yet as she came nearer it seemed to him that there was something strange about her walk. She seemed to be moving stiffly and with difficulty, as though it were an ordeal to remain erect.

He turned hurriedly and lighted a lamp in the vestibule, holding it high to light her way in.

"Mary, dear!" he called out. "What's

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kept you so long? I was getting worried. I'd even thought of going over—"

He stopped as she pulled herself up the steps and came within the spreading circle of the lamplight. Her face was ashen white, and perspiration was standing out in drops on her forehead and upper lip. Her eyes appeared sunk in dark hollows.

"What is it, Mary? What's the matter?"

She put out one hand and he reached out with his own. But before he could touch her, her eyes closed, and with a little gasp she collapsed in a heap at his feet. . . .

SUMMER was upon the mountain, and it was like no summer Daniel had ever known before. It brought a broadening of perspective, an increased sensitivity. He grew conscious of new responses in himself and some of these surprised him slightly.

He found, for example, that despite the incident of Harry Boff, he was unable to hate Jason Feathers. For a time the realization troubled him; he regarded it as some sort of moral laxity on his part. Then he would remind himself that though he might sometimes disapprove of courses of action which Jason took, that need imply no blanket disapproval of the whole man. Balanced thinking admitted of no complete right or complete wrong.

And though Daniel found that such reasoning brought him a new measure of peace, there were certain matters that still bothered him. One of these was Emily's complete refusal to accept Jason with other than resentment, her intention to fight him in every way she could. Nevertheless, Daniel went often to her house after his first visit there. He did not tell Jason so; he suspected that Jason knew without being told. It was never commented upon.

Sometimes he would sit for hours simply watching her go about her work. His presence did not seem to annoy her.

Although she seemed to make almost no conscious effort to appear womanly, the total effect was one of extreme womanliness. Her dark hair, thick and long, started off in a plait but as she worked, it would gradually loosen and come about her shoulders. And as she worked, kneading bread dough or sweeping the floor, color mounted to her face, giving her cheeks a warm, flushed look.

When she had matters temporarily under control she would take time out for a few minutes to sit down at the table and go over the stack of papers that was always there, moistening the tip of a pencil frequently on her tongue and making scribbled notations. Occasionally she would remember Daniel's presence, look up and flash him a brief reassuring smile to let him know she had not forgotten him.

Often they were joined by the Reverend Flavius Grimes, and sometimes also by the gnarled and talkative Tooey. Daniel thought that Tooey resented him, and tolerated his presence only out of deference to Emily, but Flavius Grimes was always cordial and cheerful. He usually came on the pretext of borrowing a book, for Noah Fielding had had the only supply of books on Sun Mountain.

Daniel was a little surprised to notice how glad he was to see the older man, even though his arrival represented an intrusion into the privacy of his evenings with Emily, which he was prizing more and more.

Flavius never made reference to Daniel's former connection with the ministry as though sensing that it might in some way offend Daniel. Only once did he mention something of the problems facing a clergyman on Sun Mountain.

"I tell you, Mr. MacGrath, my job here is not so much to fight sin as to provide a little entertainment for the boys. Sounds blasphemous, doesn't it? Well, the way I see it, the boys here aren't really bad. It's just that there's nothing for 'em to do, so they get into all kinds of scrapes. I try to put on a little show for 'em—get 'em to shouting a few hymns. The way I look at it, religion's the best show in the world. Nothing against it to recognize the fact."

It was usually on these evenings with Emily and Flavius that Daniel caught up on the news of the mountain, grew more aware of the changes taking place around him than he did in the course of a day's work at the bank.

During most of the summer the greatest excitement centered around the project of a man named Almarin Paul.

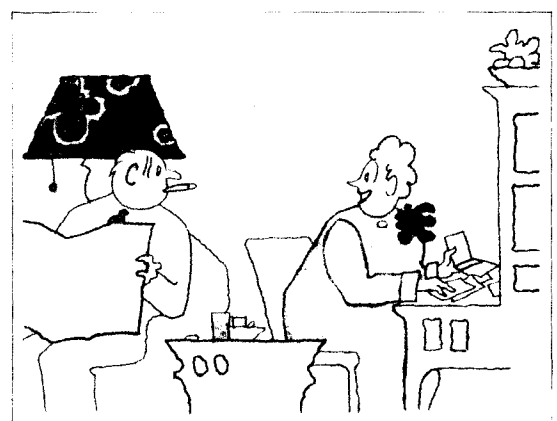
"Who's Almarin Paul?" he asked, the first time he heard the matter mentioned.

"Almarin Paul," Flavius replied slowly and with emphasis, "says he can reduce hard rock for twenty-five dollars a ton."

Newcomer though he was, Daniel did not fail to grasp the sweeping significance of the statement. Everywhere on the mountain lay great piles of ore-bearing rock that had been mined but that did not assay enough per ton to warrant shipping halfway across the world to be reduced.

"How's he going to do it?" he asked.

"Going to use iron pans, he says. He's building a mill down by Devil's Gate because there's plenty of water there. He plans on using twenty-four mill stamps. For everyone's sake, I hope it works. I wouldn't mind getting into that milling business myself. There'll certainly be plenty of trade for all, and I could use some sort of side line. There's not much of a living in preaching hereabouts."



"Isn't that wonderful? My stubs come out exactly even this month! One for each check"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Sometimes the talk turned to politics, and when it did, Daniel usually found himself in the listener's seat, for Emily seemed to have inherited much of Noah's active interest in the affairs of the world, and she and Flavius would sit for hours going over the scant news that reached the mountain.

"Why doesn't anyone give Lincoln a chance?" Flavius exclaimed one evening. "It seems to me with the Democratic party split two ways—"

"But who's ever heard of Lincoln?" Emily's tone was despairing. "No one wants to see an antislavery candidate win more than I do. But putting up an unknown like Lincoln—"

On and on the talk would wind. From these discussions Daniel also learned much of the political currents of Virginia City. The flamboyant Judge Terry had come to the Washoe shortly after the duel with Senator Broderick. Sun Mountain was strong for the South, and Terry was assiduous in feeding the gnawing discontent. And few voices were raised in argument.

Only the fire chief, Tom Peasley, and his loyal department kept alive the feeble fire of Union and abolition, but they were tireless in their efforts. They organized a Committee of Safety, and they spoke from street corners, in saloons, wherever they could drum up a straggling audience. Tom Peasley, Daniel learned, was something of a personality in Virginia City. He was handsome and powerfully built, and there was not a man in the city who did not respect him. His reputation for courage and discipline had become a legend.

The company's sixty-four members submitted to laws, restrictions, severe physical requirements, and to a man they were loyal to the union. They formed the backbone of Terry's opposition, but Daniel could not help remembering Jason's words: "Terry will still be fighting it out with Washington when I carry the Washoe out from under both their noses—" Daniel pondered and listened, feeling in himself a confusion of responses and loyalties.

Yet in spite of himself, as the summer wore away, he became aware of his own growing interest in the affairs of the community. He experienced a little thrill when the first steam whistle heard in Gold Canyon shrieked the victory of Almarin Paul as the twenty-four huge stamps in his new mill at Devil's Gate rose in one powerful stroke and came crashing down into the twenty-four iron pans with a noise like thunder. Curious miners grouped around to await the results, and Daniel, Flavius and Emily stood with the others.

Then, later, while the spectators roared, shining bars of pure silver which had been extracted from Sun Mountain's low-grade ore were brought out, packed onto wagons and rushed off to San Francisco.

There were many ups and downs experienced by the miners. Always some companies were in *borrasca*, out of luck in barren rock, while others were in *bonanza*, in good luck, working bodies of rich ore.

These fluctuating fortunes in the mines led to a wildly unstable pattern of investments in the cities "below." When a company had for a long time been engaged in an unsuccessful search for ore, its stock frequently fell to a rock-bottom figure and went begging on the market. Then suddenly a body of rich ore would be discovered in the mine. A rumor would reach the surface. The officers of the company and their friends in San Francisco, kept informed daily by telegraph, would begin quietly to gather in all the stock they could find.

It was because of dealings such as this that the citizens of Virginia City became aware that in spite of the modest, businesslike appearance of his bank, Jason Feathers moved in larger spheres, commanded respect in places other than Sun Mountain. He was in constant touch with San Francisco, and nearly every week the fast stage from the west brought him visitors who had neither the look nor the dress of the mountain—men in tall hats and fine black frock coats, portly men who bespoke importance in their deliberate movements.

Meanwhile, the bank thrived, and the stack of mine claims tucked away in its black iron safe grew steadily fatter. And if the citizens of the town still felt no particular liking for Jason, they nevertheless accepted him and his methods as the inevitable concomitant of growth and prosperity, and were content to let him go his way. All, that is, except Emily Fielding. She still argued, reasoned, cajoled, but made scant progress in convincing the others.

Daniel, watching her efforts, was moved alternately to admiration and to sympathy. Sometimes he felt curiously ineffectual, however, like a bystander watching a struggle unable to decide which of the two participants he should cheer for. But his life moved on contentedly from day to day and he was reasonably happy.

SINCE working in the Sunrise mine, Tom Feathers had grown leaner, healthier, more fit. His shoulders were heavier and more powerful and a look of unconscious maturity was upon him. He looked, acted, dressed like the other miners now. He was one of Virginia City's "boys." And paradoxically, out of this uniformity had come individuality.

Daniel, who had seen little of Tom since the boy went to work, noticed the change immediately when Tom entered the bank in his working clothes early one summer afternoon. But when Tom failed to acknowledge his greeting and continued without pause in the direction of Jason's office, Daniel knew with an odd sinking feeling that something was wrong.

Tom stood in the middle of the room facing his father. His hands hung loose at his sides, one of them still clenching the dinner pail.

"What's the matter, Tom?" Jason asked finally.

"You know what's the matter!" The words seemed to explode out of the boy. "I've quit, just as you figured I would!"

Jason struggled to attain his usual coolness and authority. "If there's something bothering you, Tom, you can at least discuss it rationally."

"Sure," Tom jeered. "That's your strong point, isn't it? Discussing things rationally. Well, there's nothing to discuss. I just wanted you to know that I know."

"I haven't the faintest idea—"

"Oh, shut up!" Tom shouted. "You knew I'd find out sooner or later, and you knew when I did, I'd quit."

"I had no intention of forcing you to quit your job, Tom. What I did, I did for your own good. Because"—Jason's voice seemed to falter on an odd choking note—"because I was worried about you."

"Worried about me! That's a fine way to put it. Weren't you worried about what this would do to me? How do you think I felt when I found out? Knowing they were all laughing at me. How could you do such a thing?" His voice was incredulous with despair. "Telling Henley to look out for me . . . I should have known from the start, but I was so—I thought I was doing so well—and taking home my four dollars a day like the rest. I should have suspected when Henley never let me go near the dynamiting and when he made me always ride the lift alone—never let anybody else get on with me for fear it might overload it. But I never figured it out until today, and then I saw some of the men laughing, snickering together. God! How do you think I felt?"

His face was white, his eyes were full of angry tears. And now something in Tom's defiance seemed to crumple. The harsh lines went out of his face, and his shoulders sagged. He looked no longer starkly white, but ashen. He bit his lower lip to keep it from trembling.

"It was the first time I'd ever had anything. And now it's gone. I can't ever go back there."

And without another word he turned and left the office.

IT WAS midafternoon when Tom arrived home, and the early dark was already settling duskily over the mountain. He went directly to his room, hoping that Rebecca was out, and threw himself face down across his bed. He did not want to see anyone just now. The smell of the mine still clung to him, and his clothing was gritty with dust, but he made no effort to get up and change. He felt weighed down, and the empty future pressed darkly on his thoughts. What would he do now?

After a long time he grew drowsy, and at last he slept—a sleep of spent weariness, final disillusionment.

Somewhere a door opened and closed softly. The sound seemed to come from a far distance. Then a voice spoke close to his ear, questioning and persistent: "Tom! What are you doing home so early? Why aren't you working?" A hand was on his shoulder, shaking him gently.

Rebecca was leaning over him. Her eyes were wide with curiosity and concern, and she held a shawl clutched about her shoulders.

His mind began to clear slowly. He remembered why he was home and felt faintly sick. He watched her steadily. Even in the dimness he could make out the flush that rose to her face. She sat down on the edge of the bed, brushing dust from the bosom of her taffeta dress. "Nobody ever tells me anything that's going on around here—"

With a swift motion he reached out and seized her arm, twisting her around and holding her close.

"Well, for Heaven's sake—" He could

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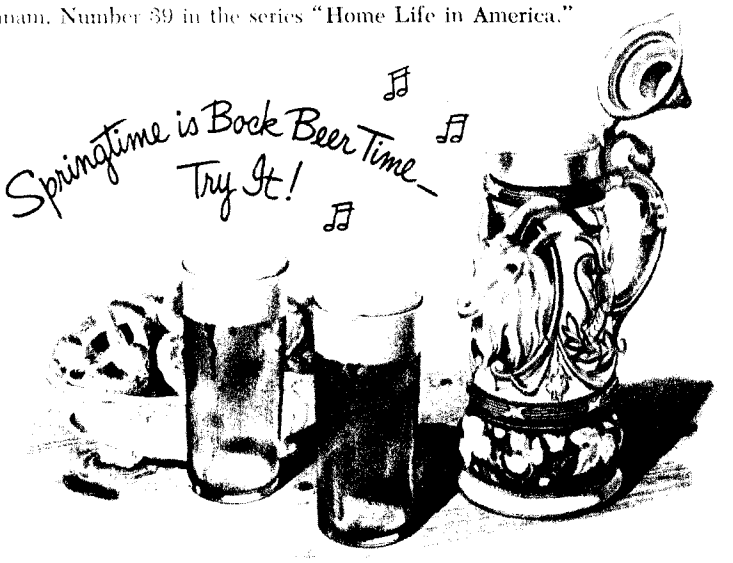

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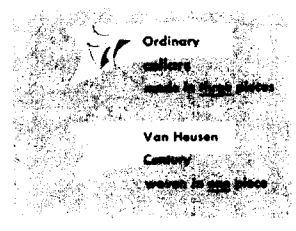

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hear the pleased indignation in her tone, the trembling excitement. He kissed her. "Goodness," she whispered.

Then her arms went around his neck, pulling his head close against her. He turned to her fiercely, trying not to think, trying not to remember.

AS THE summer waned, business was flourishing on the mountain. Inspired by the success of Almarin Paul's iron-pan method and by the great demand for milling facilities, other investors, like Flavius Grimes, went ahead with the construction of their own mills.

For use in the milling process, quicksilver, copper sulphate and salt were brought over the Sierras at enormous expense. The quicksilver was mined in California, refined, packed into iron flasks and transported on muleback. Even the salt came from California, although this seemed to the economy-minded Flavius the height of extravagance, for the country of the Washoe with its dead lakes and mouthless rivers abounded in natural salt deposits. But it was far easier to order from California and watch it arrive in neat white glistening blocks. Expense? Hang the expense! This was the richest city in the world.

Flavius, hurrying along one morning past unpainted stores, past cabins and shacks, on his way to the new mill he was building, shook his head tolerantly as he pondered this prodigality.

Everywhere along his way there were crowds of men, consulting earnestly with one another, exchanging money for claims. The whole city was a curb exchange which the Philadelphia and New York financial districts in their most hectic moments could not have equaled for sheer excitement.

Flavius amiably shouldered his way through the crowd. Occasionally one of the men waved to him or shouted a greeting, and Flavius waved back.

Then suddenly he stopped, staring down the street ahead of him. He blinked, shaded his eyes and looked again. The crowd of men around him, following his glance, let out a common gasp.

Stalking toward them down the street was a caravan of seven great black camels. Mounted on the lead animal was a man in a flowing silk robe, his head encased in a silk turban. A driver with a long whip walked beside the procession. As it drew nearer, Flavius caught sight of the white blocks the camels carried on their backs.

"Salt," he said. "They're bringing salt for the mills." He stepped forward and addressed the man with the whip. "Where are you coming from, sir?"

"The salt's from Teal's Marsh on the Walker River. These here camels is imported from Africa, and they can do thirty-five miles a day with an eight-hundred-pound pack. They eats bunch grass, thistles, cactus and greasewood, and they're the meanest critters the Lord ever put on earth." The man recited the facts as if by rote, as if he had become accustomed to curious inquiries.

Flavius nodded with interest and watched as the man brandished his big whip to start the camels on their way again. A voice from aloft stopped him.

"One moment, lackey. This destination suits my purposes as well as any. Kindly instruct this animal to kneel, and give me a hand with my trunk."

The driver glanced up sourly at the turbaned figure and said:

"Last time I tried to get this critter to kneel he spit in my eye. Get down the best way ye can and be damned to ye!"

The turbaned rider frowned and looked about, trying to gain some footing on the slippery back of the camel. Flavius stepped forward and grabbed him by the hindquarters.

"All right, steady now. Slide down easy."

The man let himself down, cast Flavius an approving eye and said, "Commendable courtesy, my good man, in one of such rough demeanor."

Then the newcomer waved his hand with a flourish.

"Take your beasts and be off, sir. In future years, recall, if you can, that you carried in your train the great Ali Ben Shamtar, seer extraordinary."

The driver glanced suspiciously at his erstwhile passenger, raised his whip and shouted the camels to a start. They passed on up the street, and curious glances went with them. It was not long, however, before all eyes returned to the silk-robed stranger, who had set up his trunk in the middle of the street and was now perched cross-legged upon it, one hand over his eyes, the other extended in a sweeping motion in front of him.

"Who seeks fame and fortune in the new world?" he chanted. "Who will wrest from the bowels of this barren mountain the great wealth that has been foretold by the sages? Ali sees into the cloudy future. For the miserly fee of five dollars, Ali will advise on investments, foretell the richness of a mine. Do not think for the wing-sweep of a second, friends, that I would accept money in exchange for this ageless gift of clairvoyance were it not for the mundane press of circumstances into which I have fallen. Now who will be the first—"

The men stood for a moment in discomfort, embarrassed and a little bewildered by the spate of language. Then the seer eyed Flavius shrewdly.

"You, kind sir? You that were good enough to lend a hand to a poor journeying stranger. No request from you?"

Flavius returned the look, his eyes meeting the stranger's. He shook his head slowly and murmured, "O wicked wit and gifts that have the power so to seduce!"

The change that came over the seer was startling. As though he had been jabbed from the rear he leaped from the trunk and came bounding to Flavius' side. His face was a mask of astonishment and delight.

"Is my hearing faulty? Do I hear aright? Is there actually a man in this stone heap of desolation who is conversant with the classics?"

Flavius was taken aback. "My knowledge is scanty, sir, quite modest—"

THE man seized Flavius by his coat sleeve and drew him aside. "Let me know your name, sir. My soul thirsts for the company of a fellow scholar."

"My name is Flavius Grimes." Flavius could not help feeling a little foolish. "I'm the pastor hereabouts. And I really couldn't be called a scholar—"

The man held up a protesting hand. "Not another word. Come, can we take to a quiet corner for a bit of intellectual communion?"

Flavius smiled. "I didn't catch your name."

"Ali Ben—" The man glanced sharply at Flavius and grinned a little sheepishly. "Your pardon, sir. Clarence K. Mullins, and most humbly at your service!

"Do I understand, Mr. Grimes, that you are a man of the cloth?" Clarence Mullins spoke now with a new seriousness.

Flavius nodded.

"Then I'm wondering—" Clarence paused. "I'm wondering if you might not be just the right person to direct me. I'm looking for someone here in Virginia City."

"Indeed?" Flavius had an odd premonition of what was coming.

"A young man with whom I became acquainted some months back. The Reverend Daniel MacGrath."

Because he had sensed what the other man was going to ask, Flavius showed no surprise. "He's here in Virginia all right. Only—"

Clarence raised his eyebrows. "Only no longer a reverend, eh?"

"That's correct."

"And how would I go about finding him, pray?"

"Oh, you'll find him without any trouble. He works in the office of Mr. Jason Feathers at the bank here."

Clarence Mullins became suddenly thoughtful and withdrawn. "Yes," he mused. "That's where I thought he'd be."

(To be continued next week)

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Big Grab at Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

government unless it has enough fortitude to show that it *is* equal, and unless its members are willing to forgo the pleasure of playing god, at public expense, to their constituents in and out of government.

Federal expenditures for the fiscal year 1949-50, including authorizations, will add up to about 44 billion dollars, but federal receipts will not exceed 38 billions. Thus, there will be a deficit of about six billion dollars in one of the most prosperous years this country has known. That's a serious situation. If we do not balance the budget when business is booming, when will we do it?

Deficits and injection of public spending to create purchasing power in depression years are inevitable, and help to offset shrinkage in private employment. But as a steady policy, deficits are bad; in times of high private employment and great prosperity we should accumulate a surplus with which we can retire some of the depression-increased debt and check the inflation which comes from an expansion of bank credit.

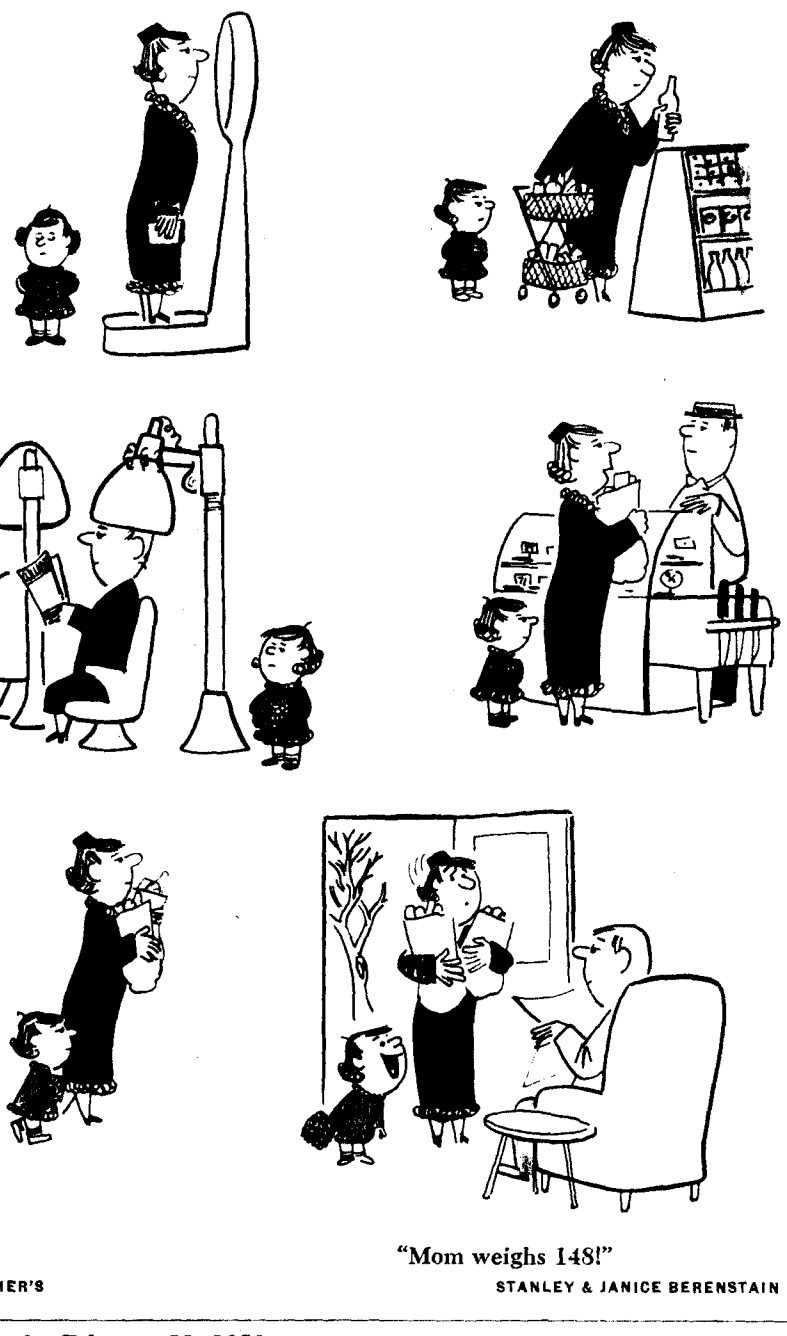
The current deficit is the result of yielding by Congress to two antithetical pressures—the first for more public spending, the other for lower taxes.

To show good faith, political courage, and to demonstrate that it really is on the side of the people in the continuous tussle with officialdom, Congress should begin to close the gap between income and outgo by cutting government costs. I believe this can be done without impairing the public services. There is great waste in government. This is not peculiar to the present Administration nor to any political party. It is, unhappily, a characteristic of government, but certainly not inevitable to the degree to which it now exists.

The big government we now know was created largely by the depression of the thirties and by World War II. The country needed vigorous and larger-scale efforts to cope with each of these crises, and the Roosevelt Administration supplied that need. But, in terms of today, our governmental machinery is unduly swollen and it is very greatly overstaffed. Thus far the executive agencies, such as the Budget Bureau, have failed to reduce this waste appreciably, and I have come to the conclusion that if substantial economies are to be made they will have to be made by Congress.

The administrative agencies seem to lack either the will or the ability to reform themselves. The Hoover Commission made many valuable suggestions which need to be carried out. Their emphasis was, however, upon getting a more correct government organization chart rather than upon the substantive economies which could be made in the various departments and agencies;

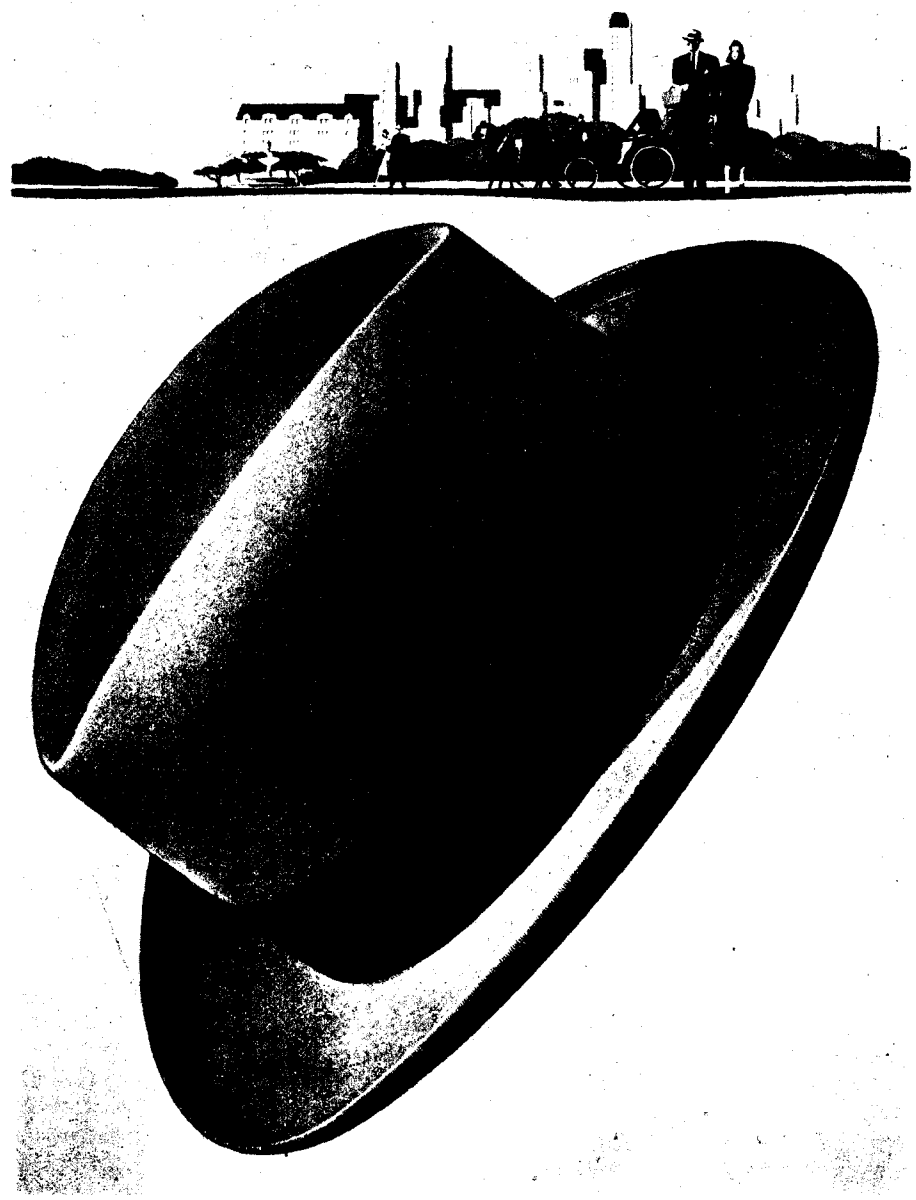
SISTER



"Mom weighs 148!"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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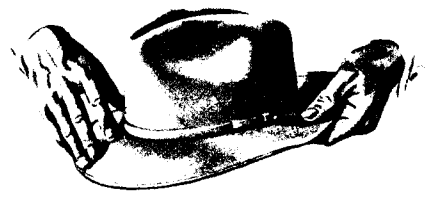

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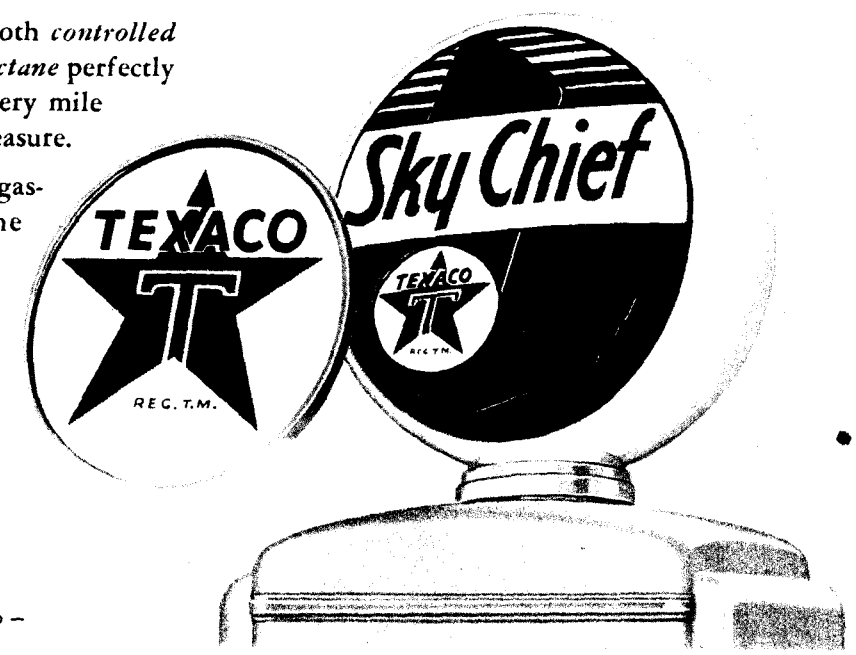
Fill up with Sky Chief gasoline today and feel the difference. Now at your Texaco Dealer . . . *the best friend your car ever had.*



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and if these savings are to be made, it will be Congress which will have to make them.

I want to make it clear that I am not denouncing bureaucrats as a class. Many of them are devoted public servants who literally work themselves into almost complete exhaustion. Too many of them, however, want privilege and power, and try to expand their staffs as a means of obtaining both.

This is also true of some executives in private industry. But this tendency toward expansion in private business is at least partially checked by the stern test of the profit-and-loss statement; and no such restraint operates in government. There is little or no internal pressure to cut costs.

Too Liberal with Public Cash

The money that is spent does not belong to identifiable persons. A supervisor in government can make himself a great man in the opinion of his subordinates by getting them more money, and by adding to their number so that there is less work for each one to do. This explains, in part anyway, the ever-present tendency to inflate the personnel rolls in public offices.

Moreover in some agencies the pay of section heads and unit heads is affected by the number of persons they supervise. This is not stated in the rules, but it is considered in making promotions. This is a direct incentive to empire building and it prevails in the military as well as in the civilian branches of government.

It is true, too, that in government the size of a department or bureau or what not is a matter of general pride, and commonly is mistaken for importance. Older members of the Senate have told me they never have known of a department that did not ask for more employees than would be required to do the same amount of work in private industry. Why not? Their prestige, but not their money, is involved. And these powerful forces working toward expanding the public pay rolls are multiplicative in nature.

I believe that the Congress, in the discharge of its duty to the people, should first fry the extra fat out of government offices before turning to extra taxes. But it will never do this unless it is willing to stand against the strong, persistent and at times insidious pressure of the group which makes up the party of the Departments and Agencies.

I am not reckless enough to advocate that great numbers of public workers be fired. Under civil service rules, and under political rules, it is difficult to do that. Often a supervisor who tries it wishes he hadn't because of the way his "subordinates" fight back.

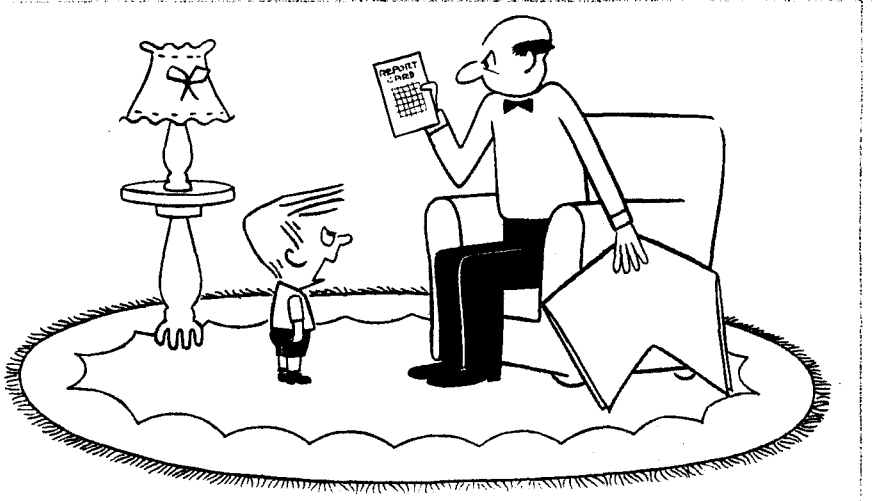
But there is a relatively painless way in which the unnecessary positions can be eliminated: Just do not fill the vacancies. The turnover rate in the federal government is sufficient in the course of any year to bring pay rolls down to what they should be—if enough of these vacancies are left unfilled. I estimate that simply by filling only half the job openings that occur, a reduction in force of approximately 8 to 10 per cent could be accomplished within a year. I doubt that public services would suffer from a 9 per cent loss of personnel, or even from a greater loss. The morale of those remaining probably would go up, for they would have enough real work to keep them busy, and happy. And at least half a billion dollars would be saved.

The federal government is generous to most of its employees. In the lower brackets, they are relatively well paid, and they have more vacation time with pay than any other workers of whom I know. Civil service employees work only a five-day week and are given 26 workdays' annual leave, 15 days' sick leave, eight holidays, and generally two to four ceremonial days off. They, therefore, in practice seldom work more than a 212-day year, and frequently work less. The 26-day annual leave for example, which was originally intended to provide a month's vacation, is now on a five-day-week basis and has become the equivalent of a 5½-week vacation (including week ends). Also, government workers have a good retirement system.

In the light of all this, there is no reason why they should not work as hard, while at it, as do those who are employed outside of government. The taxpayers have a right to this. Integrity and morale in government demand it.

We of the Congress must tackle this difficult problem. Waste does not add to the national wealth. Waste in government does not help clear slums, or build hospitals or advance the ends of research.

Here, at the Capitol's very doors, is an opportunity and obligation to demonstrate that group pressures can be analyzed and successfully resisted whenever it is in the public interest to resist them. Until we do this, we are in a poor position to analyze and, if need be, resist demands of organized groups *outside* of government.



COLLIER'S "You ought to congratulate me on having the courage to bring home a report card like that" SALO ROTH

"Making good as a soldier is no different from making good in civilian life. The rule is the same and that is—know your own job and be ready to step into the job of the man ahead of you. Promotion is going to be very rapid in this Army. Be ready for it. You will have little time to learn the duties of a noncommissioned officer after you become one . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Four Reasons for Pressures

The great pressures generally are for one or the other of these purposes: (1) to get more government money for salaries or projects, (2) to extend government services, (3) to regulate or strengthen the regulation of some private activity by law and (4) to cut taxes.

These pressures create amusing and troublesome contradictions. For example, numerous business groups in my state who have been urging that we cut the budget by two billion dollars have been equally insistent that I get appropriations for a canal project which will ultimately cost $100,000,000. Yet, if I were to try to do this, I would have to support similar projects by other Representatives and Senators and wink at a grossly padded rivers-and-harbors bill.

In fact, the following type of letter is not unusual. It shows the split personality which characterizes all too many Americans when they deal with Uncle Sam.

"Dear Senator:

"I see that you favor cutting down on waste and extravagance in government. Of course I agree with you. We taxpayers are suffering under a burden we cannot carry much longer. We look to you for relief, and demand that we get it. As you know, I voted for you last time . . .

"And by the way, I am sure you will be glad to know that we adopted a resolution last night at the chamber of commerce approving plans for a new bridge with adequate approaches. You will receive a copy of it in due course, and we are looking to you to get the federal aid we are entitled to for this absolutely necessary improvement. Our locality, as you know, has long been discriminated against when it comes to passing out the taxpayers' money . . ."

That's standard American behavior, as we in Congress see it. Every group is in favor of economy, but no group is willing to lose anything because of it. Apparently every locality and every group "has been told on good authority" that others fare better in getting federal aid or services.

Dangers of Self-Interest

I do not mean this to sound pessimistic or bitter or cynical, because I am not. But I am alarmed at the trend toward stressing group interests in opposition to national interests, and that applies to all groups alike. The labor unions that push mightily for their objectives are no more persistent than the business groups that urge more government underwriting of their risks and less taxation. Organizations of veterans watching and working for benefits are no more diligent than farm groups seeking subsidies and other aids. And so on, through the endless list of organizations. Always there is a group interest. And while it is entitled to consideration and protection, too often it is put forward in disregard of national interest.

But a bright ray of sunshine broke through last summer when Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson announced the closing of scores of military establishments because they are not now needed. Some members of Congress trembled because they foresaw the bitterest kind of complaints from their home districts to keep these establishments, whether needed or not. They are great cash-register assets, and of course every community is convinced that its own military establishment is well placed.

However, the feared storm did not develop. Only a few delegations, instead of the expected hundreds, came to Washington to protest; and only scores, instead of the expected thousands, of letters and resolutions came to Congressional offices. The general reception of the Johnson economy order was favorable. The Secretary explained why he was closing those shipyards, camps, forts and air bases, and the public acquiesced, even if it did not affirmatively approve what he did.

That gives me reason to hope and believe the time has come for a general educational drive by members of Congress to explain the total situation to their constituents. We must get away from the "baconian" theory of politics. The best public servant is not necessarily the one who brings home the most bacon.

If enough of us go campaigning in the national interest, I am sure the American people will support us. In place of competitive grabbing, there soon will be a disposition to analyze group and community and state interests, and fit them into the pattern of national interest. I believe this because I have faith in the American people. THE END

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President, Hiram Walker & Sons Grain Corporation, Ltd. Formerly an executive with the Ralston Purina Company.

TOM W. BALFE
Vice President, National Distillers Products Corp. Formerly Executive Vice President, R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., wholesale grocers.

WILARD L. BALL
Vice President, The Colorado Beverage Company, distributors. Formerly General Manager, Corbett Ice Cream Company.

J. J. BERTRAND
Vice President and General Liquor Sales Manager, McKesson & Robbins, Incorporated. Formerly in the securities business.

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Chain restaurant operator; President, National Tavern Association. Formerly engaged in the manufacture of food products.

JAY PHILLIPS
President, Ed. Phillips & Sons Co., importers and distributors. Formerly a distributor of cigars, candy and tobacco.

C. S. RADFORD
President, The Radford Company, distributors. Formerly Vice President of the Kentucky Parfay Co., soft drink manufacturers.

FRANK R. SCHWENGEL
President, Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. Entered distilling industry in 1934 after broad experience in food marketing.

COL. FRANK B. THOMPSON
Chairman of the Board, Glenmore Distilleries Company, Inc. Succeeded his father, James Thompson, founder of Glenmore, in 1923.

E. S. UNDERHILL, JR.
President, Urbana Wine Company, Inc. Formerly a newspaperman and currently co-publisher of the Corning, N. Y. EVENING LEADER.

J. P. VAN WINKLE
President, Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Incorporated. Formerly President W. L. Weller & Sons, distillers, founded in 1849.

PAUL A. WACHTER
Partner and General Manager, Northwest Beverages, Inc. Formerly President and General Manager, Warehouse Transfer Corp.

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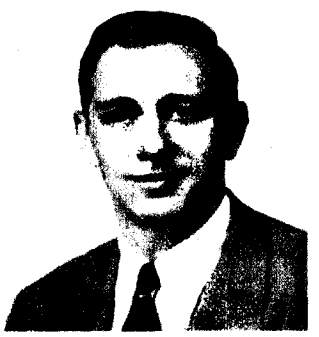
HOWARD F. DUGAN
Vice President, Hotels Statler Company, Inc.; Past President American Hotel Association; Member Executive Committee L. B. I.



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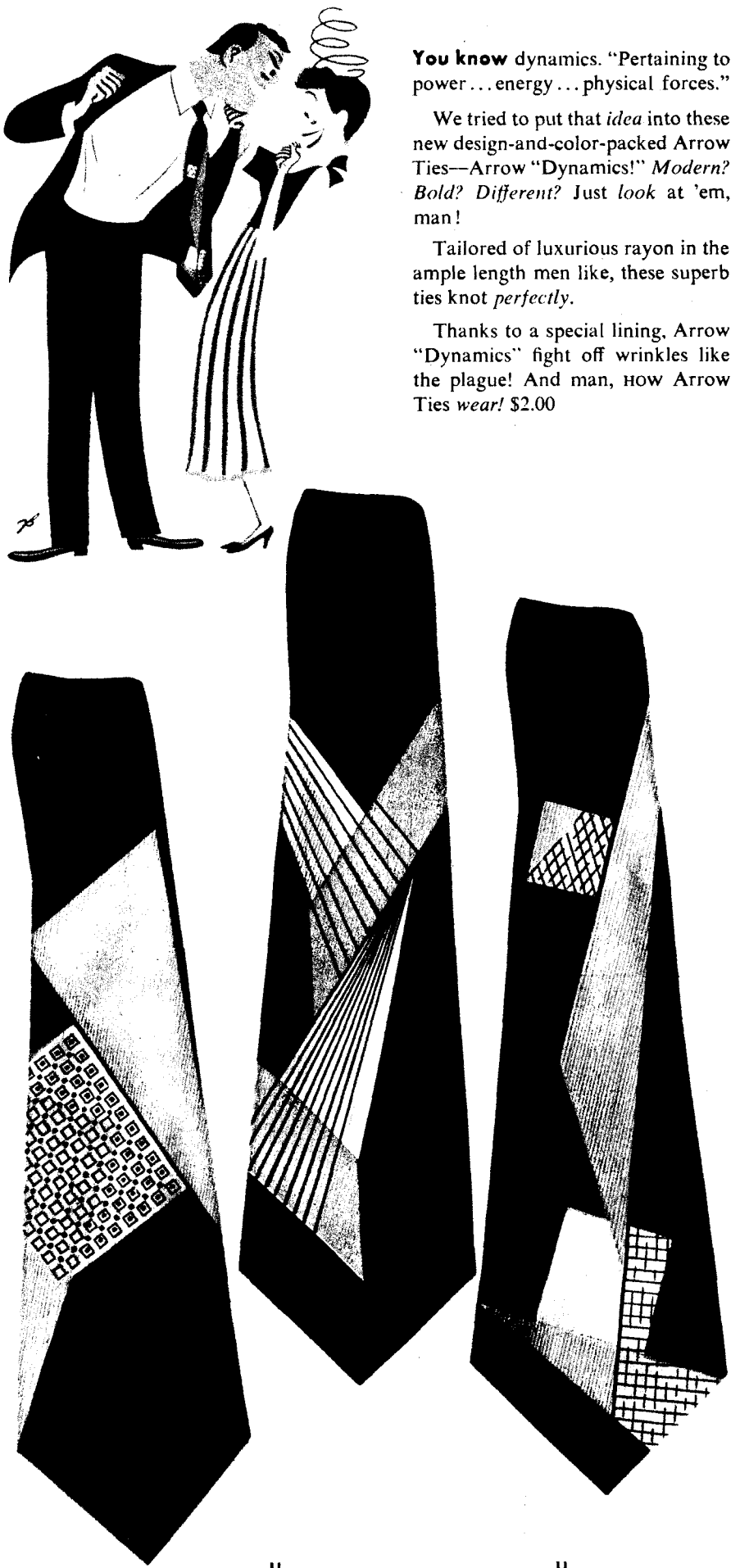

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Life in His Hands

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

most older and more experienced surgeons.

In three months, Robert was made assistant visiting surgeon—a position that usually took several years to reach. Of all the men on the staff, Brower resented the promotion most. In the corridor one day, Robert overheard Brower complaining to Dr. Harlan: "Sure he's brilliant. But brilliance isn't enough. He's got to have stability—and only time will give him that. He certainly doesn't have it now."

Robert smiled when he heard the chief of surgery's reply. "He's had five years of residencies," said Dr. Harlan, "and each one at an increasingly higher level. We can't keep him to minor surgery—"

Robert could have turned out of the corridor without being seen but he preferred to walk past, nodding, the set of his back showing Brower that he had heard.

THERE was a certain amount of release in using Brower to personify all the less talented men who used their extra years as something smugly earned, something beyond the reach of a younger man, however capable he was. And Robert vindictively took advantage of opportunities to assert his capability before the older surgeon. Once Robert had assisted at what seemed a simple appendectomy, until Brower went in and found a tumor of the cecum; in resecting, he had accidentally cut the ureter.

Robert had seen traces of panic and indecision in Brower's eyes and openly showed his own unreasonable scorn. A surgeon wasn't supposed to get scared, wasn't supposed to feel even temporarily unable to cope with what he encountered, especially as the result of his own error. Without consulting Brower, Robert had called for a catheter and used it as a frame around which to sew up the damage. It was the only thing to be done; it saved the patient—and saved face for Brower. But Robert had not meant it as a gesture, graceful or otherwise. His scorn for Brower showed in the very deftness with which he worked to repair the results of the blunder. . . .

Later, neither Robert nor Brower mentioned the incident; but it was between them like a whip that Robert wielded with a glance.

Once, at a difficult cholecystectomy, Robert had worked as though each of his two hands was guided by a separate and special intelligence, and the removal of the gall bladder had gone brilliantly. Brower congratulated him in the locker room afterward and Robert acknowledged it gracelessly, almost rudely, plainly implying by his manner that Brower could not have performed as difficult an operation. Brower flushed and turned away and then came back reluctantly as if there were things too heavy on his mind to keep silent about. He said slowly, "You're a good surgeon, Dr. Nesson. In five years you'll be a much better one. But why this campaign of yours to be the most disliked doctor on the staff?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Unless you're referring to certain doctors who happen to resent me." Robert went on then, knowing he was accentuating the very things that caused his trouble: the insecure belligerence of his youth, and a compulsion to speak cruelly as a form of self-defense. "I'm not supposed to know more than an older man," he said. "It affronts his dignity."

Dr. Brower swallowed. "Sometimes," he said, "it's not a bad thing to have had to work hard for advantages; you gain, at least, in humility—"

Robert looked back on himself living in a world of textbooks, felt again the fatigue of uninterrupted study, remembered the dedicated absorption in learning, that had sacrificed laughter and pleasant irresponsibility.

There had been rewards. He was an intern going on rounds with the old man, Enright, stopping over a patient and listening to the history and diagnosis.

Professor Enright had said, "There's a new drug in the field now for this type of burn. Just been released. Called—I can't remember for the moment. "I don't suppose," he had added, with heavy sarcasm, "that any of you gentlemen would know what I'm referring to?"

The old man was famous for the edge of his tongue against what he considered the poor crop of young medical men, and there were the usual shamefaced grins. Then Robert had named the new treatment.

Enright had turned slowly to him and asked for his name and how he happened to know.

"Nesson, sir. I read about it."

The glow, then, the beautiful physical surge of superiority. Enright had remembered him, too, had been instrumental in securing his first residency.

In the clash with Brower, Robert remembered all this and said bitterly, "If you think I haven't worked my head off—"

"I suppose you have," Brower said, nettled enough now to dispense with ethical calmness. "But don't you realize how damned lucky you've been? None of the men here have had your opportunities. Three years residency at Bellevue, one of the best hospitals in the country. And throughout the war, too, when a lot of good men were stagnating in the armed forces—"

"I tried to enlist. They wouldn't have me."

"I'm not blaming you, but at least stop rubbing it in. Then, on top of that, you get two more years at Boston in thoracic work when the average man has to start a practice—"

"The point is," Robert said coldly, "not even age is an excuse for mediocrity."

Brower pressed his lips together and shook his head faintly from side to side. Robert was already sorry for what he had said, but Brower seemed unhurt. "Not even youth," Brower said deliberately, "excuses a lack of humanity."

That dug in and Robert carried it with him for a while. It wasn't true, he thought fiercely. Was that how Brower excused his failures—merely by feeling sorry for the patients he lacked the skill to help? Surely the greater humanity lay in the greater skill; you didn't need sympathy if you could guarantee recovery. Yet the older men were always trying to hold him back, denying him the right to exercise his gift.

THE operation on Mr. Grimaldo was going well. Nesson had never felt surer of the instinctive science in his fingers. He had resected the sixth rib and inserted the rib spreader. The eyes above the masks all around him were attentive, missing nothing. Robert was cool; he had done all this before, but he knew that to many of the watchers what he was doing seemed like magic.

"How's the old man doing?" he said to the anesthetist.

"Fine. Pulse as steady as a rock," Wills answered.

"Blood pressure?"

"A hundred and thirty."

"What a guy!" Robert said.

Dr. Harlan said a trifle sententiously, "Men like him built this country."

"Yeah," Dr. Nesson said. . . .

Robert had seen his patient for the first time only a few days ago—an old man lying on a bed in the ward, his hair almost as white as the pillow, with untroubled eyes in a seamed brown face. Robert had smiled down at him, holding the chest plates in his hand.

"Hello, Mr. Grimaldo," he had said.

"Hello, young doctor," the old man had answered.

Robert didn't mind that from Mr. Grimaldo, as he might have minded if a staff

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member referred to his youth. He *was* young. He was thirty years old. Also, he had black hair and stood five feet ten. These were facts to be accepted; they were not judgments of his ability.

"I finished my examination, Mr. Grimaldo," he had said. "You need an operation."

The reactions to that kind of statement were varied but Robert had never before seen laughter. Grimaldo's teeth were strong and tobacco-stained and all present. He said tolerantly, "It's just a cough, doctor." After all, how could any man, even a doctor, know better than he how he felt?

"You won't get better without an operation, Mr. Grimaldo," Robert said. "You'll get worse."

The old man—the chart said he was sixty-eight—looked steadily at Robert with pale-blue eyes that didn't know how to register fear or shock. "That is the truth?"

"That is the truth," Robert said, taking Grimaldo's words and giving them the same inflection.

"How much time, if I don't have the operation?"

Here was a man, Robert suddenly realized, to whom you could tell the truth as you would tell it to yourself. "Less than a year."

You could see him counting the days, estimating how many things he could do in the time remaining. You could see the decision, reached as calmly as any in the life spent behind him. "If I am going to die," Grimaldo said, "then better I spend the time at home with my family."

Robert nodded. It wasn't agreement—it was respect for opinion. He had encountered hysteria and shock and fear and known what to do, had been impressive and secure in superior knowledge. But Grimaldo didn't exalt Robert's awareness of the mechanics of his body. Grimaldo wouldn't cling to life in trembling; he had lived with natural forces, and made his peace with them.

Robert left him, troubled and somehow impressed.

Later that day Grimaldo's doctor called at Robert's office. "The plates show a tumor of the bronchus," Robert said. "Here, this mass."

Dr. Tacco was short and bustling, with sharp eyes behind steel-framed glasses. He examined the plates, nodding. "What are his chances?"

"Without an operation, he might last six months to a year. He has about an eighty per cent chance to come through an operation. *If* the tumor is resectable, about a twenty per cent chance of complete cure."

Dr. Tacco pressed his finger tips together. "I'll talk to him."

As a resident living at the hospital Robert had occasionally become friendly with a patient. But you didn't establish that kind of relationship with a ward patient when you were an assistant visiting surgeon, with your calls limited to operative cases and clinical duty. Yet some quality of the old man's stayed in his mind and he looked forward to seeing him.

When he visited the ward again Robert got the same "young doctor" greeting.

"Hello, Mr. Grimaldo, how are you?"

"Fine. I think the operation must be a joke."

"No, it is not a joke."

"Who is going to do it?"

"Well—we'll find you a good man."

"Maybe you will do it?"

"Maybe," Robert said.

"I think," Grimaldo said, "you will do a good job. I have no worry about it."

"Sure," Robert said.

In the days before the operation took place, Grimaldo's family besieged the hospital in numbers which astonished Robert. They waited to see the old man in shifts: children just beginning to walk, husky young men and subdued girls, one woman older than Grimaldo himself. Robert was

"If you boys need any more snow, just help yourself to what's on my sidewalk"

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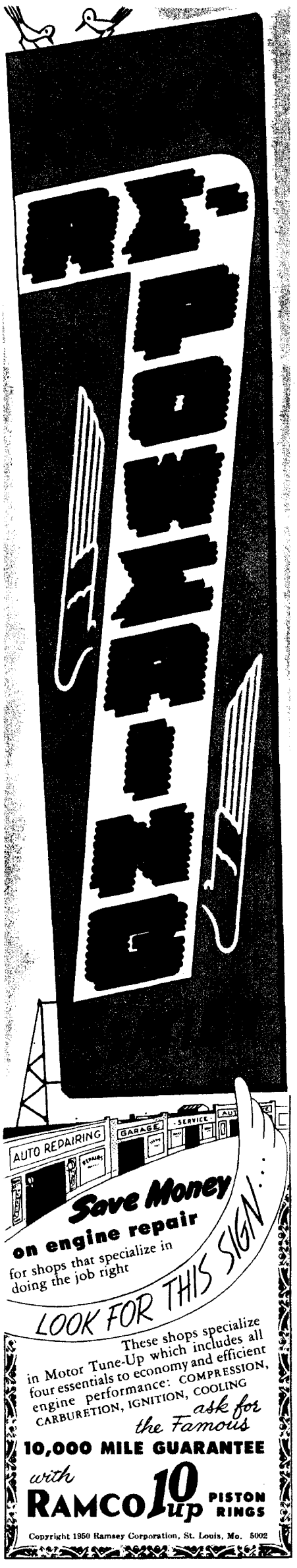
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touched by their devotion to the old man, and by their respectful and somehow trusting attitude toward himself.

Robert brought the case record personally to the chief of surgery. Dr. Harlan frowned, studying the plates. "This seems a little beyond us," he said.

"I'd like to do it."

"A pneumonectomy?"

Robert bristled, resenting the tone. "Why not? I've done them before."

The chief shook his head. "We might get Dr. Jorgens in—"

"*If* he's available. I tell you, I've done them before."

"We'll see," Dr. Harlan said.

Dr. Brower seemed to have made it his personal business to attempt to keep Robert off the case. He said sharply to the chief, as Robert waited the next day, bursting with further argument, "Let's face a few facts. Dr. Nesson is a capable surgeon but he's too young for this very major stuff."

Robert said bitterly, "Can *you* do it?"

Harlan stepped in quickly. "I've learned that we won't be able to get Dr. Jorgens. He's leaving for San Francisco. Going to stay there for at least a month."

"Well?" Robert burst out. "It's up to you, Dr. Harlan."

The chief was uncertain—and unhappy about his uncertainty; Dr. Brower was glowering. Robert tried to speak very calmly but each word came out bitten off in bitterness. "I'm the only man on the staff with real experience in pulmonary work. Does the patient have to be sent home to die because I don't happen to be ten years older?"

"Dr. Nesson—" the chief began sternly.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"You'll do the operation, Dr. Nesson. I'll scrub in with you."

Robert's hostility faltered; having the chief offer to assist him was surrender enough.

The residents began to look at Robert with new interest. You didn't pass up a chance to witness a pneumonectomy. Some of them were older than he, but behind him in experience because of the years they had spent in war service. They resented the advantage he had over them, but if he had something to show them, they were eager to watch and learn.

ROBERT had to wait three days before the operation on Grimaldo was scheduled. He wanted to make sure of Wills as the anesthetist; he wanted to have Nurse Rogers available—the team had to be the best he could get.

Grimaldo didn't have any doubts. Robert saw him more often than was medically necessary. The old man would smile up at him from the bed with genuine affection, though they were relative strangers. They talked a great deal: about Grimaldo's boyhood in Perugia, about the best way to make wine, about squeezing a living from a small truck farm in New Jersey. Robert talked of things that were just as foreign to the old man as his experiences were to Robert: experiences out of books, out of his hard years as a medical student.

As always before an operation, Robert prepared himself intensively for what he would have to do; he read the records in the big books in the hospital library and dug into his memory for the details of similar operations he had performed. Under the old man's skin, he knew he would find what he had always found before. Only the names and the ages and colors and habits of the patients varied—external things, unimportant things. But this time, Grimaldo the man clung to Robert's consciousness with amazing persistence. Robert would finish up his staff work and find himself impelled to the old man's bedside.

"After this is over," Grimaldo said, "you come to the farm. My wife make you fried rabbit with spaghetti. You stay with us for a few days. You ride a tractor. You milk a cow."

"Maybe I'll take you up on that," Robert said, as casually as if he were visiting a friend who was laid up in bed at home with some minor illness. The hospital to Robert was a familiar and even pleasant place; but he knew that its atmosphere to most patients was repugnant and depressing. Grimaldo lay here in the crowded ward with serenity and complete detachment. It was more than the negativeness of simple fatalism, or the imperviousness of a dull mind. Robert could sense a breadth of spirit, a cheerful acceptance of whatever life had to offer, a kind of courage he had never met before.

Grimaldo had never once since the beginning mentioned the operation; that was the doctor's department. Yet if Robert had been tense and worried about it, he could have gathered strength and consolation from the old man, from his patient.

NOW, after the long days of helpless and uncomplaining waiting, Grimaldo lay on an operating table; this was the final test not of his courage but of his faith, for only the science in Robert's hands could give him additional years of life. Working swiftly, Robert opened the chest wall, ligating carefully; he traced upward for the sight of the tumor.

Wills replaced the empty transfusion bottle with a fresh one.

For all his arrogance with older colleagues, it was at moments like this that Dr. Robert Nesson came to life, in full realization of his own powers as a man whose science could heal. This was why Robert had decided to become a surgeon—the self-renewing complete dedication swept over him each time he operated. All his knowledge and skill came into play, and something else beyond mere learning and dexterity: his gift, some of the men called it.

Whatever the gift was, it did not include tolerance for the clumsiness of lesser men. Harlan, chief of surgery though he was, hesitated at a point in the operation at which he was supposed to assist, and Robert spoke to him sharply. It was supposed to be an honor having the chief scrub with him; but Harlan was an abdominal man, lost above the diaphragm, and Robert was impatient with his fumbling.

Then Robert felt a sudden sickness and he swallowed and looked up at the eyes that were seeing what he had seen. Harlan shook his head. And Brower, with all his usual antagonism gone, was looking at him with quick sympathy. "You'd better sew him up again," he whispered.

The eyes of the residents were bright with interest above their masks.

The tumor was attached to the superior *vena cava,* the great blood vessel. Detaching the growth might tear a hole that would be practically unrepairable.

"I think you'd better come out," Harlan said.

Grimaldo could still live for a while. All that Robert had to do was leave matters where they had been. There'd be no loss of prestige; even Brower now knew that technique had nothing to do with age.

The tumor had to come out or the old man had only a short time to live. But it couldn't be cut free from the great vessel to which it clung; if you punctured the *vena cava* . . .

There were many times when a surgeon went in to find an inoperable condition. There were limitations to X rays and biopsies. Both Harlan and Brower saw that there was nothing else for him to do.

But Grimaldo had a right to live longer than the few months the tumor would allow. And even those few precious months would be lessened by postoperative healing from an operation that would have accomplished—for him—absolutely nothing.

There had to be something that Robert could do.

He stepped away from the table and began to peel off his gloves, calling to the nurse for a fresh pair. He rubbed powder on his hands again, drew on the clean gloves. He moved back to the operating table and went in with his fingers alone. Brower, tense and watchful, said, "Don't take the chance, Bob."

It was the first time that Brower had addressed him as anything except Dr. Nesson. Robert looked up at him and smiled with a sudden grateful loosening of tension; then every fiber of Robert's perception went back to the tips of his fingers. He began to peel the tumor away from the wall of the blood vessel, so slowly, so carefully that there was almost no evident result. Robert had no time for prayer or for speculation. His brains and his conscience lay in his finger tips. The mass began to separate from the place where it had grown. Robert stripped it all off cleanly at the line of cleavage, too intent to notice that the men around him had begun to breathe again after an instant of holding their breaths.

He began to work quickly, back on familiar ground, individually ligating the structures attaching the lung to the heart and resecting the lung.

And then in sections and layers a man's body was put back together again until finally there was only the thin sutured line of outer skin to indicate what had been done.

IN THE locker room, Dr. Harlan congratulated him. Robert thanked him, diffidently, and the chief looked at him with surprise. Diffidence was not usual in Dr. Robert Nesson. Dr. Brower pressed Robert's arm, started to say something and then changed his mind. Harlan went out, and Robert stood for a moment staring uncertainly at Brower, who made no move to leave. It was as though each were measuring the change in the other, for in a few electric seconds back there in the operating room both had very definitely changed.

The skin around the corners of Brower's eyes suddenly wrinkled—a friendly wrinkle. With the same diffidence he had shown Harlan, Robert grinned.

"If you'll meet me downstairs," Brower said, "I'd like to buy you a drink."

"You bet," Robert said, surprised by the warmth in his own voice. "I need a drink. It's—it's nice of you. It was nice of you to do what you did in there." He nodded toward the operating room.

"I didn't do anything," Brower said, puzzled.

"You did," Robert said. "You looked sympathetic at the exact moment I needed sympathy." He looked away a moment, feeling the cold sweat that had suddenly broken out on his forehead. "I could have killed the old guy, you know." Then he looked squarely at Brower. "But I—I wasn't showing off. I did what I thought was best. It was my good luck that it worked."

"I know," Brower said simply, and then he left.

Robert lighted a cigarette and slumped into one of the big leather chairs. He was filled with the good fatigue that soothed his nerves even as it stimulated. He dressed slowly and went out into the corridor and took the elevator down. Grimaldo's relatives were waiting. They all looked at him and no one asked. Robert said, "I think he's going to be all right."

AND then, weeks afterward, an old man was being shown into Dr. Nesson's office. An old man who had pure white hair but who was straight and tall and fitted for more good years of living. His suit was carefully brushed and cleaned; it was worn and didn't fit very well, but it was obviously his best. In his hand Grimaldo carried a wrinkled brown-paper bag which he set on Robert's desk. "For a thing like this, Doctor, there is no way to say thanks. I brought you a bottle of some brandy that is in my family for a long time."

Robert's eyes smarted. Somewhere in all this was the answer. Not merely to be better than anyone else, but to be all that he was meant to be. And not to use his superiority to be rubbed like salt in the eyes of his associates, but to be proud of his skill because people like Grimaldo were not yet ready to die.

"I'll get a couple of glasses, Mr. Grimaldo," Robert said. THE END

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They're Sure to Get Caught

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Criminal Laboratory sent out a four-page example of the pro's handiwork.

The forger had himself a profitable three days in New Orleans, and immediately after his departure Inspector Francis E. Mouton informed DeMott that a man had been seen rifling letters from atop a mailbox in an office building. A description by the elevator operator led to the immediate momentary incarceration of a half-dozen forgers around the country. But they all had alibis.

This Thief Avoided New York

DeMott looked over the man's route and discovered the interesting fact that he had hit every large American city except the largest. DeMott figured that this might be a tribute to the sharp eyes of the New York detectives. He came to New York, collected 35 pictures of forgers caught in the Big City, took them back to his Boston office, and studied them. A picture of an old mailbox thief intrigued DeMott, and wires started humming. To New York went a TWX, "Pick up, question Jacob Sackstein, Brooklyn, on Case 3418-MD." To Washington handwriting expert Albert Somerford went "Check Jacob Sackstein, 3418-MD." To New Orleans went a picture of Sackstein to show the elevator operator.

From Washington came the reply: "Need more handwriting on Sackstein. Promising"; from New Orleans, "She thinks maybe"; and from New York, "Not around. Last seen Parole Board September 1947 when parole concluded."

Sackstein had been sentenced in 1939 to five years in jail and five years' probation. Released from jail in 1942, he had reported to his parole officer until September, 1947. The forger's handiwork had first appeared in November, 1947.

Handwriting expert Somerford told DeMott that the samples on the checks were similar to available samples of Sackstein's writing, but not enough to satisfy him. Somerford got from the Bureau of Prisons samples of the reports Sackstein had filled out during his parole. He studied them for about ten minutes, then telephoned DeMott: "Sackstein's your man. His handwriting has changed. Probably arthritis." In 1939 when Sackstein had been arrested he wrote a good hand. Now it was crabbed and cramped.

Sackstein was positively identified on December 29, 1948. At once a TWX went out to every inspector in the land. A week later, pockets filled with pictures of Sackstein, they were interviewing banks.

On January 7, 1949, Inspector Frank Farrell of Cleveland was going to lunch when a familiar face flashed by. Farrell turned just in time to see it disappear into the Higbee Department Store. It was a face Farrell knew well. He had been carrying pictures of it all over town for two days.

The remainder of January 7th and all of January 8th and 9th were spent plastering Cleveland with pictures of Sackstein. Hotels, department stores, policemen, air lines, railroad stations, and businessmen's groups all got them. Every available inspector, clerk and other post-office personnel spread the pictures, and just to make sure, the banks were alerted.

Despite all this, the Cleveland Trust Company called at 10:10 A.M. on the morning of January 10th with the news that Sackstein had scored again. The post-office sleuths were promptly re-alerted and at 11:35 A.M., Lieutenant Edward Darmstadt of the New York Central police phoned to say that a man resembling Sackstein was in the Cleveland Union Terminal Building. At 12:10 P.M., Sackstein was taken off the 12:20 for Cincinnati with 34 pieces of mail, all containing checks, in his bag. He got 45 years.

Stealing from mailboxes is the Inspection Service's current major headache. It is growing steadily more painful. In fiscal 1949, 5,388 complaints were investigated, 2,129 arrests made. In 1940, arrests totaled 1,450. Arrests in Post Office Inspection cases result in about 97 per cent convictions.

The mailbox thief is looking for checks, bills and statements. He will return bank statements to your mailbox but not until he has copied your signature to the best of his ability on a check. If he finds a bill for $40, he will forge a check for $100. At the store, he pays your bill and makes a $60 profit. Generally, it's a full month before the loss is discovered.

Edward S. Overton, a mailbox thief for almost 15 years not counting time in jail, had no interest in checks or money orders. He liked big, fat newsy letters from home. When he had Aunt Mamie's illnesses down pat and had read up on Joe's run-in with the landlord he would drop in on the person whose letter he had pilfered. He would represent himself as a home-town family friend and say that Uncle Eddie had suggested that perhaps a check would be cashed or a small loan negotiated. Overton, who looked the complete bum, was nevertheless so convincing that his victims admitted he would have got more money had he asked for it.

Solomon Bernard Heiman was the best of the mailbox robber-forgers over the long haul. Heiman kept the Inspection Service unhappy for seven years in virtually all 48 states. He cashed over 300 checks in big, small and medium stores by paying bills with forged checks in excess of the amount due. Not the least of his talents was a skillful touch with a pen so that he could fool the corner grocer easily.

He was caught because Inspector John Streich discovered that Heiman traveled extensively and made reservations in advance, but didn't bother varying his alias. Usually the name he used was Cates. The inspectors got a description out to all hotels in the larger cities with the plea. "If anything looking like this name Cates shows up, call us." Rochester, New York, was Heiman's last call. Before heading for jail for five years he admitted he had lived off mailboxes for an equal length of time without ever doing a day's work.

The postal inspectors have been waging an educational campaign against check stealers and forgers. They say "Know your endorser" is the first rule. If that is impossible, take his check and read him any addresses or spellings on the check. Read them incorrectly; if he agrees with you call the cops. Jot down a license number or any other acceptable identification. Look at his face closely and make note of any distinguishing characteristics on the back of the check.

The Inspection Service keeps plugging away with this campaign despite the case of the lady known to every inspector as Madame X. Madame X worked Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo. She was a mailbox thief who took $9,000 from bank and store clerks—all male. When her victims were asked to describe her, to a man they answered, "Well, she has a pretty face, I guess. I didn't get a good look at it. But she wore a real low-cut dress."

Madame X got caught on a cold day in 1946 in Cleveland. She turned out to be Mrs. Helen Czarnecki. She and her husband-accomplice got two years. Upon release she went right back to the mailboxes, and the handwriting boys put the finger on her first time out. Mrs. Czarnecki was trailed for four days. The Czarneckis were caught red-handed, and, incidentally, right after they had visited the parole board.

Handsome Forger Gypped Banks

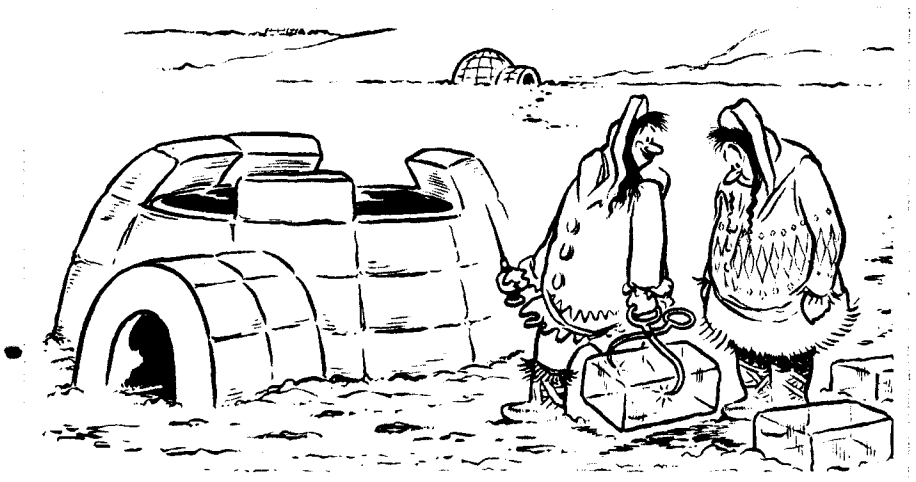
In the opinion of the post-office inspectors, the best U.S. forger today, in the classic sense, is twenty-five-year-old Jerome Poster, currently in jail. Handsome Jerome made life really tough for the American Bankers Association. He was so skilled that during his trial in 1948 the government refrained from exhibiting his forgeries to the jury because even government experts couldn't distinguish his writing from the true signatures. It was reasoned that the jury would be even more baffled.

Poster stole bank statements, forged the names of well-to-do depositors, and bought traveler's checks in a fictitious name. His great art with a signature and the banks' desire for traveler's check commissions earned him $50,000 a year. The state of Pennsylvania caught him first. Bond was set at $25,000. Poster couldn't raise it. He jabbed hypodermic needles into both eyes and then pleaded a lower bail so that he could get medical treatment, although doctors said he had done himself little harm. Bail was reduced to $500, and Poster fled to Denver.

There Poster proved he was no amateur. He got a job with a loan company and did those eagle-eyed gentlemen out of $5,100. Next he was traced to Dallas and to Phoenix, where Inspector H. H. Smith picked him up before he could get his magic stylus working again. Poster again wounded his eyes, this time with a pen.

From March to May of 1949, a Los Angeles pair raised 40 money orders from $7.21 to $70.21 or from $6 to $60, despite the fact that the left-hand side of the money order was so cut that it was obvious the order had been issued for $10 or less. Nobody bothers to look for that telltale cutting on the left. Sometimes the crooks slice it away completely. More rarely they paste on a thin strip similar to the border affixed to all money orders. Usually they just scribble in the extra letters and hand it over to the nearest storekeeper.

The Los Angeles merchant who was responsible for the arrest of the Los Angeles pair jotted down their license number. They told the inspectors their car had been stolen. Sure enough, it had been reported to the



COLLIER'S

"It's easy to build when you have the proper tools"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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police as stolen. But James Conway, the post-office handwriting expert in San Francisco, was having none of their story. He insisted that the writing on the money order in question be compared to the previous 39 the forgers had cashed. Eventually the men admitted the thefts. When they had seen the storekeeper jot down their license they had run to the police to report a stolen car.

The Inspection Service provides a lot of protection for small-fee money orders, as an overseas-bound soldier at Fort Dix discovered in 1943. His name was Walter and he had either had himself a fine night with the dice or was a saving soul, because he had $700 in cash when the unerring instinct of a soldier told him he was about to be shipped out. Walter's instinct proved even better than he thought. He had only time to buy seven $100 (the maximum) money orders made out to himself. Walter handed them to a passing stranger and asked him to mail them home to his sister.

A Vague Clue to Work On

Months later, his sister reported that no money orders had arrived. Walter told his sergeant, the sergeant told the lieutenant, and so on up until somebody told the United States Post Office. An inspector asked Walter for a description of the man to whom he had given the money orders. "I don't know what he looked like, sir. I never saw him in my life. He was a tech sergeant and he was colored."

There were a lot of colored tech sergeants in Fort Dix in February, 1943, in fact 92. The Army dug out the names of the 92 and samples of their handwriting. Handwriting expert Somerford had his boy in less than 10 minutes. He had noticed that the forged money orders all spelled "Walter" as "Waltor," so he looked for a Negro who had been in Fort Dix in February, 1943, whose first name was "Victor." Habit, the handwriting experts' best friend, tripped Victor Holeman. Vic kept writing "tor" on the end of the forged "Walter" as he did on the end of his own "Victor." Scientific comparison bore out Somerford's hunch. Holeman was dishonorably discharged, made to forfeit six months' pay, and served at hard labor for a similar period.

The search for lost money orders frequently compels the post office to prove that the complainant actually cashed the money order. In most instances it turns out that a nice honest old man or old lady got the money order and just plumb forgot about it.

One Army wife wrote President Truman complaining that $500 her husband had sent in money orders from camp had never arrived, and that she had spent three years in a fruitless effort to get some satisfaction from the post office. Mr. Truman forwarded the letter to the post office with a polite but firm note, and for a week 10 inspectors had themselves a career.

Actually, they knew from experience what had happened, and proved it. Daddy had sent the money orders, all right. And Mama had cashed them. She'd used the money for her own purposes and then insisted she'd never got it. The letter to the President was written with an irate husband standing at her shoulder.

Since 1940, the Post Office Inspection Service has focused on scientific detection. It has five laboratories scattered strategically around the country with headquarters under Somerford's supervision in the Washington Post Office Building. Somerford and his evil-smelling chemicals, cameras, infra-red pictures and ultraviolet lamp have tossed a great many people in the hoosegow.

Infra-red photography has rendered useless the eraser, acids and other destroyers of writing. If something has been written on a piece of paper nothing will eradicate it from the subsurface penetration of an ordinary camera, a floodlight lamp, Eastman infra-red film and a Wratten A No. 25 filter. Four soldiers burned to death in a plane crash in Formosa were identified when four charred money-order receipts were subjected to the camera process. The blackened records found in a post-office safe after a fire were all restored. A skillful job of resealing a registered letter was uncovered when a minute portion of a stamped number was discovered under the envelope flap.

Ultraviolet lamps and cameras combine to show if artificial watermarks have been added to paper or if different inks or mucilages have been applied to a document. The most skillful of forgeries can be exposed if the forger has used a commercial ink different from that used originally, although, to the naked eye, the two inks may be identical in color.

Late in 1947, Inspector F. R. Hayes, of the Atlanta Division of the Post Office Inspection Service, came to Somerford with a common and annoying police problem. There had been a series of post-office robberies in the Carolinas and he knew the gang back of them. But the suspects were clever. Hayes had neither fingerprints, eyewitnesses nor any other clue. But Charlotte, North Carolina, police had found a trunk full of burglar tools in a car. And they had found the car because the postmaster in Edgmoor, South Carolina, had seen some men inspecting his place and, his suspicions aroused, he had noted the license number.

COLLIER'S

"Okay. If you want to look for a straighter tree, stay and look!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Somerford examined the tools under a microscope. On a crowbar he discovered a speck of blue paint. He secured specimens of the paint from all the post-office doors that had been jimmied open and proved that the paint spots on the crowbar were from the same buckets of paint as those on two of the doors. As further proof, he photographed the crowbar and the doors and established that a crowbar with scars similar to the one recovered from the burglars had dug into the wood of the post offices. Two men got five years apiece and a third burglar received two years.

Rubber Heel Convicts Bandit

Blown-up photos are a specialty of the crime lab. In Oklahoma a bandit who broke into a post office was picked up on suspicion. The clue left at the scene was half of a rubber heel mark on a letter dropped on the floor. The heel mark checked with four points on the suspect's heel and he confessed. In Virginia a mail pouch was found cut. Any one of half a dozen postal employees could have done the deed. A speck of lint, invisible to the naked eye, was found on one suspect's penknife. Tests showed it identical to the mail pouch cloth.

No crime against Uncle Sam's sacred mails is too petty for a full-dress investigation. Some youngsters were shooting holes in mailboxes in rural Tennessee. An inspector secured shell specimens from every shotgun in the area. These were compared to shells recovered around the mailboxes, and Somerford's cameras proved which gun had fired the shots. In Chattanooga a mailbox was knocked down by a hit-and-run driver. His license number was taken but he denied all until paint scrapings on the mailbox were shown to match the paint on his truck.

Judges and juries throughout the land accept handwriting as a form of identification almost on a par with fingerprints. The post-office scientific sleuths exploit this fact with deadly effect.

Indeed the post office has such faith in handwriting experts that it pays as high as $2,500 for their recommendations in cases involving torn money orders or postal savings stamps, or in cases of forgeries committed in the receipt of mail or the cashing of money orders.

The post office goes to almost as much length to protect its clients as to catch its thieves. The heirs of Joseph Carlstein so found when they claimed that the late Mr. Carlstein had bought postal savings certificates both in his own name and as Charles Pearl. He scribbled "Carlstein," but printed "Pearl," so handwriting comparison was doubtful. But the inspectors trotted out their fingerprint brushes and powders and established the fact that Pearl and Carlstein were identical.

Post-office handwriting whizzes have even come to the aid of the lovelorn. Take the case of the Langley Field G.I. who left his fiancée's address on a writing table. One of his buddies wrote her a short, dirty letter and signed it with her beloved's name. The engagement was immediately terminated, to be resumed only after 192 specimens of handwriting had resulted in a court-martial for a lad with an unfortunate sense of the ridiculous. On the other hand, 1,022 government employees who were under suspicion of writing an impolitic letter to a high-ranking citizen were all cleared after examination. The complainant was left to figure out which of his own set had composed the dastardly charges of gross inefficiency.

Given a typed sentence and 10 minutes, Somerford will identify the make, model and year of virtually any typewriter made in the United States since 1874, the year the machine was first sold in any numbers. He is better than fair on foreign machines. In half an hour he will tell you the name of the company which manufactured the ribbon used. Somerford, as a post-office investigator, is not given to idle speech, much less boasting. But he is proud of a letter he got from Post Office Inspector M. L. Stover in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Stover was working on an obscene-letter case and had sent Somerford an example of the writer's work. Somerford had sent back a laconic "Look for a Smith-Corona Clipper portable." The next day Stover's letter arrived:

Dear Al:

This is being written on a Smith-Corona Clipper portable. It has just been used to type the confession of the guilty party who is the brother-in-law of the recipient of the obscene letters. Thanks.

Since 1940, Somerford has appeared as a witness in 152 cases in 25 states and the District of Columbia. In his last 12 appearances as a handwriting expert 10 defenses were changed to pleas of guilty, and the jury convicted the other two. Frequently his lab work is so conclusive that he does not even have to testify. The Washington laboratory has examined 100,000 handwriting examples and made more than 4,000 tests with cameras, microscopes, and infra-red and ultraviolet equipment. In all these examinations the scientists are not told the inspectors' suspicions or theories. They are merely asked to report what the document or clue indicates.

The lab has made hazardous an ancient art known as stamp washing, which consists of the skillful eradication of cancellation marks and the reuse of the stamps. No matter what acid is used to eat away the cancellation marks, the infra-red brings them right back, as a gentleman from Brooklyn yclept Arpad Rapaport learned last year. Arpad did registered-letter business with South America and Europe and he washed stamps like mad. He got six months and $100 fine.

Poison Cases Easily Solved

The rare box of poison candy or can of preserves that goes through the mail is among the simplest of all cases to solve. An inspector goes to the recipient or his heirs and finds out the names of the other two parties to the love triangle. He then secures a specimen of the handwriting of the surviving member of the same sex and sends it to the lab. He usually makes his arrest within 24 hours. There were 10 such poison cases in 1949.

Love sends a little gift of bombs occasionally, and that is quite another problem for inspectors and laboratory technicians, for if the plot is successful no evidence is left. A Virginia bride of 41 days received a bomb. Her new husband opened it with fatal results. The inspectors thought the case pretty obvious when they learned the girl was a divorcée. But her first husband was proved to be as delighted with his divorce as a Virginia gentleman would admit.

A fragment of writing paper had been recovered from the lethal package. The lab determined exactly which Wisconsin mill manufactured it and started the inspectors off on a laborious search. From the mill, they went to a wholesaler who sent them on to a dental supply house, then on to a dentist who turned out to be a rejected suitor so lightly regarded by the girl that she had not even mentioned him to the inspectors. He was arrested when it was further determined that he had bought lead pipes, batteries and dynamite, and had set up a phony alibi with a fishing-camp owner. The dentist committed suicide in jail.

Bombs in the mail are, of course, a special occupational hazard for postal employees. In a catastrophic explosion at the Bowling Green, Kentucky, post office on January 26, 1949, William Henry Osborne, a temporary substitute clerk, lost both hands and both eyes and incurred other injuries. Two other postmen were hurt. The people of Kentucky have raised $55,000 for Osborne. Postmaster General Jesse Donaldson says, "We'll get the man who sent that bomb if it takes 20 years. Or 50. But we'll get him."

As a long and distinguished collection of criminals can attest, he will be caught. And it probably won't take 20 years, either. It rarely does when the post-office inspectors are on the hunt. THE END

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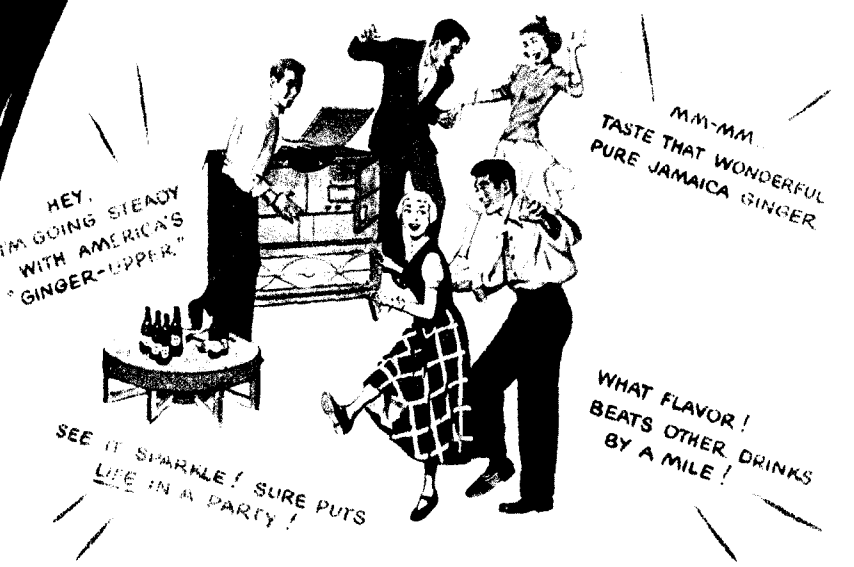
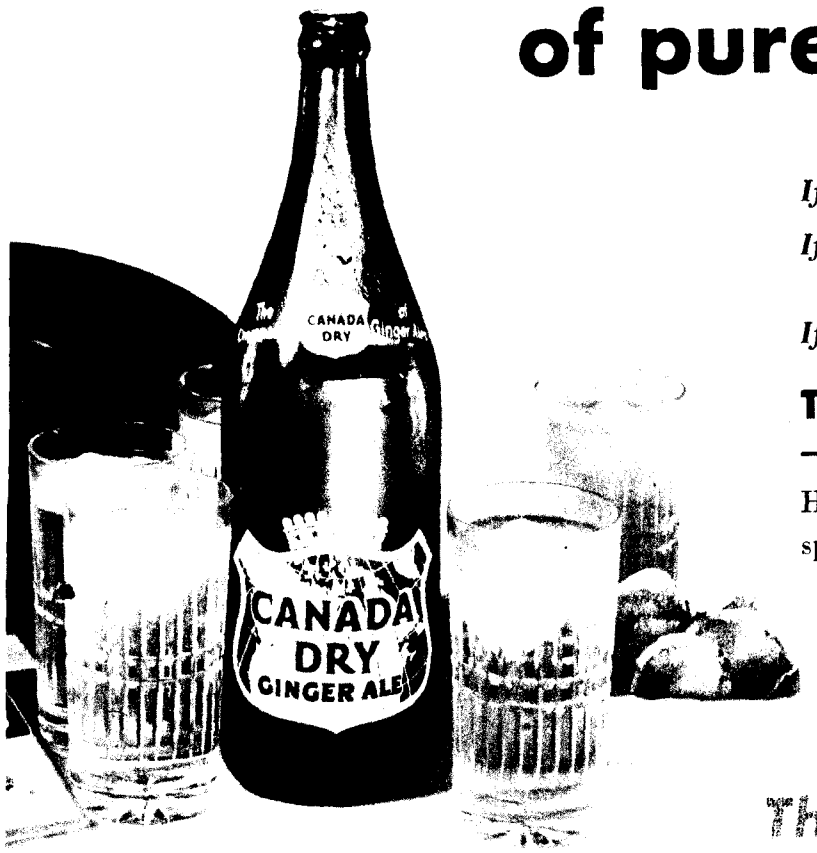

HEY, I'M GOING STEADY WITH AMERICA'S "GINGER-UPPER."
MM-MM TASTE THAT WONDERFUL PURE JAMAICA GINGER
SEE IT SPARKLE! SURE PUTS LIFE IN A PARTY!
WHAT FLAVOR! BEATS OTHER DRINKS BY A MILE!

TRY AMERICA'S *Ginger-Upper!*

with the exciting flavor of purest Jamaica Ginger!



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CANADA DRY

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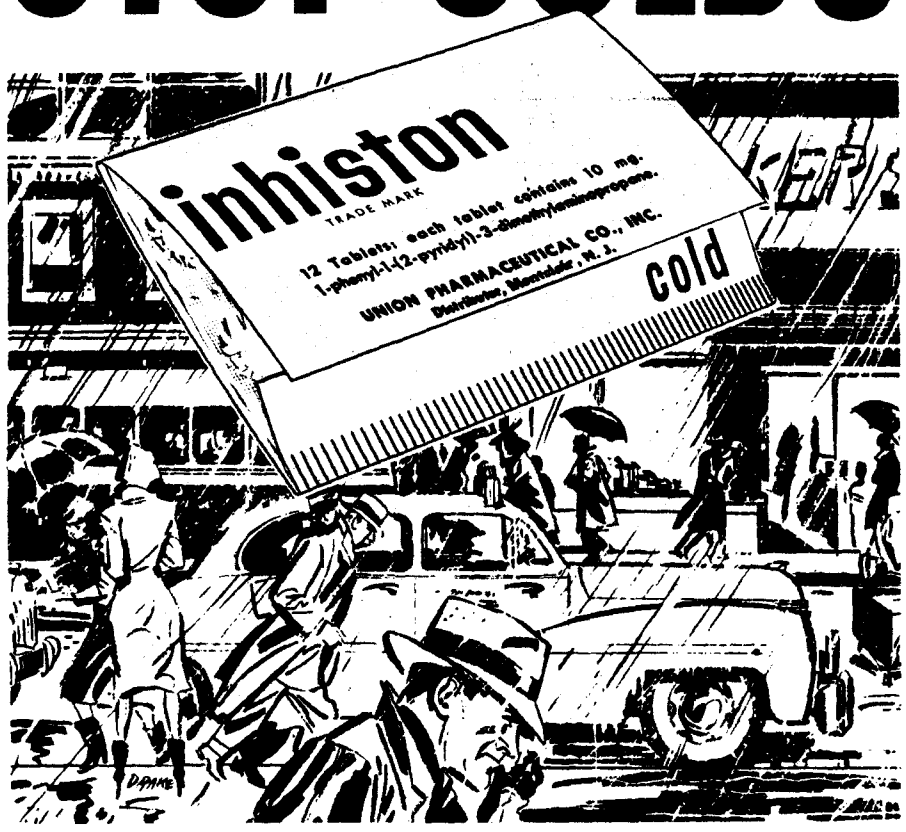
THE ANTI-HISTAMINE TABLET

New Wonder Drug to

STOP COLDS



TWICE as effective as any other anti-histamine offered for public sale!

You've heard and read about *Inhiston*—the *anti-histamine* tablet that can miraculously *stop colds!* You've learned that prompt anti-histamine treatment gives you a real chance to go through the whole year *without a single cold in your family!*

But remember this: The anti-histamine in Inhiston is actually twice as effective as any other drug offered for public sale. Inhiston is the *one* publicly offered tablet that gives you *this extra efficiency*. And remember—*it's the anti-histamine action that stops the cold.* With this new drug discovery, the great majority of colds CAN BE STOPPED—AND STOPPED FAST! Be ready to take Inhiston promptly — at first sign of a head cold. Don't let that first sneeze or sniffle develop into a full-fledged, lasting cold—stop it *fast* with Inhiston!

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All too often, symptoms associated with colds can be first signs of more serious illness. If you have severe coughing, marked fever, or chest pains — stay in bed and call your doctor.

UNION PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, INC., Montclair, N. J.

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Family Guardian

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

dropped the leaf and scuttled over on all fours, and sat down and spoke excitedly in a high, squeaky voice.

Joe listened without comment. He had one forepaw raised and the toes spread and the blunted claws extended. He worried at it with his tongue, tugged at the cuticle with his teeth.

Vincent rose to his feet. He capered. He danced.

He turned a back flip. He seized a small twig and flung it from him and chased it and seized it again. He sat down and looked at Joe. He made a long, impassioned speech, gesturing with his small hands. He rushed at Joe and sprang clear over him, stopped, turned another back flip and then sat down again against Joe's shoulder.

Joe had stopped his worrying. He lowered the forepaw. He felt Vincent's fingers busy in his fur, and this was familiar and pleasant, and some of his sullen anger faded away. When Vincent rose to his feet again and slyly tweaked Joe's ear and then rushed madly away, Joe chirruped and stood up and cantered off in pursuit.

Vincent rounded the tool shed. He ran up the trunk of the large tree. He grabbed a limb, pulled himself onto it, jumped for another, and another and another. He paused, at last, and jumped up and down in his excitement. But Joe was not following him.

Joe was on the ground where he had fallen. He had landed, of course, on his feet, unhurt. But it was the fact of the fall which baffled him. Angrily, he gathered himself. He sprang again, landed some six feet up the trunk and continued for two or three running steps before his momentum ceased. Scrambling, he tried to dig into the bark. It was no good. He felt himself going, and he turned, twisted, and landed again on the ground. A third time he sprang, and a fourth, and Vincent watched in uncomprehending silence.

A fifth time Joe tried, and then as if the entire operation were a matter of no importance, no importance at all, he sat down at the base of the tree, and bent his head and began to wash his chest. His tail jerked in angry spasms, but that was all.

And from the back porch, from the safety of the closed door, Cook watched and drew immense satisfaction. Her laughter, loud and clear, floated across the garden.

And Vincent, subdued, clambered slowly down the tree and sat beside Joe, and asked beseechingly for explanation.

Joe washed on in sullen silence.

WHEN Tim got home, Thomas was in his play pen. He was lying on his back, talking to himself, holding one foot in both hands. Tim said, "Hi." He poked Thomas in the stomach with his forefinger. Thomas laughed. Tim laughed. "Good, huh?" Tim said. He poked again. Thomas roared with laughter at the enormity of the joke; he rolled on his back and shouted with glee.

Tim went out into the pantry. He made two highballs and carried them to the bedroom. Lucas was at her dressing table. "The son and heir is in a good mood," Tim said. He sat down on the edge of his bed and sipped at his drink. "For young Thomas, the world is a fine place." He paused there. "Maybe he has something."

Lucas brushed her hair in silence.

Tim watched her. "I said that maybe he has something, maybe the world is—"

"I heard you."

"Oh," Tim said. "Well, maybe the world isn't a fine place. I'll subscribe to either theory. I'm easy to get along with. Where're the kids? I looked when I came in, but I didn't see them."

"Joe is sulking somewhere, I suppose."

"Sulking?"

Lucas turned on the bench. She faced him. "I had his claws clipped."

Tim stared at her. "You what?"

She told him the story. "Go look for yourself," she said. "Go look at Thomas' arm. Your son."

"I can't believe it," Tim said. He saw the expression on Lucas' face. He shook his head. "That wasn't exactly what I meant." He wondered what he had meant. "I mean—" he said.

"I warned you. A baby and a cat, particularly a cat like Joe."

"Well," Tim said. He stared into his drink. "Look, Joe wouldn't—"

"Tim McCoy! " Lucas said. She faced him, stiff and straight, a little spot of anger high on each cheek.

"I'll go talk to him," Tim said.

He went out into the yard. He called and waited. He called again. He walked around the yard, past the pool, past the playhouse, past the garage and the tool shed. He returned to the back door and found Vincent there waiting, huddled dejectedly, his small arms clasping his knees. Tim held down his arm. Vincent climbed it slowly, hand over hand. He perched upon Tim's shoulder and wrapped his tail and one arm around Tim's neck, pressed himself close. He whimpered gently. "It's like that, is it?" Tim said. "I was afraid it might be." He called once more. There was no answer. He went inside.

COOK was at the sink. She was humming a brisk little tune well off key. "Have you seen Joe?" Tim said.

"No," Cook said, "I can't say that I have." The humming resumed for a moment or two, filling the kitchen with its happy sound. "If you ask me—" Cook began.

"I didn't," Tim said, and his voice was sharp, which was unusual with him. Cook was silent.

Tim made himself another drink. He went into the living room, Vincent still clinging to his shoulder. Lucas came down the hall. "I suppose," Lucas said, "that Joe denied it, and—"

"I couldn't find him. He's hiding, or he's gone."

"Nonsense," Lucas said.

Vincent stood up, anchored his tail firmly around Tim's neck. He spread wide his arms. He orated at length, gesturing to make his point. Then he sat down and huddled against Tim's cheek. "He's right, you know," Tim said. "Joe's pride is hurt."

"Ridiculous," Lucas said. Her anger was returning; the sensation was unpleasant. "It's only his claws—it isn't as if—"

"Only his claws," Tim said. He sat down in his chair. He crossed his legs. He scrounged down a little, and then he sat up quickly. "Damn!" he said, and he rubbed his leg, bent and pulled up his trousers. There was a long, angry scratch on his calf. He looked at it. He looked up at Lucas. He fumbled at the skirt of the chair, and came up with an upholsterer's tack between his fingers. He looked at Lucas again. He said nothing.

"If you're trying to imply," Lucas said, "that it was that tack and not Joe—"

"Let's go compare wounds," Tim said. "mine and Thomas'."

"Well—" Lucas said, and she was looking at Tim's leg again, and the proof was plain. "I—" She was breathing hard, and her lips were tight, angry. "How was I to know?" she demanded.

"Only his claws," Tim said.

"All right!" Lucas said. "At least, if he stays away we'll have a little peace. It will be a house instead of a—a menagerie!"

"Maybe," Tim said, thereby prophesying more truly than he knew, "maybe you won't like it."

"That will be a day," Lucas said. . . .

Dinner that night was a strained, quiet affair. Cook, humming with unmelodious enthusiasm, was the one carefree note in the household. To Cook, the world was a very fine place indeed.

And after dinner, Tim called long and

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vainly for Joe. And in the cold morning he delayed his departure for town for almost an hour while he called and searched, without results. "Dammit all, Lucas—" he began.

"Obviously that cat means more to you than your son does, than I do," Lucas said, thereby setting the discussion upon ground of her own choosing. It was a technique with which Tim was familiar.

"Good-by," Tim said. He clapped his hat upon his head. "I'll be back when I get here."

"Naturally," Lucas said. And Cook's voice, raised in song, drifted in from the kitchen. Tim fled.

IN THE house, the morning routine began. Cook labored in the kitchen, cleaning up after the breakfast, preparing for lunch. Lucas wrote letters in her bedroom. Miss Henderson, back in the nursery, got organized for Thomas' bath. Vincent prowled restlessly, seeking companionship.

Cook drove him from the kitchen with a broom. Lucas closed the bedroom door. Vincent invaded the nursery, assisted Miss Henderson with Thomas' bath, upset a box of safety pins, fell into the bathinette and eventually fled in triumph with the soap. For this he was banished from the house, to wander around like a small lost soul in exile.

A little before eleven o'clock, the sun broke through the clouds, and Miss Henderson, seizing the opportunity, piled warm clothes upon young Thomas and took him outside. And there, on the grass beside the pool, Lucas came to join her.

Vincent sat on the lawn in front of the house. Vincent's ennui had reached the bursting point; his small agile mind demanded excitement. He waited, and in the end, of course, his reward appeared in the shape of a medium-sized dog of nondescript breeding who trotted by in the brisk fashion of a man bent upon an errand.

Vincent rose to his feet. He spoke aloud in his high squeaky voice. He waved his arms. He jumped up and down. His comments were pointed and not for a moment to be endured. The dog postponed his errand and came across the lawn in a rush. Vincent headed for the rear of the house, tossing further gibes over his shoulder.

He reached the first small tree a yard or two ahead of the dog. He sprang and swarmed up through the branches, maintaining his speed with ease. He reappeared on the far side of the tree, ran out along a branch to its very tip, jumped to the ground and rushed on, chattering gleefully, trailing taunts and insults behind him. The dog put on more speed.

Around the house they went, past the back porch, past the study window. One more turn, and Vincent disappeared like smoke amidst the vines of the trellis. The dog, baffled, raced on.

Miss Henderson saw him first. She pointed and she made a small, inarticulate sound, and then she squealed.

"Oh!" Lucas said. "Get out! Shoo! Scat!" She waved her arms. And Thomas, hearing the commotion, opened his mouth and began to roar.

The dog whizzed past them, growling. He made one complete round of the pool. He headed for them again.

"Mad dog!" Miss Henderson cried. Thomas roared on stoutly. Lucas jumped in front of the carriage. "Go away!" she cried. She waved her arms anew. The dog ducked past the carriage and headed for the house, where Vincent, forsaking the trellis, had appeared in plain view upon the low porch roof.

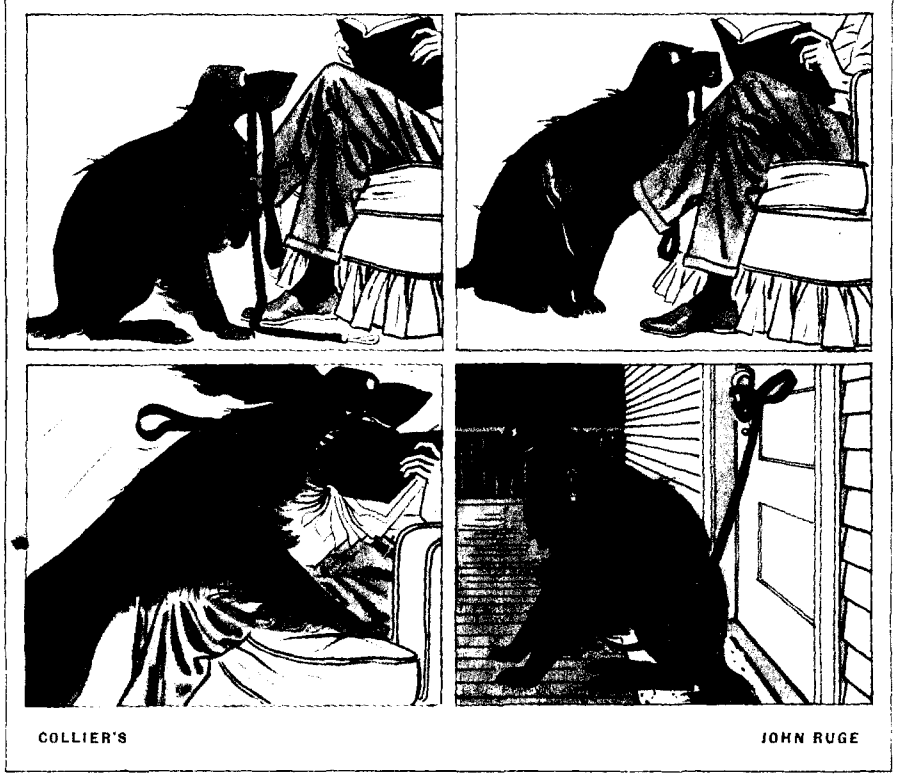
And then came Cook, large and warlike, brandishing a broom, uttering cries of defiance. And Lucas found a stick and moved forward to the attack; between them, they created sufficient diversion to allow Miss Henderson to snatch Thomas and rush into the house. Then Cook and Lucas beat their retreat, and locked the door securely. Vincent continued to jump up and down on the roof, shouting his insults, flinging down small twigs and bits of vine as further torment, pretending every now and again to slip and fall, but never quite doing it. It was a long time before the dog went away.

TIM listened with interest that night to Lucas' account of the event. He sat on his bed and looked into his highball. "And no Joe to repel the invader," he said. "Too bad." He raised his head and looked at Lucas, and his eyes were without guile. He had spent a fair share of the day pondering the matter of Joe's disappearance, putting himself, as it were, in Joe's position, asking himself what he would have done had he been a large, prideful, active male cat suddenly declawed. He thought he knew the answer and he was no longer as worried as he might have been. "Too bad," he said again. "Joe would have run the rascal out as soon as he dared to show his nose."

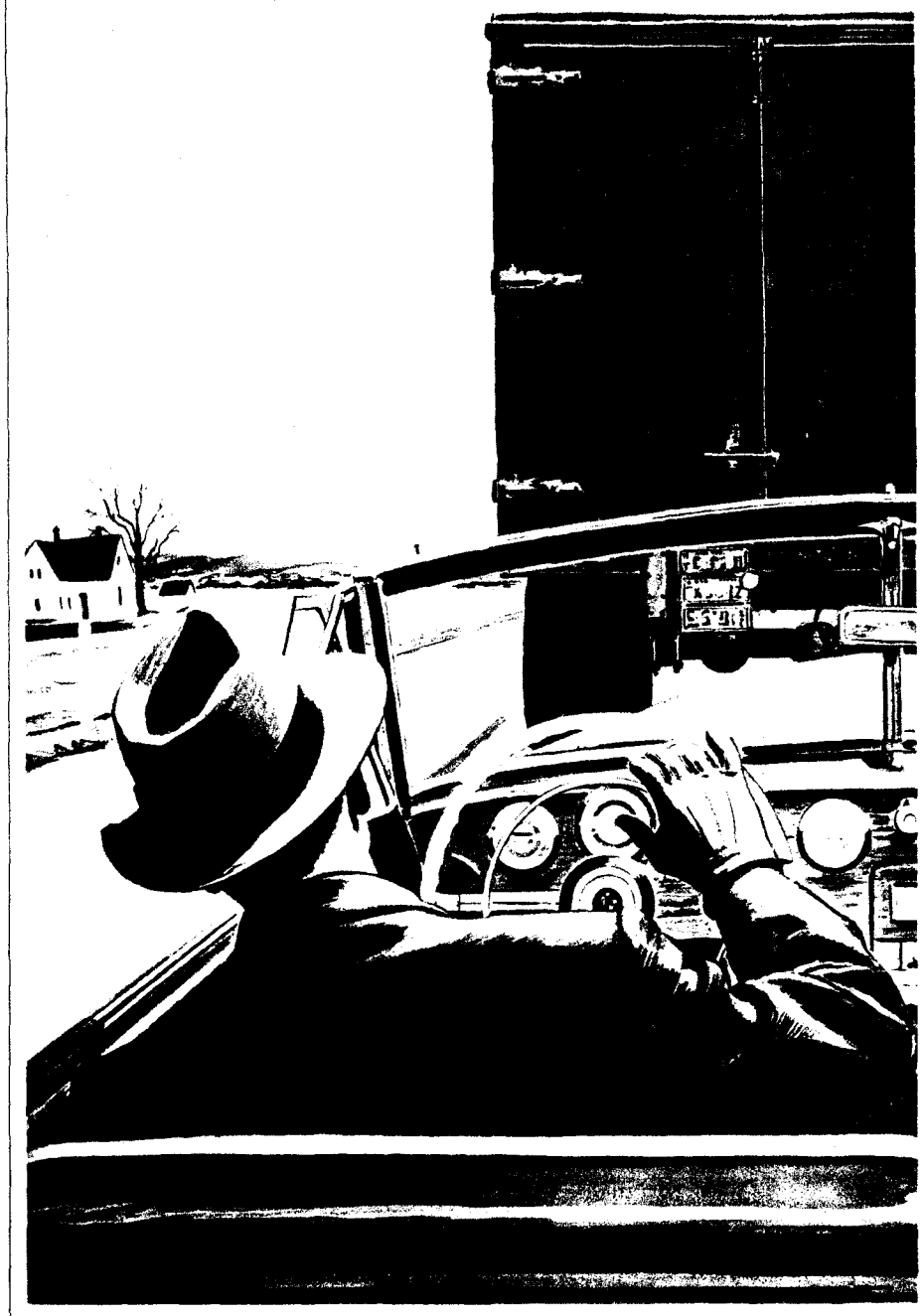
"Sometimes," Lucas said, "sometimes, Tim McCoy—"

"And now, if you'll excuse me," Tim said,

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



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"I'm going to make myself another drink. You?"

"No," Lucas said. . . .

That night, after Cook had gone to her little house, after Lucas herself was getting ready for bed, Tim went out again to the kitchen, carrying Vincent on his shoulder. "The way I figure it," Tim said, "our friend feels he's been insulted. And he's sulking." He had milk already in a pan, and he put it on a low flame, got out a bowl and the bottle of dark rum.

"But he's pretty set in his ways," he went on, "and though I don't think for a minute that he'd starve if he were completely on his own, I do sort of think that rum might be a little hard to come by."

Vincent pressed hard against Tim's cheek, and chattered softly in his excitement. He watched Tim pour out the milk, add the rum. "And I don't think," Tim said, "that he'll cut off his nose to spite his face. He'll hide out for a while and then come back when he thinks the time is ripe. What do you think?"

Vincent squeaked. He bounced a little on Tim's shoulder. He squeaked again.

"Exactly," Tim said. "We'll put this out and see whether we're right." He put the bowl outside on the back porch. He looked up. He went into the bedroom and began to undress.

Lucas said, "I suppose you were having another drink. Or two. Or three."

"M'mm," said Tim. "Good night, my dear." . . .

In the morning, the bowl was empty. Tim went off to town with a smile on his face, and in his mind. This was Wednesday, and the day passed without incident.

Thursday morning the bowl was again empty. And Thursday afternoon, Vincent disappeared for a time, returned just before dusk with a few wild burrs clinging to his fur, and a treasure, in the form of a large, active grasshopper, clutched in his small hands. He set it upon the kitchen floor and prodded it with one finger. The thing took off with alacrity, and Cook's roars reverberated from the walls. Vincent, apparently satisfied, fled into the living room, swarmed up the curtains and disappeared behind the valance, where he curled up into a small furry ball and went to sleep.

Friday morning, Cook opened the cupboard where the crackers and dry cereals were kept, and a small mouse climbed out of the corn flakes and sat there looking at her. Cook swung with a towel, and missed, succeeding only in upsetting two boxes of cereal. The mouse disappeared. Cook emptied the cupboard and scoured it thoroughly and made sure, during the day, that it was kept tightly closed. She said nothing of the incident.

IT WAS on Saturday that the rat appeared. It is probable, although by no means certain, that he came up from the cellar. Cook, going below for a fresh supply of jam for breakfast, did leave the cellar door ajar, a thing that could happen to anyone. And for a period of ten or fifteen minutes thereafter, she was busy in the dining room, setting up the table. When she returned to the kitchen, her first act was to shut and bolt the cellar door. It was then, as she headed for the sink, that she discovered the rat.

He was a large rat, in the prime of life, plump, sleek and well-groomed. He was beneath the stove, sitting up, facing Cook, his nose raised high and his long twin teeth showing plainly. His attitude was not friendly. He squeaked, a savage, warlike sound.

"Well!" Cook said. "Well! In my kitchen!" There may even have been a fleeting notion in Cook's mind that this supreme insult was Vincent's doing. Like the grasshopper. She went to the broom closet, armed herself appropriately and returned to do battle. The rat was gone.

Cook wasted no time in search. She leaned the broom in the corner, close at hand and she returned to her task of squeezing orange juice. She muttered to herself as she worked. "Sitting there," she said, "big and bold as you please! And waving his whiskers at me! In my own kitchen!" She slashed viciously through an orange. "What next?" she demanded. She drove the juicer until it whined.

Tim and Lucas came in to breakfast. "You're going to play golf?" Lucas said.

"It was in my mind." He sipped at his fruit juice. He looked out of the window. "If it doesn't rain."

"It would be nice," Lucas said, "if just one Saturday you stayed home, with your family." She hated the role of nagging wife, and she wondered why she adopted it, why it had been necessary these last few days that she try to put Tim in the wrong in all matters. She knew the answer, actually, and the knowledge itself was not pleasant: it was Joe, of course, and a sense of guilt at what she had done. *Damn Joe!*

"Where do you suppose he is?" she said.

"Who?"

"Joe, of course."

Tim buried his smile in his coffee cup. When he came up again, his face was grave. "Why, I wouldn't know. Trying to grow new claws, I suppose."

"Don't be funny," Lucas said. She picked at a piece of toast. "Do you think he's found a new home?"

"Might," Tim said. "Would you care?"

"Certainly not." She was silent for a moment, searching for words, feeling that explanation was required. "I—I just wondered."

Tim let it go. "I think it *is* going to rain," he said. "Maybe I'll stay home." He looked sideways at her. "With my family."

"And be underfoot all day," Lucas said. "We have work to do, and—" She saw him grinning at her, a broad, amused grin. It annoyed her. "Oh, damn you!" she said. "Sometimes you're impossible, Tim."

Tim busied himself with his breakfast. "M'm'm! Good jam. Cook make it?"

"Never mind," Lucas said.

AFTER breakfast, Tim settled in the library with a third cup of coffee and all of the morning paper. He studied the sports section, reading the golf news a little wistfully. He looked out of the window and saw the rain beginning, and that brought his mind back to Joe, who detested rain.

He put down the paper and got out of his chair. Joe was around somewhere; that much he knew; he wondered precisely where. Maybe if he opened a window in the playhouse Joe could take refuge there; assuming, of course, that Joe was not yet ready to return to the bosom of the family. He went to the hall closet and got a raincoat. He went out the back way, and across the yard.

He passed within fifteen feet of Joe, who was crouched unseen in the shrubbery, eying the open library window and weighing pride against discomfort, dignity against wet fur. It was a difficult decision.

Back in the nursery, Thomas, stripped to the buff, was undergoing his bath at the hands of Lucas and Miss Henderson. Thomas was gurgling happily and splashing with his hands and laughing in his mother's face. It was a scene of domestic tranquillity.

It was Cook, who, indirectly, began it all. She left the dining-room door open while she cleared away the breakfast things; Vincent chose his moment when Cook's back was turned, and romped into the kitchen and up onto the table. There he found jam and an old piece of toast and the sugar pot and all manner of other delicacies. He set to with vigor. Cook, returning, found him with jam clear to his elbows. She put down her load, seized the broom and gave chase.

Two turns they took around the kitchen, gathering speed. And then Vincent banked off the table edge, seized the toast in passing, and headed for the library, Cook in close pursuit. Neither of them saw the rat, thoroughly alarmed by the noise and confusion and determined to find a more peaceful spot, emerge from beneath one of the cabinets and scuttle through the doorway, where he paused, looking this way and that for shelter.

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Vincent made the library a jump or so ahead of Cook. He saw the open window. Still clutching his toast, he put on a sudden burst of three-legged speed, took off almost from mid-room, and landed on the sill, paused there, chattering furiously. Cook advanced, broom raised, and there she stopped, and stared. "Oh, my God!" she said. She lowered the broom.

Joe had appeared, from nowhere. He crouched beside Vincent, watching her. He spoke once, in a peremptory voice. He spoke once again, commanding Cook to stand clear. Then he dropped into the room, shook his wet fur and stalked past her in dignified silence. Vincent, forgotten, nibbled on his toast.

"Well," Cook said. "As if you hadn't been away at all! The nerve!"

Joe ignored her. He continued his slow pacing, the lord and master surveying his domain, ignoring the comments of the peasantry. Through the doorway he went, and into the dining room, and there he stopped, his whiskers twinking, his eyes suddenly opaque and his shoulders tense. The rat hesitated only a moment, and then turned and fled, running blindly. Joe dug out from a standing start, scrambling hard for traction on the polished floor.

"Oh!" Cook said. "Oh!" She brought up the rear, galloping hard, broom in hand.

Tim, coming in the back door, heard the commotion, and wondered at it briefly while he took off his damp raincoat. And then he heard Lucas' scream, and the lower-pitched tones of Miss Henderson in full cry, and Thomas' sudden, frightened squall. Tim dropped his coat and went through the house at a run.

The scene in the nursery was played to a packed house. There was Lucas, clutching a wet, naked and thoroughly aroused Thomas to her bosom; Miss Henderson, her skirts high, dancing madly against the wall. Cook, striving for room in which to wield her weapon; and the principals, Joe and the rat, facing each other at close range. And as Tim arrived, Joe sprang, and hooked hard with one great forepaw, and the rat dodged away, snapping as he went.

Joe rushed again, struck left and right, but the blunted claws failed to hold. And the rat struck back and wriggled clear.

"His claws!" Lucas cried. "Oh, Tim, his claws! Help him!"

"Give me the broom!" Tim said.

Miss Henderson kicked high, executing a sort of pirouette. She screamed.

Cook clung to the broom. "I'll get him! Stand back!"

Joe's stub tail jerked angrily, and his growls were a low thunder in the room. The rat made a high, vicious sound, and his long teeth showed plain and clear. And then Joe rushed again, abandoning finesse, going in low in a straight frontal attack, without heed for the consequences. He went in hard and let his momentum carry them both into the corner, and he took his punishment and dealt it out. And for a moment or two, while time seemed to stand still, there was only confusion, and odd, mixed sounds of savagery. And then Joe backed away and licked at his torn nose. His adversary lay motionless.

COOK rushed in then. She struck two hard blows with the broom, but it wasn't really necessary; and Joe looked up at her in reproach.

"Well," Cook said, "I just wanted to make sure."

Joe said nothing. He raised one forepaw and looked at it, flexed it and stared, expressionless, at the blunt claws. Then he began once more to lick at his nose.

Vincent appeared, still sticky with jam, and he moved over to Joe's side, sat down against Joe's shoulder and looked up at the audience. He began to talk, his voice high and shrill and more than a little accusing.

"I know," Tim said. "The guardian is back."

Thomas squirmed a little in Lucas' arms, and stretched out his hand. "Kiee!" he said. "Kiee!"

Joe looked up. He stared at Lucas. Vincent was silent, and he, too, watched. "I—Lucas said. "I guess—" She stopped there. She handed Thomas to Miss Henderson. She bent down and touched Joe's head with a gentle hand. "I'm sorry," she said. Joe's expression indicated that it was nothing—nothing at all, a mere misunderstanding between friends.

Tim was grinning, and a little smile was tugging at the corners of Lucas' mouth. "How would you fellows like a drink?" she said.

Tim said, "Hey, that's my line."

"Well," Lucas said. She straightened up. "It's all in the family, isn't it?"

"Amen," said Cook. THE END

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Proud, productive American citizens who today live and work in the largest cities and the smallest towns across the nation were yesterday, or the day before, harried, hopeless refugees without homes, without friends.

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Through our efforts during the past decade and more, some 300,000 homeless Jewish refugees have been brought to these shores and made into self-sustaining new Americans.

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Danger: Broadway Beauty at Work

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

woman who had dabbled in amateur dramatics and once won a silver cup for doing the cakewalk at a charity ball. Mrs. Fabares was fascinated by show business, and after she had sacrificed her own career as an actress to the demands of raising a family, she decided to work on Nanette. (Mr. and Mrs. Fabares were divorced several years ago. Still on friendly terms, they now live in near-by houses on the same 150-acre farm in Antelope Valley, not far from Los Angeles.)

As a child, Nanette was a doll-like beauty with long golden curls, a winsome face and a cuddly body. At the age of three she had mastered a time-step and could do a fairly respectable tap routine. She won first place in a kiddy contest at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles. The Orpheum booked her for two weeks. That lengthened into 26 weeks.

Mrs. Fabares promoted her little danseuse as "Baby Nanette." That was the era of theatrical babies, when Baby Peggy and Baby Rose Marie were stars. By the time she was four, Baby Nanette was trouping all over California in a Fanchon & Marco unit headed by Ben Turpin.

She picked up the first of many little touches in her repertoire from Turpin. Turpin taught her how to cross her eyes at will. She can cross either the left eye or the right eye.

"It all depends on control of the proper muscle," she explains.

This eagerness to sponge up facets of technique from veterans has marked her career all along. When she was in Let's Face It!, she stood in the wings studying Danny Kaye night after night, taking mental notes and absorbing what he had to teach her. She says she learned using her hands and fingers as instruments of expression from watching Kaye.

From watching Eve Arden she picked up many tricks of facial "gestures."

She learned crisp, clear diction from Ray Bolger. "People are usually so hypnotized by Bolger's pantomime and his wonderful feet they never notice how pure his diction is," Nanette claims.

And in My Dear Public, which starred Willie Howard, she learned from that baggy-pantsed master of timing the most important secret of comedy—timing.

After trooping with Turpin, Baby Nanette played the Keith time in 1926 as a single act. Dressed in a policeman's uniform, she sang Down by the Winegar Woiks. She changed to a party dress and did acrobatic dancing. Then she sang again. The climax of her 14-minute act was a tap routine on a big drum, decorated by a lone eagle.

She wore metal-tipped shoes and the drumhead was stone; and as she tap-tapped on it to the tune of Stars and Stripes Forever, the stage darkened and sparks flew from her little dancing feet.

A Rich Kid in "Our Gang"

In 1927, at the age of six, she made her movie debut as a featured player in the Our Gang comedies. "I don't remember much about them," she says. "I was one of a series of blond kids with curls and we rode around on a fancy pony and were supposed to be rich and stuck up and the bad boys threw rocks at us."

Two years later, her milk teeth fell out and this disaster compelled her to retire from show business. The next eight years was a period of concentrated study of ballet, piano, singing and tap dancing, in addition to the usual public schooling. Nanette entered Hollywood High School in 1933 and was a contemporary of such other Hollywood High immortals as Lana Turner and Alexis Smith. Nanette got the big parts in the high-school plays.

Then came two years of intensive train-

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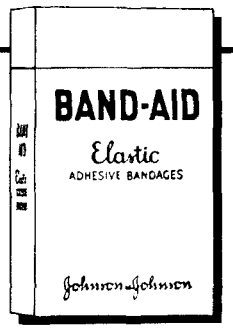

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ing at Max Reinhardt's school of acting. Reinhardt didn't pamper his students. Nanette attended school seven days a week, from 9 A.M. until 9 P.M. She was taught everything—fencing, make-up, history of the theater, improvisation, pantomime, interpretation, playwriting. Each month there was another three-act play to do. Nanette played leads in many of these productions opposite another Reinhardt alumnus who was to make his mark—Robert Ryan.

A talent scout for Warner Brothers saw her in a student production and she was screen-tested and signed to a 26-week contract. She played small supporting roles in A Child Is Born and Elizabeth and Essex. After that her screen career fizzled completely.

While making the rounds looking for work she heard that a group of unemployed young performers was getting together a co-operative revue, Meet the People. She was hired as a chorus girl and to act in a few of the sketches. On opening night, the director suddenly realized that he needed a number to fill in while the scenery was being changed for a full-stage production number behind the first curtain, and he asked Nanette if she could sing, dance or do anything to fill out the pause.

Tears Added to a Verdi Aria

She hadn't sung on a stage for 10 years, but she'd been practicing the Caro Nome aria from Rigoletto with her vocal teacher, so she went out and sang that. She got so panicky when the first notes she quavered were off key that she burst into tears and kept sobbing throughout the entire number. It was a perfect imitation of a nervous coloratura soprano making her debut at Town Hall, and she had to take 17 bows at the Los Angeles *première*. The number, later called Hurdy Gurdy Verdi, was kept in the show, tears and all.

"So that's how I stopped being a dramatic actress and became a musical-comedy singer," she says dryly.

After a year's run in Los Angeles, Meet the People went on tour. Economy was vital because the depression had hit the Fabares family hard; so Mrs. Fabares bought a metal suitcase, in which she stored dishes, silverware, a coffeepot, an electric plate, a griddle and several pots. They did all their cooking in hotel rooms. After a year on the road, the show came to New York. Nanette got average notices.

A year later, she had a minor part in Let's Face It!, singing a duet with Jack Williams—You Irritate Me So. The Broadway mob figured her for a pretty girl with a nebulous personality. Nobody was aware of her potentialities. She was too shy to push herself.

When she auditioned as a replacement for Constance Moore in By Jupiter, composer Richard Rodgers asked her to sing something. Her mind went blank and she just stood there like a statue. So he said, "Well, can you do a number from the show?"

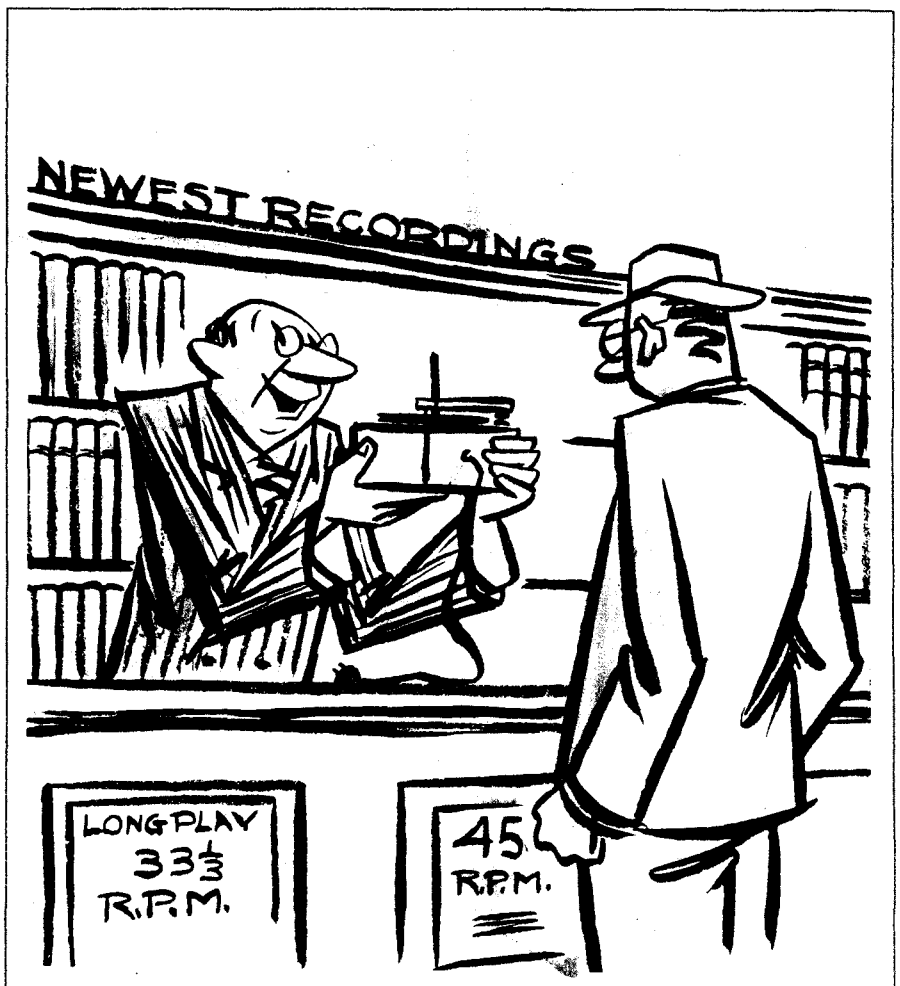
Nanette then sang You're Everything I Love.

Rodgers said, "Let's hear something else."

To save her life, she couldn't remember any other tune, although she knew hundreds. So she sang You're Everything I Love in swing time. Then she did it in opera style, and blues and waltz tempo. When she finished, her eyes filled with tears.

"Honey," Mr. Rodgers said, "that was not only a bad audition—it was the worst I've ever heard. But the part is yours if you want it."

After By Jupiter closed, she was in a couple of flops and finally, by 1944, things were pretty grim. For two years, she lived on her unemployment insurance and the money she earned from a few odd radio assignments. She couldn't get anything in a show—not even a walk-on role, although 1944 and 1945 were exceptionally prosperous years in the Broadway theater.



COLLIER'S

"This model plays at 200 r.p.m. It gets through records you don't like in a hurry"

BURR SHAFER

She auditioned for a dozen musicals and was turned down time after time.

It wasn't until 1946, when Celeste Holm left for Hollywood and Nanette took over the role of Evelina in Bloomer Girl, that Broadway first became aware of her special grace. And when she stepped out on the stage at the *première* of High Button Shoes and invited "Papa" Jack McCauley to dance with her, she was established overnight as an exciting addition to the new generation of musical stars. Then came the stint in Love Life.

Nanette married David Tebet, a successful Broadway press agent, in 1947. They now reside in a luxurious six-room apartment on Manhattan's Central Park West, but their pattern of living is fairly unostentatious. Three of the six rooms, in fact, are still unfurnished. (They took the large apartment because they couldn't find a smaller one.) The living room is barren except for a grand piano, on which Nanette accompanies herself while practicing her songs. The Tebets don't go in for cocktail parties or night clubs. A rugged game of canasta entertains them royally. Twice a week they see movies, catching a midnight show after Nanette's own performance. Mostly, they stay home with Joe. Joe is their black miniature French poodle, given to them by the Louis Calherns, who are among their closest friends.

During vacations, Nanette and Dave motor around the country. Last summer they drove 9,000 miles to Los Angeles, stopping off in Dallas for Nanette to appear in a revival of Bloomer Girl.

Preparing for a New Musical

While they were away, librettist Dorothy Fields telephoned Nanette and said she and her brother Herbert were planning a musical version of The Pursuit of Happiness, a 1933 comedy hit by Armina Marshall and Lawrence Langner, and they wanted to tailor the lead, the role of Jo Kirkland, for her. Would she hold off signing up for any other show? Miss Fabray said she would.

With music by Morton Gould set to Dorothy Fields's lyrics, and dances by Michael Kidd, the show—Arms and the Girl!—began rehearsals on November 28, 1949, under director Rouben Mamoulian.

But Nanette had started working on her part five weeks before the first morning of rehearsal. Besides characterization, she had to master the music. Three afternoons a week she studied with her vocal coach. From twelve to one daily, she and male lead Georges Guetary had a fencing lesson in preparation for the Act I duel. By the time rehearsals began, she had a pretty good idea where she was going. But she was careful *not* to become letter-perfect in her lines.

Her part is lengthy for a musical show—69 "sides." The term sides refers to the half sheets that give an actor his cues and his own speeches. Of the 69 sides she started with, approximately 30 pages were drastically changed during rehearsals. These changes consisted of cuts, revisions and the addition of completely new lines. Two of the original songs were dropped and a new song added. If Miss Fabray had been too "set" in her lines before the show went into rehearsal, she would have lost the flexibility necessary to adjust to the changing dialogue, the additional suggestions made by Mamoulian, and the new music—all of which developed as the show went into its third and fourth weeks of preparation.

"You see what we're up against in musical comedy?" Miss Fabray asks. "I had those 69 sides to learn. Then I had to unlearn 20 of those sides, and learn 20 new sides."

She marks her every on-stage action on her script, using her personal shorthand. XC means "cross to center." RDL—"run down left." RA—"run across."

She sighed. "By the time I get through messing up a part, it looks like I'm trying to figure out the formula for the atomic bomb. But I've got to do it. I've got a terrible memory, even though I've taken just about every memory course ever invented, I guess."

I asked her to list some of the memory experts with whom she studied.

She sighed again. "I can't remember their names," she said. THE END

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Report on the Barnhouse Effect

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

surface in the room was covered with dust; books and apparatus had not been disturbed for months. The professor sat napping at his desk when I entered. The only signs of recent activity were three overflowing ash trays, a pair of scissors, and a morning paper with several items clipped from its front page.

As he raised his head to look at me, I saw that his eyes were clouded with fatigue. "Hi," he said, "just can't seem to get my sleeping done at night." He lighted a cigarette, his hands trembling slightly. "You the young man I'm supposed to help with a thesis?"

"Yes, sir," I said. In minutes he converted my misgivings to alarm.

"You an overseas veteran?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Not much left over there, is there?" He frowned. "Enjoy the last war?"

"No, sir."

"Look like another war to you?"

"Kind of, sir."

"What can be done about it?"

I shrugged. "Looks pretty hopeless."

He peered at me intently. "Know anything about international law, the U.N., and all that?"

"Only what I pick up from the papers."

"Same here," he sighed. He showed me a fat scrapbook, packed with newspaper clippings. "Never used to pay any attention to international politics. Now I study them the way I used to study rats in mazes. Everybody tells me the same thing—'Looks hopeless.'"

"Nothing short of a miracle—" I began.

"Believe in magic?" he asked sharply. The professor fished two dice from his vest pocket. "I will try to roll twos," he said. He rolled twos three times in a row. "One chance in about 47,000 of that happening. There's a miracle for you." He beamed for an instant, then brought the interview to an end, remarking that he had a class which had begun ten minutes ago.

He was not quick to take me into his confidence, and he said no more about his trick with the dice. I assumed they were loaded, and forgot about them. He set me the task of watching male rats cross electrified metal strips to get to food or female rats—an experiment that had been done to everyone's satisfaction in the 1930s. As though the pointlessness of my work were not bad enough, the professor annoyed me further with irrelevant questions. His favorites were: "Think we should have dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima?" and "Think every new piece of scientific information is a good thing for humanity?"

HOWEVER, I did not feel put upon for long. "Give those poor animals a holiday," he said one morning, after I had been with him only a month. "I wish you'd help me look into a more interesting problem—namely, my sanity."

I returned the rats to their cages.

"What you must do is simple," he said, speaking softly. "Watch the inkwell on my desk. If you see nothing happen to it, say so, and I'll go quietly—relieved, I might add—to the nearest sanitarium."

I nodded uncertainly.

He locked the laboratory door and drew the blinds, so that we were in twilight for a moment. "I'm odd, I know," he said. "It's fear of myself that's made me odd."

"I've found you somewhat eccentric, perhaps, but certainly not—"

"If nothing happens to that inkwell, 'crazy as a bedbug' is the only description

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of me that will do," he interrupted, turning on the overhead lights. His eyes narrowed. "To give you an idea of how crazy, I'll tell you what's been running through my mind when I should have been sleeping. I think maybe I can save the world. I think maybe I can make every nation a *have* nation, and do away with war for good. I think maybe I can clear roads through jungles, irrigate deserts, build dams overnight."

"Yes, sir."

"Watch the inkwell!"

Dutifully and fearfully I watched. A high-pitched humming seemed to come from the inkwell; then it began to vibrate alarmingly, and finally to bound about the top of the desk, making two noisy circuits. It stopped, hummed again, glowed red, then popped in splinters with a blue-green flash.

Perhaps my hair stood on end. The professor laughed gently. "Magnets?" I managed to say at last.

"Wish to Heaven it were magnets," he murmured. It was then that he told me of dynamopsychism. He knew only that there was such a force; he could not explain it. "It's me and me alone—and it's awful."

"I'd say it was amazing and wonderful!" I cried.

"If all I could do was make inkwells dance, I'd be tickled silly with the whole business." He shrugged disconsolately. "But I'm no toy, my boy. If you like, we can drive around the neighborhood, and I'll show you what I mean." He told me about pulverized boulders, shattered oaks and abandoned farm buildings demolished within a fifty-mile radius of the campus. "Did every bit of it sitting right here, just thinking—not even thinking hard."

He scratched his head nervously. "I have never dared to concentrate as hard as I can for fear of the damage I might do. I'm to the point where a mere whim is a blockbuster." There was a depressing pause. "Up until a few days ago, I've thought it best to keep my secret for fear of what use it might be put to," he continued. "Now I realize that I haven't any more right to it than a man has a right to own an atomic bomb."

He fumbled through a heap of papers. "This says about all that needs to be said, I think." He handed me a draft of a letter to the Secretary of State.

Dear Sir:

I have discovered a new force which costs nothing to use, and which is probably more important than atomic energy. I should like to see it used most effectively in the cause of peace, and am, therefore, requesting your advice as to how this might best be done.

Yours truly,
A. Barnhouse.

"I have no idea what will happen next," said the professor.

THERE followed three months of perpetual nightmare, wherein the nation's political and military great came at all hours to watch the professor's tricks with fascination.

We were quartered in an old mansion near Charlottesville, Virginia, to which we had been whisked five days after the letter was mailed. Surrounded by barbed wire and twenty guards, we were labeled "Project Wishing Well," and were classified as Top Secret.

For companionship we had General Honus Barker and the State Department's William K. Cuthrell. For the professor's talk of peace-through-plenty they had indulgent smiles and much discourse on practical measures and realistic thinking. So treated, the professor, who had at first been almost meek, progressed in a matter of weeks toward stubbornness.

He had agreed to reveal the thought train by means of which he aligned his mind into a dynamopsychic transmitter. But, under Cuthrell's and Barker's nagging to do so, he began to hedge. At first he declared that the information could be passed on simply by word of mouth. Later he said that it would have to be written up in a long report. Finally, at dinner one night, just after General Barker had read the secret orders for Operation Brainstorm, the professor announced, "The report may take as long as five years to write." He looked fiercely at the general. "Maybe twenty."

The dismay occasioned by this flat announcement was offset somewhat by the exciting anticipation of Operation Brainstorm. The general was in a holiday mood. "The target ships are on their way to the Caroline Islands at this very moment," he declared ecstatically. "One hundred and twenty of them! At the same time, ten V-2s are being readied for firing in New Mexico, and fifty radio-controlled jet bombers are being equipped for a mock attack on the Aleutians. Just think of it!" Happily he reviewed his orders. "At exactly 1100 hours next Wednesday, I will give you the order to *concentrate;* and you, Professor, will think as hard as you can about sinking the target ships, destroying the V-2s before they hit the ground, and knocking down the bombers before they reach the Aleutians! Think you can handle it?"

The professor turned gray and closed his eyes. "As I told you before, my friend, I don't know what I can do." He added bitterly, "As for this Operation Brainstorm, I was never consulted about it, and it strikes me as childish and insanely expensive."

General Barker bridled. "Sir," he said, "your field is psychology, and I wouldn't presume to give you advice in that field. Mine is national defense. I have had thirty years of experience and success, Professor, and I'll ask you not to criticize my judgment."

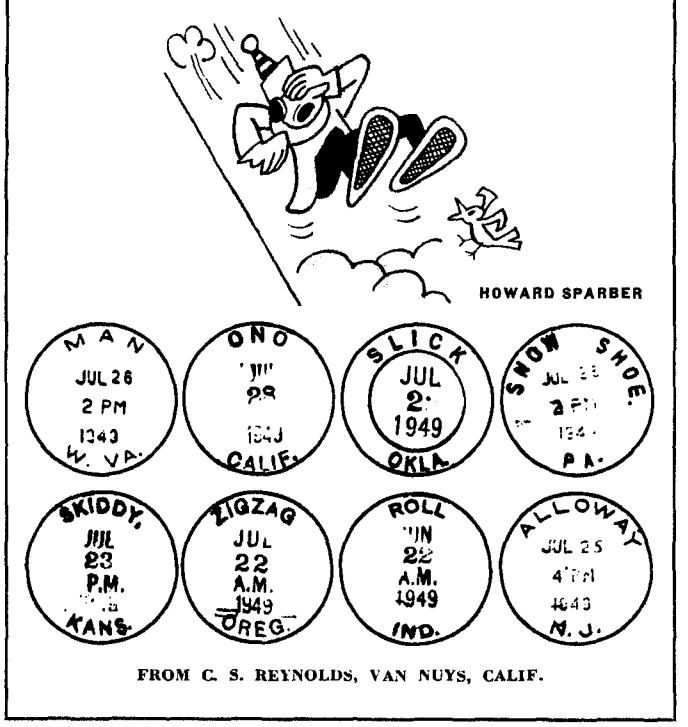
The professor appealed to Mr. Cuthrell. "Look," he pleaded, "isn't it war and military matters we're all trying to get rid of? Wouldn't it be a whole lot more significant and lots cheaper for me to try moving cloud masses into drought areas, and things like that? I admit I know next to nothing about international politics, but it seems reasonable to suppose that nobody would want to fight wars if there were enough of everything to go around. Mr. Cuthrell, I'd like to try running generators where there isn't any coal or water power, irrigating deserts, and so on. Why, you could figure out what each country needs to make the most of its resources, and I could give it to them without costing American taxpayers a penny."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom," said the general heavily.

Mr. Cuthrell threw the general a look of mild distaste. "Unfortunately, the general is right in his own way," he said. "I wish to Heaven the world were ready for ideals like yours, but it simply isn't. We aren't surrounded by brothers, but by enemies. It isn't a lack of food or resources that has us on the brink of war—it's a struggle for power. Who's going to be in charge of the world, our kind of people or theirs?"

The professor nodded in reluctant agreement and arose from the table. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. You are, after all, better qualified to judge what is best for the country. I'll do whatever you say." He turned to me. "Don't forget to wind the clock and put the confidential cat out," he said gloomily, and ascended the stairs to his bedroom.

Picture Postmarks



FROM C. S. REYNOLDS, VAN NUYS, CALIF.

FOR reasons of national security, Operation Brainstorm was carried on without the knowledge of the American citizenry which was footing the bill. The observers, technicians and military men involved in the activity knew that a test was under way—a test of what, they had no idea. Only thirty-seven keymen, myself included, knew what was afoot.

In Virginia, the day for Operation Brainstorm was unseasonably cool. Inside, a log fire crackled in the fireplace, and the flames were reflected in the polished metal cabinets that lined the living room. All that remained of the room's lovely old furniture was a Victorian love seat, set squarely in the center of the floor, facing three television receivers. One long bench had been brought in for the ten of us privileged to watch. The television screens showed, from left to right, the stretch of desert which was the rocket target, the guinea-pig fleet, and a section of the Aleutian sky through which the radio-controlled bomber formation would roar.

Ninety minutes before H hour the radios announced that the rockets were ready, that the observation ships had backed away to what was thought to be a safe distance, and that the bombers were on their way. The small Virginia audience lined up on the bench in order of rank, smoked a great deal, and said little. Professor Barnhouse was in his bedroom. General Barker bustled about the house like a woman preparing Thanksgiving dinner for twenty.

At ten minutes before H hour the general came in, shepherding the professor before him. The professor was comfortably attired in sneakers, gray flannels, a blue sweater and a white shirt open at the neck. The two of them sat side by side on the love seat. The general was rigid and perspiring; the professor was cheerful. He looked at each of the screens, lighted a cigarette and settled back, comfortable and cool.

"Bombers sighted!" cried the Aleutian observers.

"Rockets away!" barked the New Mexico radio operator.

All of us looked quickly at the big electric clock over the mantel, while the professor, a half-smile on his face, continued to watch the television sets. In hollow tones, the general counted away the seconds remaining. "Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . *Concentrate!*"

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Professor Barnhouse closed his eyes, pursed his lips, and stroked his temples. He held the position for a minute. The television images were scrambled, and the radio signals were drowned in the din of Barnhouse static. The professor sighed, opened his eyes and smiled confidently.

"Did you give it everything you had?" asked the general dubiously.

"I was wide open," the professor replied.

The television images pulled themselves together, and mingled cries of amazement came over the radios tuned to the observers. The Aleutian sky was streaked with the smoke trails of bombers screaming down in flames. Simultaneously, there appeared high over the rocket target a cluster of white puffs, followed by faint thunder.

General Barker shook his head happily. "By George!" he crowed. "Well, sir, by George, by George, by George!"

"Look!" shouted the admiral seated next to me. "The fleet—it wasn't touched!"

"The guns seem to be drooping," said Mr. Cuthrell.

We left the bench and clustered about the television sets to examine the damage more closely. What Mr. Cuthrell had said was true. The ships' guns curved downward, their muzzles resting on the steel decks. We in Virginia were making such a hullabaloo that it was impossible to hear the radio reports. We were so engrossed, in fact, that we didn't miss the professor until two short snarls of Barnhouse static shocked us into sudden silence. The radios went dead.

We looked around apprehensively. The professor was gone. A harassed guard threw open the front door from the outside to yell that the professor had escaped. He brandished his pistol in the direction of the gates, which hung open, limp and twisted. In the distance, a speeding government station wagon topped a ridge and dropped from sight into the valley beyond. The air was filled with choking smoke, for every vehicle on the grounds was ablaze. Pursuit was impossible.

"What in God's name got into him?" bellowed the general.

Mr. Cuthrell, who had rushed out onto the front porch, now slouched back into the room, reading a penciled note as he came. He thrust the note into my hands. "The good man left this billet-doux under the door knocker. Perhaps our young friend here will be kind enough to read it to you gentlemen, while I take a restful walk through the woods."

"Gentlemen," I read aloud, *"As the first superweapon with a conscience, I am removing myself from your national defense stockpile. Setting a new precedent in the behavior of ordnance, I have humane reasons for going off. A. Barnhouse."*

SINCE that day, of course, the professor has been systematically destroying the world's armaments, until there is now little with which to equip an army other than rocks and sharp sticks. His activities haven't exactly resulted in peace, but have, rather, precipitated a bloodless and entertaining sort of war that might be called the "War of the Tattletales." Every nation is flooded with enemy agents whose sole mission is to locate military equipment, which is promptly wrecked when it is brought to the professor's attention in the press.

Just as every day brings news of more armaments pulverized by dynamopsychism, so has it brought rumors of the professor's whereabouts. During last week alone, three publications carried articles proving variously that he was hiding in an Inca ruin in the Andes, in the sewers of Paris, and in the unexplored lower chambers of Carlsbad Caverns. Knowing the man, I am inclined to regard such hiding places as unnecessarily romantic and uncomfortable. While there are numerous persons eager to kill him, there must be millions who would care for him and hide him. I like to think that he is in the home of such a person.

One thing is certain: At this writing, Professor Barnhouse is not dead. Barnhouse static jammed broadcasts not ten minutes ago. In the eighteen months since his disappearance, he has been reported dead some half-dozen times. Each report has stemmed from the death of an unidentified man resembling the professor, during a period free of the static. The first three reports were followed at once by renewed talk of rearmament and recourse to war. The saber rattlers have learned how imprudent premature celebrations of the professor's demise can be.

Many a stouthearted patriot has found himself prone in the tangled bunting and timbers of a smashed reviewing stand, seconds after having announced that the archtyranny of Barnhouse was at an end. But those who would make war if they could, in every country in the world, wait in sullen silence for what must come—the passing of Professor Barnhouse.

TO ASK how much longer the professor will live is to ask how much longer we must wait for the blessings of another world war. He is of short-lived stock: his mother lived to be fifty-three, his father to be forty-nine; and the life-spans of his grandparents on both sides were of the same order. He might be expected to live, then, for perhaps fifteen years more, if he can remain hidden from his enemies. When one considers the number and vigor of these enemies, however, fifteen years seems an extraordinary length of time, which might better be revised to fifteen days, hours or minutes.

The professor knows that he cannot live much longer. I say this because of the message left in my mailbox on Christmas Eve. Unsigned, typewritten on a soiled scrap of paper, the note consisted of ten sentences. The first nine of these, each a bewildering tangle of psychological jargon and references to obscure texts, made no sense to me at first reading. The tenth, unlike the rest, was simply constructed and contained no large words—but its irrational content made it the most puzzling and bizarre sentence of all. I nearly threw the note away, thinking it a colleague's warped notion of a practical joke. For some reason, though, I added it to the clutter on top of my desk, which included, among other mementos, the professor's dice.

It took me several weeks to realize that the message really meant something, that the first nine sentences, when unsnarled, could be taken as instructions. The tenth still told me nothing. It was only last night that I discovered how it fitted in with the rest. The sentence appeared in my thoughts last night, while I was toying absently with the professor's dice.

I promised to have this report on its way to the publishers today. In view of what has happened, I am obliged to break that promise, or release the report incomplete. The delay will not be a long one, for one of the few blessings accorded a bachelor like myself is the ability to move quickly from one abode to another, or from one way of life to another. What property I want to take with me can be packed in a few hours. Fortunately, I am not without substantial private means, which may take as long as a week to realize in liquid and anonymous form. When this is done, I shall mail the report.

I have just returned from a visit to my doctor, who tells me my health is excellent. I am young, and, with any luck at all, I shall live to a ripe old age indeed, for my family on both sides is noted for longevity.

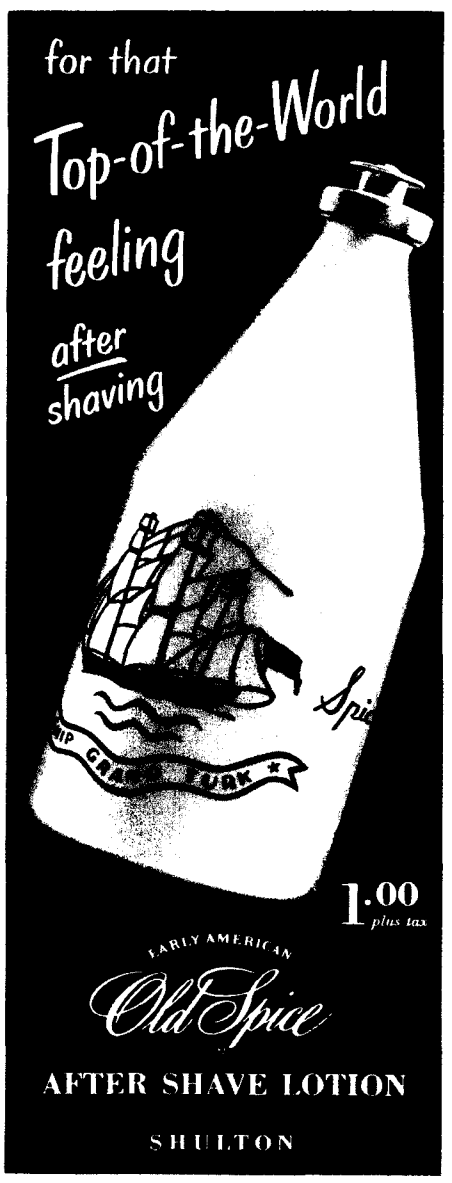
Briefly, I propose to vanish.

Sooner or later, Professor Barnhouse must die. But long before then I shall be ready. So, to the saber rattlers of today—and even, I hope, of tomorrow—I say: Be advised. Barnhouse will die. But not the Barnhouse Effect.

Last night, I tried once more to follow the oblique instructions on the scrap of paper. I took the professor's dice, and then, with the last, nightmarish sentence flitting through my mind, I rolled fifty consecutive sevens.

Good-by.

THE END



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A Wedding Is A Beginning

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

writing. All her delicacy and awareness, all the light and color of her make-up, came through in writing and, before Philip, she always sent nice, long, funny letters. At last we noticed that her letters were thin and carefully worded.

And then, finally, drama! Not on Pat's part. On Philip's. That cold-eyed, northern-style German professor, the Herr Professor Doktor himself, the one who went on research trips to Norway and left Pat at home to tutor summer students, the one who went to Christmas meetings in New York, at the Waldorf, and wouldn't let Pat come home to the family, but left her alone in *their flat, well, that same one now wanted* to marry someone else! The widow of one of the members of the board, by a coincidence. He was in love just like in opera. Pat had never suited him, he claimed now. He had been trapped in a miserable marriage, loyal as long as he could stand it, to the dull country girl who held him back from his rightful place in academic circles. Now he must be free.

"Philip wants a divorce," Pat wrote home.

Nobody claps hands over a divorce, even a wanted one or a needed one, even when there are no children, but it seemed that even Mama sensed a relief so great, in Pat's simple words, that it made her cry.

"I consider it a great blessing," she sobbed. "Patricia's well out of it." And she wrote Pat to come home, at least until she was settled in her mind about what she wanted to do.

Pat didn't come home. She stayed where she was until the divorce was over. Philip had almost talked her into letting him do the divorcing, because, he'd said, it would be bad for his academic standing if his wife were to accuse him of anything. But the whole town knew about the widow, and some friend talked Philip into realizing it couldn't be done, not really, not this time. nearly time."

Then Pat quietly disappeared. Literally. She packed up and went somewhere else, and none of us heard anything from her for a year, after one letter telling us not to worry about her, that she was all right. That was why I didn't like not being able to find her today.

BUT I did find Hugh. He was standing, pale and quiet, on the upper landing, but rather oddly mottled by the light that fell on him through the amber, red, amethyst and blue panes of glass, set in around the clear middle glass of the window.

"I'm Louise, Pat's younger sister," I said. "*The one who lives outside Philadelphia.*" I went up the stairs toward him.

"I've come to tell you—" I began, and had to laugh. "It isn't you," I explained. "I was just remembering, from being back in the old house, and weddings do that to you, too. When we wanted not to be bothered with lady callers or choir practice, we turned invisible. We put on our cloaks of darkness and disappeared, right where we were. That's why I laughed."

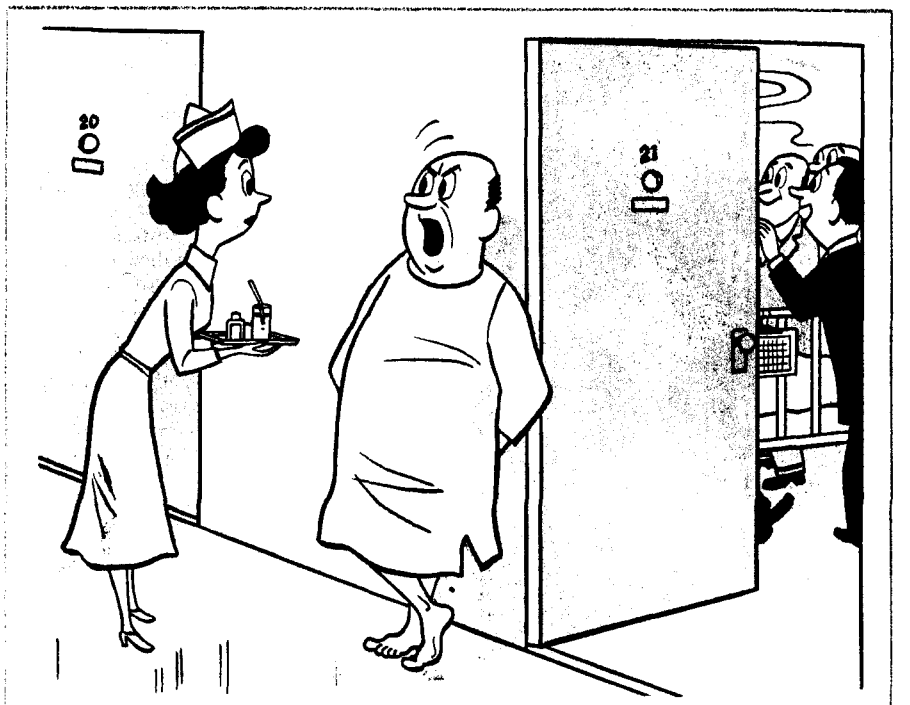
"You mean, I've disappeared again," he said. "Your mother is worried."

"Yes," I said. I looked at him and smiled, and he smiled back, and somehow it was very touching. He knew more than I had expected. He had feelings of his own, and they included regrets and dismays without which no step forward, even into a warm, bright place, can be taken. He was not ashamed of his feelings and he had come to be alone with them.

"It's all right," he said.

"Where's Pat?" I asked. So great was my relief on meeting Hugh, I was now sure he could tell me where my sister was.

"She was here a minute ago," he said, smiling. "I'll go downstairs now, so your mother won't have me on her mind. It's



"There's such a mob in there visiting me, I had to come out for a breath of fresh air!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

I suppose I was nervous myself. I had that feeling of having been here before, of nothing being new and happening for the first time, and I felt this was all very awkward, for Hugh, for Pat, for everyone else. I regretted as tactless a second wedding's being held where the first one had taken place.

When I couldn't find Pat in any of the upstairs rooms, I went down to talk to Dad. He was in the study. It has a marble fireplace, and books that look like replicas in stone, and sometimes Dad lies sleeping, in effigy, on a long black leather sofa. The soft-leaved vines of spring tapped against the tall windows, but I remembered, and it seemed I actually heard, the crisp, autumnal sounds those vines had made the day of Pat's first wedding.

"Pat ought to have had this wedding somewhere else," I said.

Dad said, "Why? All you girls were married at home. I think it's pleasant."

"Yes, but this is different," I said.

Dad nodded, as if pleased I saw that much. I think he considers me the dull one. Obviously, he did not share my misgivings.

I gave up, then, and gave in. Pat was wherever she was. I mingled. I talked to old ladies, who made me feel rather good, as a matter of fact, because to them I still seemed so young, the harum-scarum daughter of their nice minister. I looked at wedding presents and helped with coats and answered the telephone and made myself useful, growing more anxious all the time. Pat might never be able to part with being alone. I could feel my heart beat jerkily. People I asked said, oh, yes, they had seen Pat somewhere, but something in their tone made me feel they were lying, trying, somehow, to guard and shelter her. I wanted to see her before it was too late. I knew my eyes would not deceive me. One look at my Pat would tell me why she was taking a second chance, when none of us had ever thought she would.

A bad marriage can seem endless, even when it's over. Pat had been divorced for five years. It worried me whenever I saw her—for, after that year away, she quietly came back—to think what would have happened if Philip hadn't wanted to marry the rich widow. Pat would have stayed silent, and thin, and loyal, I suppose. So, in a way, she herself had never got unmarried. That worried me, too. Oh, she had improved after the divorce and her return. She looked better, she had friends and companions, and an interesting job. She began to write long letters again, to all of us.

"Where's Hugh now?" Mama asked. "He's disappeared again, and your father wants to begin. The sun is shining—"

So it was, and all the soft, full feeling of withheld rain was in the air besides, making a lovely day for a wedding, and the lilac fragrance was everywhere and apple blossoms fell to the grass. . . .

Our friends had begun to gather outside, looking light and full of movement against the dark, solemn house, with its tangle of vines, and its colored panes of glass.

"Go find Hugh," Mama said.

"But where on earth is *Pat?*" Mary wanted to know.

I walked around the house once more. "Hugh," I called. "Hugh! Where are you?"

"I'm here," said Hugh, and I turned one more corner.

I FOUND Pat, too. She and Hugh were sitting, side by side, on the railing of the small back veranda, where the ice-cream freezer was. They were talking as if they had all day and as if they had been separated for most of their lives, through no fault of *their own. They nodded away at each* other, they interrupted, calling back the half-spent sentence, shaking it out again, talking, talking, in soft, persistent voices, and laughing a little now and then. Sometimes they touched each other, and paused, surprised, smiling a little, and then they went on talking.

I know it's hard to understand. It couldn't mean much to anyone who had never seen Pat when she was thin and quiet, and when she hoped for nothing more than she had. I remembered her saying, when we bullied her, "I have no complaints," and then that olive-green silence would come over her again. Or else she would go away. "It wasn't Philip's fault he didn't love me," she told my mother, after the divorce. And I thought of how she had been afterward.

But I could tell everything now by the way she looked, and by the way every movement she made both proved and promised. For one thing, there were some crumpled violets in her hand. So she had gone off by herself. Those violets grew thickest in her old reading hide-out, and there were traces of river mud on the heels of her expensive suède pumps. She also wore a beautiful, cream-colored suit, and a big, soft, pale hat.

Then she threw back her head and laughed, and Hugh put his arm around her with such a quick instinct for joy, it made her seem another person, as she turned to him with all the grace of longing.

"Here you are," I said, and my voice was a whisper, all the sound that could make the narrow passage around the sudden lonely realization, like a rock in midstream, that this was love, not mine, but theirs. They looked at me vaguely and kindly, trying to remember who I was. "Come and be married," I said. THE END

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

LOCALE	CRIME	NONPAYMENT
Danville, Virginia	A thief broke a grocery window and stole three large hams.	They were all dummies.
Springfield, Illinois	Thieves broke into a brewery and stole a full barrel.	It contained glue for sticking on labels.
Chicago, Illinois	A thief broke into a storeroom and stole a sealed carton.	It contained 1,500 tattooing needles.
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Burglars broke into a bakery and stole a big box of cookies.	The cookies were varnished, to be used for displays.
Portales, New Mexico	A thief stole a package from a parked car.	It contained 800 copies of a minister's sermon.
Van Nuys, California	A thief entered a bakery and stole a four-foot-tall, pink-frosted cake.	It was made out of papier-mâché.
Gideon, Missouri	A thief stole a truck and trailer from a circus.	The stolen trailer contained apes and tigers.
Los Angeles, California	A thief stole a handbag from a restaurant.	It contained three rattlesnakes and a king snake.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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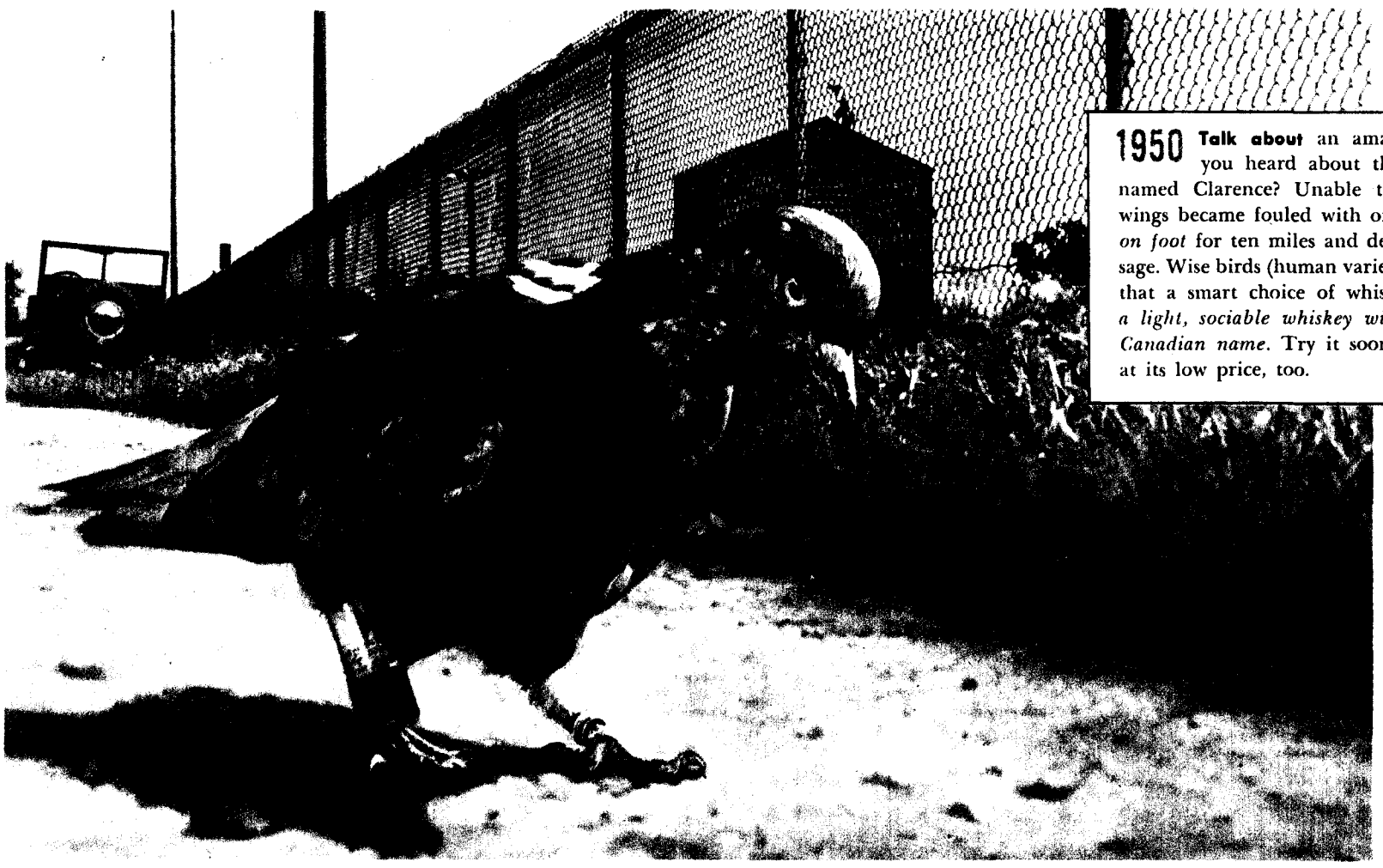
Amazing feats of birds and beasts

1871 **An old fur** trapper always found one of his traps sprung and the bait gone in this 13th year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada. One day he reset the trap and lay in wait. Finally, a large racoon appeared, hunted up a stick, and poked it into the trap with a forepaw. Then he made off with the tasty bait.

1898 **"Take that!"** cried the angry housewife as she chased her neighbor's pet crow with a broom. But the wily, black rascal got in the last word in this 40th year of renown for the name Corby's in Canada. He skipped down the family wash line and pulled the clothespins from every garment that he passed on his way!

1939 **Red squirrels** are good housekeepers, according to a man who kept a pair in this 81st year of esteem for the name Corby's in Canada. Each sunny morning these pets took the pieces of cloth upon which they slept in their nest-box bed and hung them on the limb of a tree. Then, at sundown, they neatly replaced their well-aired bedding.



PIGEON IS RED CHECK HOMER—ARMY AND NAVY CARRIER

1950 **Talk about** an amazing feat—have you heard about the army pigeon named Clarence? Unable to fly when his wings became fouled with oil, he proceeded *on foot* for ten miles and delivered his message. Wise birds (human variety) have learned that a smart choice of whiskeys is Corby's, *a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Try it soon. You'll marvel at its low price, too.

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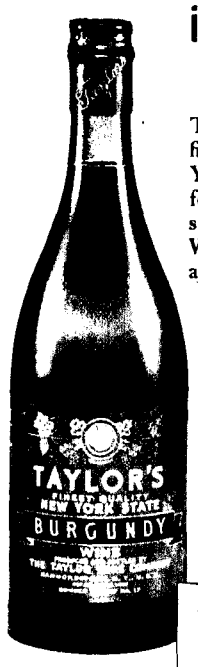

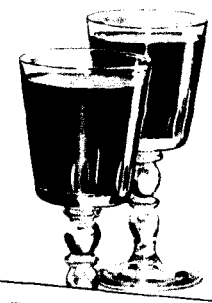

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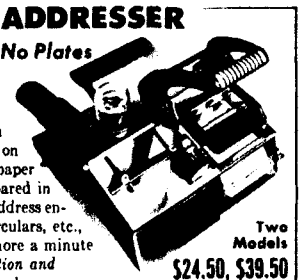

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Another Gomez?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

but he lives with fear looking over one shoulder and fate over the other. Maurie has all of his eggs in the baseball basket—and his career hangs quite literally by the muscles of his long left arm.

"I worry about that plenty," he says. "Outside of baseball, there's nothing I know how to do. I didn't even finish up at St. Patrick's High School, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and I've never had a real job between seasons."

But, typically, Maurie is trying to improve himself. In time, with the help and advice of the people he counts on most, Maurie will have licked the problems that bother him. Last summer a group of well-wishers in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where Maurie pitched two no-hitters back in 1946 and 1948, presented him with a scholarship to a correspondence school. He immediately got in touch with Sister Louise Baptista, Mother Superior at St. Cecelia School, Englewood, New Jersey, and formerly his high-school principal, who is helping him get more education.

Another good friend and adviser is Birdie Tebbetts, the red-haired Red Sox catcher who in the off season runs an insurance firm in Nashua, New Hampshire. On Birdie's advice, Maurie has sunk some of his fancy but undisclosed salary into annuities which will protect his future, provided he can last 10 years in the big leagues and supplement his insurance with the $100-a-month Baseball Players Association pension.

Maurie feels heavy responsibility for the game to which his life is wedded and he guides his life accordingly.

"Baseball," he says, "is the cleanest sport in the world, and it stays that way by steering clear of anything that looks like scandal."

Well Liked by His Public

The slim six-foot, two-inch portsider is also aware that one of the most important things about the game is to have good relations with your public.

This is one thing Maurie needn't worry about. He has a natural way with baseball crowds and an unstudied graciousness with individual admirers. Though he lacks "color" in the temperamental sense of the term, Maurie is known in the front office as a crowd-puller.

People even come early to Fenway Park to watch him warm up for a game. His motion is a thing of beauty. Holding the ball nearly eight feet off the ground when he stretches, Maurie rocks back on his left leg, twirls the other one like a fan dancer, and follows through till his throwing knuckles almost scrape the dirt. Starting slowly, he speeds up his throws until the pregame crowd begins to yip with delight as his fast ball flashes like a white thread between himself and the catcher with whom he's warming up.

Maurie's appeal seems to be that he looks and behaves like everybody's kid brother—a string-bean kid who tries so hard that he brings a lump to the throat of the onlooker. Once the game starts, the crowd behaves as if the stands were papered with a claque of Maurie's relatives and family friends. The fans coax and encourage him with every throw. Even when he loses control—his great fault—they call advice and comfort in a big-brotherly way that just doesn't happen to other young players.

In his person-to-person contacts, Maurie is as faultless as a prince of the blood—regal and dignified, but never condescending. I have seen him bend double over the hand of a little well-wisher who waited outside the locker room before a game. On the way out of the park, I saw him dead-pan a group of giggling girls while he autographed their programs. Ten minutes afterward he made a friend for life of a celebrity-happy urchin who had waited with the usual gang of kids outside the ball park and then jumped into the pitcher's automobile as it stopped in traffic.

When a couple of other riders in the car started to upbraid the boy, he blubbered, "Why don't you players like us?"

"Well, *I* like you," said Maurie, patting the kid's shoulder. "Here's my autograph and here's a brand-new baseball for you. Now don't get hurt crossing the street."

Maurie probably comes naturally by his royal ways; his whole life has been one of privilege and stardom. As the golden boy at home, at school and in the minors, a youngster with less character might have turned into an insufferable egotist. But Maurie is that rare individual who is dead serious about his work, but not about himself.

In 1937, Mr. McDermott got a job as a factory guard in a plant at Linden, New Jersey. The family moved to Elizabeth and Mr. McDermott started taking nine-year-old Maurie to Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds in New York whenever Gomez, Carl Hubbell and other top-notch left-handers were working. These were not pleasure jaunts. The boy was made to study every detail of the masters' work.

His lessons included not only the actual pitching, but the fielding, the base-covering and the picking off of runners. All this paid off big in the years that Red Sox talent hunters were watching Maurie's development. Observers always noted his fluid delivery of blinding fast ball and exploding curve, of course. But scouting reporters that came in to Johnny Murphy, manager of the Red Sox farm system, spoke also of baseball savvy and poise rare in prospects so young:

"Cool as a veteran . . . moves off the mound (a good fielding pitcher) . . . glove alway: in the dirt (alert to field grounders) . . . gets rid of the ball (knows where to throw it on infield plays) . . . a rag-doll type of athlete, loose wristed and floppy, and that's the kind which has a chance to be great."

At fifteen, in the spring of '44, Maurie and his cousin, Vincent Gleason, went uninvited to the Brooklyn Dodgers' tryout camp at Newburgh, New York. Maurie was picked from 150 candidates as one of three with big-league possibilities, but Joe LaBate, the camp director, thought him too young to be signed at the time. So Maurie's baseball destiny pulled him toward the Red Sox that summer.

Spotted by a "Bird Dog"

Bill McCarren, head scout in New Jersey for Boston's American League club, is contact man for a pack of "bird dogs"—former ballplayers who earn a bonus for spotting likely prospects. One Sunday evening in May of '44, McCarren had a phone call from bird dog Lou Cassell, who said:

"I saw a pretty good pitcher out in Elizabeth—name of McDermott."

Two days later McCarren had a phone call from George Manfredi, former minor-league left-hander who had umpired a sand-lot game that afternoon. "Bill," said Manfredi, "I was behind the plate today when a kid named McDermott struck out 18 batters. Honest, I got popeyed watching him. He's the greatest thing I ever looked at."

That Saturday, McCarren went to Warinanco Park in Elizabeth, where Maurie was pitching against a pickup team of former minor-leaguers.

"He was just throwing it past 'em," says McCarren as he recalls the game. "I never saw a young player with such poise. All I had to do was see him throw. He had the style—the form that makes a great one."

After the game McCarren contacted Maurie's father.

"Twenty thousand dollars is our price," said Mr. McDermott. This was out of sight for a teen-age prospect in wartime, but McCarren was an experienced hand with overpriced golden boys. A whiff of big-league dust, he knew, is worth many dollars of the asking price. So he arranged an expenses-paid trip for Maurie and his father to the Red Sox tryout camp at Union City, New Jersey, that August. Not until February 8, 1945, did McCarren make his next effort to buy Maurie's services. On that evening, en route to speak at a Hot Stove League meeting in Elizabeth, McCarren dropped in at the McDermott home, 22 Geneva Street.

He had unwittingly picked a sad evening. The McDermotts had just buried their youngest child, Jimmy, and Mrs. McDermott was in tears when she opened the door.

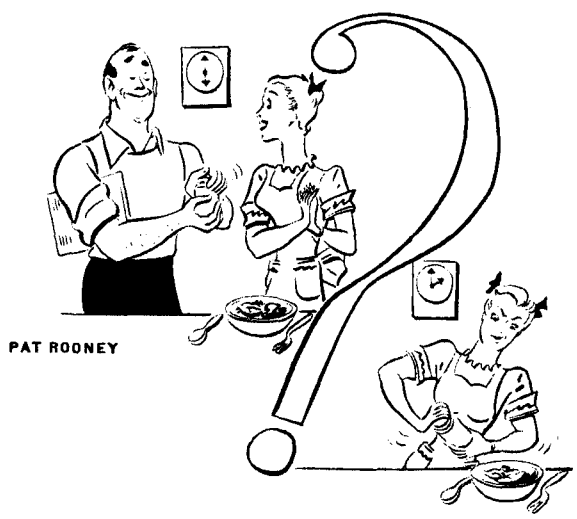
"When I realized they were in distress, I apologized and tried to get away," says McCarren. "But Mr. McDermott asked me if I would sign up Maurie."

"I didn't really come to do business," said McCarren.

"Will you sign Maurie right now for $5,000?" McDermott insisted.

McCarren pulled a blank contract from his pocket and filled in the figures. They called for $3,000 down, payments of $1,000 on the first of July and the first of August, plus a salary of $200 a month.

"I've never regretted the deal," McCarren says with a smile. "Not long ago a spokesman from another club came to us and asked:



PAT ROONEY

Helpless Womanhood

One of the oddest things of married life
Is why a husband has to help his wife
Dislodge the stubborn lid of jar or can
And act, for her applause, the Big Strong Man.
His greater strength and cunning are a sight
That make her croon and simper with delight,
Yet any time he's absent from the house
And cannot aid his weak defenseless spouse,
Her wrist is equal to the can of peas,
The burned-out fuse, and other chores like these,
And she can stand on chairs and reach a shelf
As nimbly as a mountain goat, herself.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

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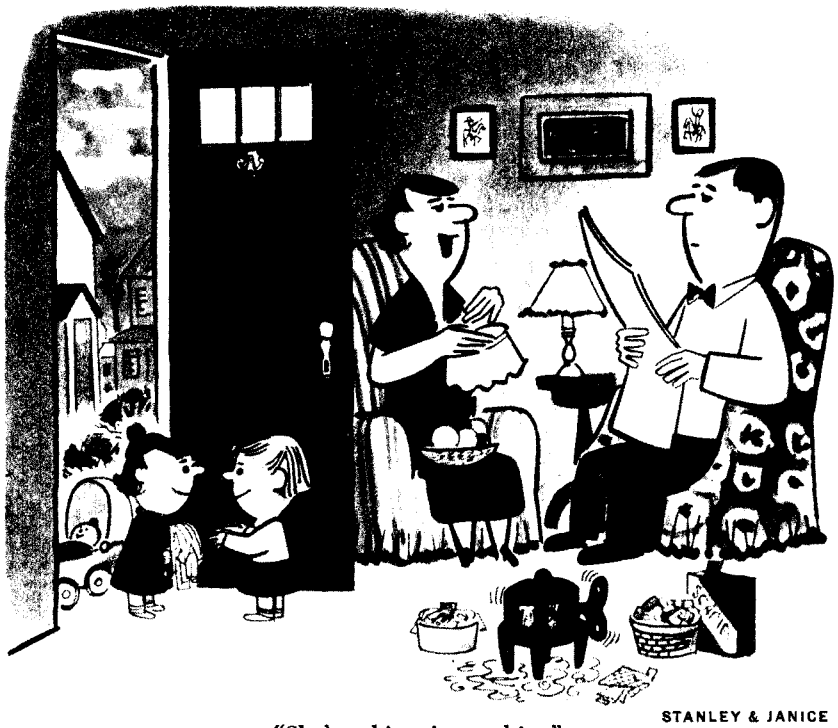

COLLIER'S "She's taking in washing" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"'Would $250,000 buy that fellow?'"

"The answer was—No."

In the spring of '45, Maurie opened the high-school season with a no-hit, no-run game. Rumors got around that he had signed with a big-league club, and the school officials ordered him suspended from further athletics. But just before the edict took force, Maurie pitched his final school game, striking out 18 and winning the game with a home run.

On June 4th he reported to Manager Elmer Yoter of the Scranton Miners in the Eastern League. Maurie won his first league game by shutting out Utica 5–0, but the effort gave him the scare of his young baseball life. His arm went dead.

After a month of rest and heat treatments, he finished a poor season with two wins against five defeats.

Things became even worse for his professional career before they began to look better. The following spring he reported to Bennettsville, South Carolina, for spring training with Scranton. He says:

"The war was over and all those older fellows in the service were back. I looked out on the training field that first day and saw 150 blackjacks (windbreakers), including 40 pitchers. I just felt I hadn't a chance to stick."

Modest View of a No-Hitter

But by Sunday, July 10th, Maurie was still with the club, and that day he threw a no-hit, no-run game against Albany. He laughs when he remembers it now:

"You gotta be lucky to do that, you know. My fast ball wasn't taking off, but I had a good curve and a couple of good plays behind me. With two out in the ninth a little left-handed batter whose name I forget hit one into the hole between the mound and second base. But Al Kozar, playing second, came up with a great play to end the game."

Maurie had a 16–6 season and an earned-run average of 3.27 in 1946 with Scranton. The following spring he reported to Louisville, the Red Sox club in the American Association, but failed to stick.

After a month of the regular season, he went back to Scranton where he had a 12–4 year, with four shutouts and an earned-run average of 2.86.

"In 1948," says Maurie, "I was sure I was ready for the big time. I reported to the main Red Sox camp at Sarasota where Joe McCarthy was a first-year manager. But he had 22 pitchers to choose from."

Maurie hung on as a finisher of lost games until July 14th, when he went into a Fenway Park game against Cleveland and walked five of the eight batters to face him. McCarthy called him into the clubroom office afterward and said:

"We're sending you back to Scranton for more work."

Maurie had a miserable 5–6 season there, but it was sparked with many flashes of brilliance, including his second minor league no-hitter—against Utica—and a strike-out average of 13 per game. In the spring of 1949, Maurie was again sent to the Louisville Colonels for what turned out to be the best break of his life.

"Mike Ryba was the manager there," says Maurie. "He found out why my control was bad. I'd been throwing a little bit sidearm. Mike taught me to pitch right past my ear. When I did that, I could get the ball over. He also taught me to take a little off my fast ball for a change of pace."

Maurie beat Minneapolis in the season's opener, whiffing 17 batters. Then he lost four in a row, but fanned 15, 12, 9 and 12 in these losing efforts. Settling down, he won the next five games, breaking the American Association record of strike-outs by fanning 20 in the May 24th game against St. Paul. On the Sunday afternoon of June 13th, Maurie came down to the locker room after whipping Indianapolis 1–0. In came Ed Daugherty, the club president, and Larry Woodall, chief of the Red Sox traveling scouts.

"Nice going, Mac," said Daugherty. "You're flying to Boston with Larry in the morning."

There were reporters and photographers when Maurie deplaned at Logan Field, East Boston. He was a celebrity although he'd never started a big-league game and had pitched only 27 scattered innings of big-league ball. Another reason for the press welcome was that sports writers had been agitating for McCarthy to strengthen his club with youthful farm hands instead of buying used-up big-leaguers from second-division clubs. First thing the reporters told Maurie was that Joe McCarthy had just obtained veteran pitcher Walter Masterson from the Washington Senators in a trade for pitcher Mickey Harris and outfielder Sam Mele.

Yet it was Maurie, rather than Masterson, who became a regular starter for the floundering Red Sox, who eventually fell 11 games behind the lead. Maurie beat the White Sox 10–8 in his first assignment on June 17th, but had to be relieved in the eighth when his control went haywire. Six days later he shut out the St. Louis Browns 7–0 with six strike-outs, three hits and a fast ball that threw sparks at the 28 batters who faced him.

McCarthy, with visions of a new Gomez dancing in his head, saved Maurie for what looked like the key game of the season. It was the game on the night of June 28th which Joe DiMaggio picked for his comeback after being out all season with his most recent sore heel. If McDermott could stop the league-leading Yankees *with* DiMaggio, the onrushing Red Sox still had a chance for the pennant.

But the storybook opportunity didn't come off. The great DiMag, as every fan remembers, singled and homered with a man on base to make one of the most spectacular reappearances in baseball history. But Maurie, though beaten 5–4, pitched well enough to deserve a better fate. He gave eight hits, came up with nine strike-outs and issued only three walks. Bill McCarren, who saw the game, says:

"DiMag hit two high fouls that should have been caught just before he made those hits. Also, you've got to remember that Maurie came up to the league with a reputation for wildness. The umpires weren't giving him any breaks on the close ones. That means Maurie had to throw too many good pitches."

After the game DiMaggio was asked what he thought of McDermott.

"He can't miss," said the great man.

A Streak of Fine Pitching

This looked like a sound prophecy when Maurie met the Yanks again on July 5th. This time he stopped them 4–2 with eight strike-outs and five scattered hits. There followed three well-pitched games when it seemed that Maurie would not only achieve the greatness so long promised, but would actually hurl the Red Sox to the pennant. He lost to Cleveland 1–0, beat the White Sox 11–2 and then shut out Cleveland 3–0, allowing only one Indian to get as far as third base. Such was the prowess and aplomb of these performances that catcher Tebbetts, 13 years in the big leagues, declared that Maurie had as much stuff as any southpaw he'd ever caught.

Then came the fateful game of August 6th when the Tigers found no mystery at all in Maurie's delivery. He had started that game with a slight blister on his middle pitching finger. This didn't bother him much, but it may have affected the delicate rhythm of his pitching motion. When he next tried to pitch, on August 25th, he walked the first White Sox batter to face him, threw one more ball to the next hitter and then took himself out of the game with a sore shoulder.

McCarthy's faith remained unshaken, though Maurie rode the bench for a month. On September 26th, the Red Sox climaxed their long stern chase, pulling into a tie for the league lead with the Yankees. McCarthy startled and delighted the Boston sports writers that night with:

"McDermott goes in there tomorrow."

For three innings, before a crowd of 66,156 in Yankee Stadium, Maurie, fanning two and walking one, held the Yankees hitless. Teetering again on the edge of greatness, he came out for the fourth inning with a chance to pitch his club into undisputed possession for first place. Suddenly his mastery ended. He walked Tommy Henrich, gave a single to Billy Johnson and winged Hank Bauer with a low pitch to fill the bags.

That was enough—McCarthy flagged the bullpen for Jack Kramer. The Red Sox eventually won the game on the much-disputed decision by Umpire Bill Grieve who called Johnny Pesky safe at the plate on a close play. But on the very last day of the season, McCarthy's star-studded club lost the lead—and the pennant—while Maurie watched from the dugout. He finished the season with a lackluster record of five won, four lost, 50 strike-outs and 52 walks in 80 innings. His earned-run average was a soso 4.16 per game.

But there's a saying in baseball that the records don't mean much when judging a ballplayer's ballplayer. And Maurie has always been that. Besides, he's young, he's fast, and he has it where it counts—head and heart. The Red Sox feel that, in 1950, Maurie may be the "difference" on a club that has finished in second place six times since 1938.

Perhaps the best testimony on Maurie's future was given two years ago when he came in to finish a lost game at Yankee Stadium. He lasted long enough to fan Charlie Keller twice.

"That kid of mine is still two years away from the big leagues," McCarthy remarked to King Kong when the game ended.

"I wish he were 10 years away," grunted Keller. THE END

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Out of This World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the Potala, and the last man prewar, was Theos Bernard, an Arizonan, who thought that in the mystic East he might find a solution to the physical and mental problems that beset him.

Upon his return he announced that he was a "white lama." Theos wrote about his journey in a book called Penthouse of the Gods, and dreamed of building a typical Tibetan monastery in the mountains of California. But on a second unauthorized attempt to enter Tibet, some months before our visit, he disappeared mysteriously. Although his body was not found, it is fairly certain that he was murdered.

Wartime Visitors to Lhasa

In 1942, two U.S. Army officers, Lieutenant Colonel Ilia Tolstoy and Captain Brooke Dolan, became the fourth and fifth of our countrymen to have an audience with the Dalai Lama. They were sent by the Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.) to find, if they could, some new Central Asian route to ship supplies to besieged China. The sixth on the Lhasa scene, also during World War II, was Arch Steele, then a Chicago Daily News foreign correspondent, who wrote an informative series on Lamaland. We were next.

Oh, yes, five other Americans have been there, too, but their stay was brief and unintentional. Losing their way in the middle of the night on a flight from China to India early in the war, these Air Force men bailed out over Tibet without knowing what country it was. Their bomber crashed along the valley of the Brahmaputra, a mighty coffee-colored river that flows 1,300 miles, from west to east, across the Dalai Lama's realm. That was the only plane ever to land far up there on the roof of the world. Tibetans picked up the lucky Air Force lads, whisked them to Lhasa and on out of the country at top speed.

British historian Graham Sandberg, in a book on Tibet which covered the period from 1623 to 1904, wrote: "Those who, from the outer world, have gained entrance to Tibet, form a select and notable body of men." And that statement still stands today.

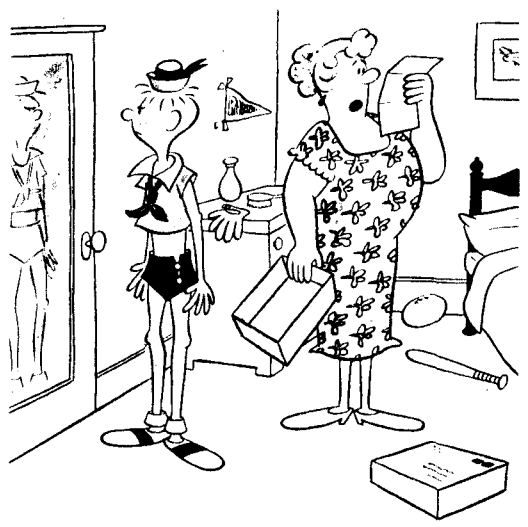
But the Tibetans want it that way. They are suspicious of foreigners and want to have as little as possible to do with the outside world. It is the wish of their rulers that everything remain as it was centuries ago. The lamas, when you ask why they are so insistent on shutting out the rest of the world, always give the same answer. They think that they alone, of all the peoples on earth, are not slaves to the gadgets and whirring wheels of the industrial age. They want no part of it. To them the devices, doodads and super Yo-yos—the symbols of our Western civilization—are toys. To Tibetans—or so they want you to believe—only the things of the mind are of lasting importance.

So that's why in Tibet, a land nearly one third as large as the United States, with an estimated 4,000,000 population, you find none of the hundreds of modern devices or services which we have come to regard as necessities of life—hospitals, automobiles, trains, newspapers, magazines, radios, running water, sewerage, heating systems, and so on ad infinitum. Even that most basic of all inventions, the wheel, has not found its way to Tibet. The absence even of carts and wagons is, of course, due partly to the mountainous terrain. But the main reason is to keep out the rest of the world.

However, it should not be inferred from their lack of modern conveniences that Tibet is a savage, primitive nation. On the contrary, without benefit of science, the land of the Dalai Lama has had its own high civilization for long centuries. It can boast some of the world's finest architecture, especially in its many imposing fortresslike stone monasteries which hang from high cliffs throughout the land. Its art, expressed in religious sculpture and tapestries, is exquisite. Even though there are no printing presses, the monks in the monasteries turn out by hand richly bound, carefully inscribed books, mostly on religious topics. And the dancing and music of the Tibetans are of a high caliber and play an important part in their impressive folklore.

We left Calcutta on the evening of the last day of July. The first leg of our journey was an overnight ride across the great plain of Bengal to the rail center of Siliguri at the foot of the mighty Himalayas. In the train compartment with us were 37 pieces of luggage, most of it packed in wooden boxes weighing about 50 pounds each.

In the morning we looked out the train window as we neared Siliguri. There before us loomed the main chain of The Himalayas, the most formidable mountain wall in the world. Dominating the range, its summit far above its neighbors, towered Kinchinjunga, third highest mountain in the world. It soared 28,146 feet into the sky, only 856 feet lower and much more awe-inspiring than Everest, monarch of all mountains, which lies farther along the same chain on the Tibet-Nepal border.



"... And if it doesn't fit, return it, and I'll get it exchanged ... Love, Grandmother"
COLLIER'S — MORT WALKER

Halted by a Landslide

At the railhead city of Siliguri, we started out via truck on the 70-mile trip to Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, where our mule caravan was to meet us. About 19 miles from our destination that day, the war-weary truck, an old British lorry, screeched to a sudden stop. The coolies with us began to jabber excitedly.

"It's a slip, a slip!" they cried, pointing to a billowing cloud of dust rising over the jungle a mile or so ahead.

"How could it be?" I asked, believing that no landslide, as we would call it, could make such a huge cloud of dust. But the natives were right. In a few minutes we came upon an immense wall of rock, dirt and stripped tree trunks which had roared down from a mountain, completely blocking the road and spilling over into the swift and muddy Tista River which flowed near by. The monsoon rains had weakened the mountainside, and the debris from the slip filled the road to a height of about 200 feet for a quarter of a mile or more.

So we were stuck. No chance for a detour. There seemed little chance of getting our ton or more of supplies over that mess and into Gangtok that day. Fortunately, near by there was a dak bungalow, a rough government shelter for travelers. So with spirits low we retreated there for the night.

Because we were expected, we hoped coolies would be rushed down from Gangtok to help lug our goods over the landslide. When coolies failed to show up the next morning, Lowell, Jr., and I decided to inspect the slip and look for help.

It was a blazing, humid day there in the Tista valley, and we soon peeled down to our khaki shorts. Halfway across the mass of debris, my son, who was in the lead, shouted: "Look out! Dad, here it comes!"

We ducked behind a large protective boulder as more rock came hurtling down the mountain at express-train speed.

"Whew!" I said to him, mopping my brow. "I'm beginning to wonder if we'll ever see Lhasa." In all our years in the mountains of America we had never encountered landslides the size of this.

On the other side of the slide we met some of the natives who had been sent to help us. Leaving them behind to bring up the gear, we made the final 18 miles to Gangtok by jeep.

It began to drizzle and grew colder as we climbed to the 6,000-foot level where the Sikkim capital is located. Lowell, Jr., shot a grin at me and asked, as I shivered in the jeep, "Dad, how would you like that shirt and jacket you discarded back in the valley?"

Still in our shorts, we arrived at the mountain home of His Excellency Harishwar Dayal, I.C.S., the Indian political officer at Gangtok. Dayal and his wife, who were our gracious hosts during our brief stay there, looked with amazement at our costumes and hurriedly loaned us shirts and coats. From the expressions on their faces we could read their thoughts: What strange people these Americans!

Gangtok, a colorful town with its terraced rice fields and polyglot population, is one of the most important trade centers on the southern side of The Himalayas. Several caravan routes cross there. Its market place is a kaleidoscope of races and costumes. And many tongues are spoken by the Tibetans, Sikkimese, Lepchas, Indians, Sherpas and Bhutanese who load and unload their pack trains there.

Here we met Rinzing Dorji, the roly-poly Sikkimese who, for a fat fee and 10 per cent of the salaries of all persons hired, organized our caravan for us. Dorji, a short, fat, jolly fellow with a pigtail wound atop his head, was always polite and bowing, but he proved to be a shrewd operator. Outfitting pack trains was his specialty. If we found anything mysterious about his accounts, that didn't embarrass Dorji. He would merely grin and say happily, "If mistake, just subtract!"

In addition to six baggage-carrying coolies, nine pack mules and four scrawny riding ponies, Dorji also arranged to get the rest of the working members of our party. First of all he obtained a head bearer for us, our sirdar, a rugged Lepcha named Lajor. Our head muleteer was a Himalayan Beau Brummel, Ugentenzin. Two Sikkimese-Tibetans—Tsewong Norbu, a first-rate cook, and Tsewong Namgyal, an excellent interpreter—completed our party. Tales of Tibetan travelers are full of the woes that befall those who are unlucky in the servants they hire. But we drew a top-flight crew.

Both the cook and the sirdar wore wartime U.S. Army field jackets, G.I. shoes and those knitted caps our infantrymen used to wear under their battle helmets. It's amazing how all through Asia, even in far-off Tibet, you find our surplus Army stuff. Even in regions where no G.I. ever penetrated you will see such reminders of World War II—natives wearing surprising combinations of their own colorful costumes and our left-over military outfits.

As for us, on our way through the monsoon belt, we added to the confusion by wearing rubberized U.S. Navy storm suits.

Danger in Oversize Packs

During our three days in Gangtok we spent hours in the Dayal back yard, rearranging supplies and rebuilding the wooden boxes we had made in Calcutta. It turned out that the ones brought from India were too big. Each pack animal carries a double load on the trail. And if your boxes are oversize, your mule may bang against a mountain wall and go spinning off the narrow trail into the canyons thousands of feet below.

At Gangtok, also, we made a batch of recordings with our portable battery-driven recorder. This handy gadget, which consisted of a five-pound unit and a tiny mike, worked fine throughout the trip. Both my son and I put it to daily use. Then the spools of recorded tape were rushed across the world to New York and from there presented as part of my regular radio news program—the first on-the-spot broadcasts that had ever been made from the Land of the Lamas.

Finally, we were all ready to leave Gangtok. The pack animals, with bells tinkling from their necks, and the heavily laden coolies on foot, followed us as we led the way up the mountain through the bamboo forest.

We were off at last on the caravan journey I had been dreaming about for half my life. I squinted up at the dripping Himalayas and wondered to myself if we could negotiate the narrow trails and the dizzy passes on Tibet without accident. Tsewong Namgyal, our interpreter, who was riding alongside me, must have read my mind. He smiled and said, *"Kale pe a."*

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It's the traditional Tibetan farewell when a caravan sets out to go over the mountains," he replied. "The idea is: Go slowly—if you hope to return."

It took the Lowell Thomas caravan 24 days to cover the 300 miles between Tibet's border and their destination, Lhasa. Next week's installment of their adventures reports the dangers faced on that rugged leg of the journey and includes more color photographs

Next Week

WHY DR. NOURSE BROKE WITH THE PRESIDENT

Short Stories by SOPHIE KERR and NELIA GARDNER WHITE

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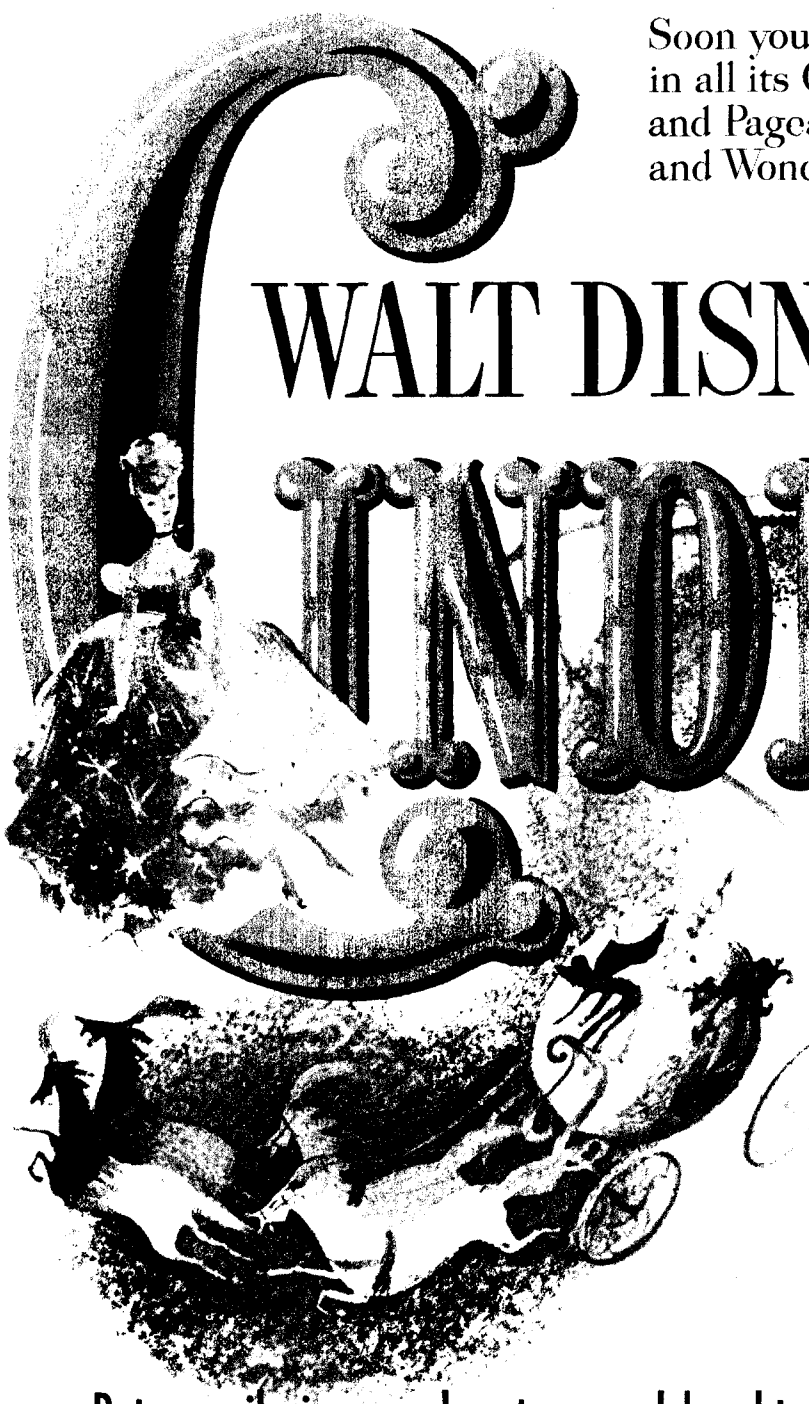

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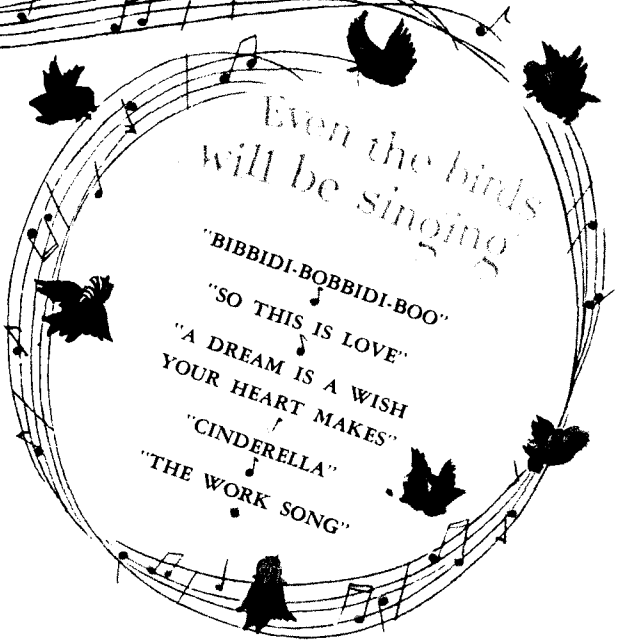
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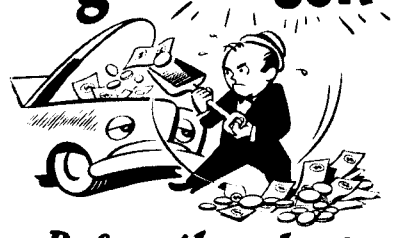

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The Doctor Brushed Off 'Utopia'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

extra rations for people who needed milk, or bananas, or anything in short supply. There was a form for a patient requiring special consideration because of convalescence. A form to fill out if you failed to fill out a form you should have filled out. Forms for chronic illnesses. A form to remove a patient who had died from your list of patients. A form if a man was a temporary resident of your district. A form for stillbirth. Different forms for different types of accidents. A tripartite form for pregnancy. "The mother," says Gampell, "got one part confirming the fact that she was pregnant, which I never supposed came as a great surprise to her. The doctor got another part saying she was pregnant. The government got a third part saying she was pregnant. Everybody was supposed to file these away for the future."

Gampell's desk was covered with forms. "Piles of them, crosswise and otherwise. In fact, one third of my time under the Scheme was taken up with paper work, but I wasn't very conscientious. If I had been, I'd have spent half my time with paper work. But that's rather difficult when you have to see 90 patients a day."

British medical men rose up in anger and anguish. They held meetings; they signed petitions; they stormed that they were being deprived of their rights. But 95 per cent of them signed up under the Scheme.

"Doctors were not compelled to sign up," Dr. Gampell admits, "but failure to do so meant that your patients might go to some doctor who did, M.D.s who would dispense medical aid at what amounted to a fee of $3.40 per annum at the old undevalued pound rate—it's less today."

Buying a Practice Is Illegal

The act had also declared illegal the buying and selling of medical practices. Under the Scheme the British government appropriated £66,000,000 to reimburse doctors for their practices—if they joined up.

"So there you were"—Dr. Gampell shrugs—"it was sign up or, in my case, lose $12,000, less one year's amortization payment, because the buying and selling of practices had become illegal. All of us who didn't have a caviar and champagne practice—and there were less than 5 per cent of these—signed up.

"In some medical circles in England there was talk of going on strike. But you don't strike if you're a doctor; you're supposed to serve humanity and, if you serve humanity, you do just that."

No doctors struck.

The very first day under the Scheme, a patient asked Dr. Gampell where to go for free dentures, free spectacles, a free hearing aid and a free back brace. "The only thing he really needed," the doctor declares, "was a hearing aid. And I had a time trying to tell him I didn't know where to go to get all those things, because he couldn't hear what I said.

"Of course, he couldn't have got a hearing aid anyway, because there weren't any hearing aids unless you went and bought them. If you wanted one under the Scheme, you had to wait nine months, although the government kept telling people through the newspapers to come and get one. Now, I understand, you have to wait two years for a hearing aid.

"The point here," Gampell adds sadly, "is not that there isn't a need for such things, but that the government has led people to believe they can get them just for the asking."

Corn plasters are free under the Scheme, and rubbing alcohol, and orthopedic shoes and toupees. "You get two toupees for each head," says Dr. Gampell, "because the Ministry of Health thinks it would be too humiliating for Harry Hawkins to be without his usual wig while it's being cleaned. So, while it's at the cleaner's, Harry's got a spare to wear.

"As for spectacles—well, the first year of the Scheme the 45,000,000 people of Great Britain somehow managed to latch on to 50,000,000 pairs of spectacles, all free.

"But when one frugal lady in Liverpool asked for an eyeglass, or monocle, on the ground that she needed prosthesis for only one eye, she couldn't get it. No provision for single lenses. She had to take the spectacles."

For a patient to get a pair of spectacles under the Scheme, it is necessary for the doctor to fill out another form certifying that the patient's eyes need examining. For this the ordinary practitioner is, of course, not qualified. "But," says Gampell, "the law says you have to certify, so you certify and get rid of 'em."

British dentists, too, were overwhelmed in the sudden rush, and as a result couldn't see people before a three months' wait was up. This surge to the dentists might have been understandable because of the notoriously bad state of British teeth. But dental aid was free. So young women with buck-teeth wanted them pulled out and false teeth put in for cosmetic purposes. Somebody else wanted that ugly front tooth capped. Still somebody else wanted to substitute porcelain for gold.

"As a result," Dr. Gampell says, "the people in real need of dental care had to wait their turn along with the people who wanted to look prettier. The problems of untreated cavities, pyorrhea, trench mouth and abscesses were thrown back on the already overworked doctors, who could only alleviate the discomfort, while leaving the cause of the trouble untouched."

Another result, according to Gampell, is that preventive dentistry has ceased to exist in Britain. The dentists simply haven't the time to give to it.

Surgical corsets also are free, and girdles. Surgical corsets are those braces that hold you in place when your innards begin to sag. Under the Scheme, you can get one if the doctor says it's necessary. (Another form.) "However," says Dr. Gampell, "during clothes rationing, some more alert females would come to me and say they needed bracing up.

" 'My condition ain't bad enough for one of those suits of armor, Doctor, and just an ordinary foundation garment would do very nicely. So, if you'll just, please, sign a form saying I need one, I'll not have to use any ration points.' "

The Scheme was marching on. By now, Dr. Gampell was seeing a daily average of 90 patients. He had three one-hour periods during the day when he saw patients in his office. Usually he saw about 20 people during one of these periods. That gave him three minutes per patient, during which he had to examine the patient, discuss his symptoms and prescribe.

No Time for Real Diagnosis

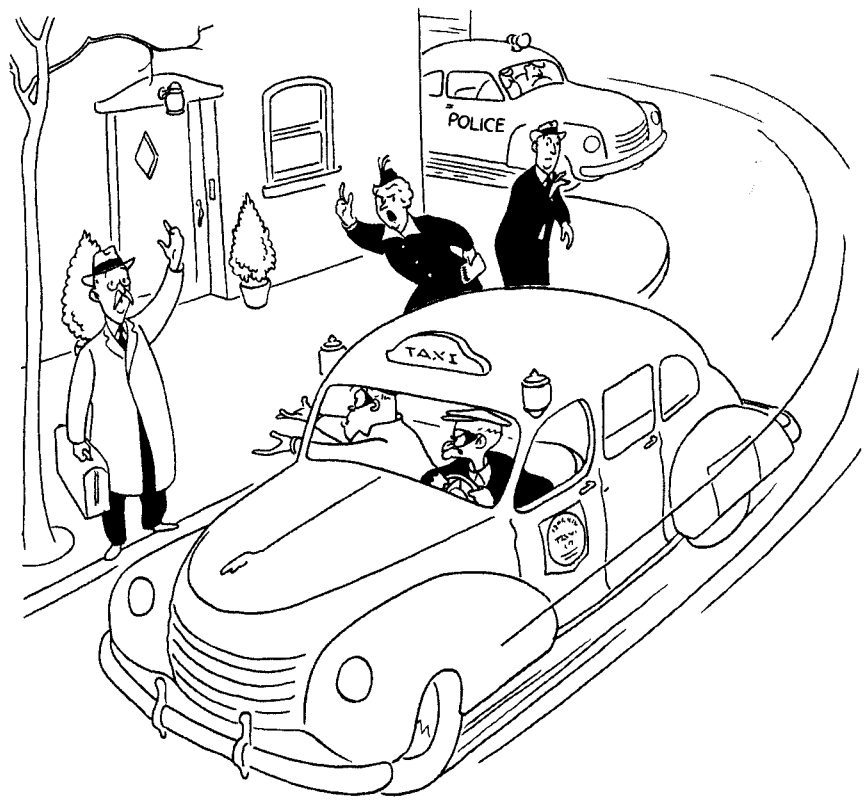
Dr. Gampell found that he had no time to discuss the symptoms of the person who said he just felt rotten, no time for the conversations and investigations which are necessary for competent diagnosis, and which often catch cancer or tuberculosis in a stage early enough to allow a cure.

Medical practice in England today, Dr. Gampell reports, is known as "top-shirt-button medicine": "You open the top button of a man's shirt, stick your stethoscope there, listen for 10 seconds, and say, 'My, my, we're feeling better this morning, aren't we?' or vice versa, and the examination is over.

"You've merely heard the person's breath whistling in his windpipe. But you have to do it that way because you've got 3,200 patients."

Some patients seemed to take medicine indiscriminately, says Dr. Gampell, thereby increasing the number of upset systems in Britain and hastening the day when the medicine bibbers will need more attention. Health Minister Bevan himself, stanchest proponent of the Scheme, has commented on the cast-iron British esophagi that permitted his countrymen to absorb such enor-

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "You needn't apologize for not stopping. They'll understand we're not cabbies when they see th' cops" LARRY REYNOLDS

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mous quantities of medicine during the past year and survive.

The rest of Dr. Gampell's time was taken up with house visits. He made anywhere from 30 to 40 of these each day and night. Every American practitioner is accustomed to getting occasional calls at three in the morning, with a storm howling outside. But when service is on the house, as in England, the calls pour in: "Come over, Doctor. Harry has a headache." "Doctor, what can I do to make Jimmy sleep?"

"This last," Dr. Gampell recalls, "was a common request. And while there were certain things that may be done with a croquet mallet to make Jimmy sleep, I refrained from prescribing them.

"One patient dropped by occasionally on his way to work, to get a prescription. The only thing bothersome about this was the fact that he went to work at five-thirty in the morning. We finally disconnected the doorbell when we went to bed," the doctor recalls.

There were, of course, babies to be delivered. "But childbirth, at least," Dr. Gampell sighs, "is something that cannot be faked.

"A British mother about to give birth could get into a hospital only if it was her first child, or if she was booked in advance in expectation of an abnormal birth. Otherwise the blessed event took place in the home. However, since it is British custom to have babies at home and frequently with only a midwife presiding, this made little actual difference. With one exception: Everybody now wanted a doctor in attendance, since his services were free.

"The government, recognizing the need for more doctors to be present at confinements, allotted special payments to physicians for each obstetrical case. But the National Health Service Act itself also spelled out what the well-behaved obstetrician should do. The act decreed: First, that in the case of pregnancy, the doctor must make two examinations of the patient during the nine-month prenatal period. Second, it explicitly stated that the doctor must look after the mother for 14 days after the birth. Third, it ordered him to make a pelvic examination of the mother six weeks after delivery.

"Of course," says Dr. Gampell, "every modern obstetrician knows he has to do those things. But the law then declares that the *attendance of the doctor at the confinement is at his own discretion!*"

Results of a Bed Shortage

He fell silent for a moment, then said, "Before we leave the subject, you must also hear about the utility furnishing beds."

Just after the war there was a shortage of furniture in Britain. The government drew up some specifications, fixed prices, and people who needed beds could get them in a hurry. In Coppull there were a great many of these utility furnishing beds which, because they had been made so quickly and cheaply, were rather flimsy in construction. The mattresses also were rather makeshift, with the result, says Dr. Gampell, "that a utility furnishing bed resembled a thick and dilapidated hammock. The beds gave in the middle and so did the mattresses, and nobody who has not experienced it can imagine what delivering a child in one of those beds can be like.

"As for British hospitals, you can get into one immediately only if you've an acute surgical need—a burst appendix or one that's about to burst, or something equally pressing. If you're an acute medical case with, say bad pneumonia, it can be arranged with a little more difficulty. But if you're an elective surgical case, you'll have a tough time getting in.

"You may have a hernia that should be attended to—but not necessarily tomorrow. Or a woman, as is not unusual, may have a benign tumor in the uterus that should be removed, but not right away. In such a gynecological case," says Dr. Gampell, "the patient would have to wait for at least three years.

"The reason for all this is that the hospitals—crowded enough before the Scheme—are now hopelessly jammed. They're filling up with chronics. While many of these would go to a hospital under ordinary conditions, a great many of them could be taken care of adequately at home.

"Many are old people whose families have tired of looking out for them and have packed them off to the hospital because it's free.

"This is leading to a national habit of passing your burden on to somebody else," Dr. Gampell continued. "A prominent English churchman recently observed that, under the Scheme, the British people seem to be losing the faculty of helping themselves."

A Chiseling Textile Worker

Malingery and hypochondria, according to Dr. Gampell, are becoming national traits under the Scheme. "Take this case: A man wanted me to certify that he was sick enough to lay off work for a month. A textile worker, he had a cold. If he were out of work for 28 days, he could collect insurance paid by his company, plus social security payments from the government. Of course, he wouldn't get any pay while he was off, but the total insurance payments plus social security were tidy.

"However, he had to be out at least 28 days to get the company insurance. Anything less than that and he wasn't eligible. Hence he asked me to lie him into a month's vacation with pay at the expense of his company and the taxpayers. I didn't do it. I told him his cold could be cured in a couple of days. He didn't like it and left my practice.

"There were many others like him. Every British doctor has the same experience. The demand that doctors commit perjury to satisfy their patients' laziness is growing."

In spite of everything, Gampell might have remained in England. "It's not easy to break ties of a lifetime, to leave home and friends and your professional colleagues, your medical school, and come to a new country to start all over again."

Two things finally decided him: "One was an item I saw in a medical journal, reporting that a certain doctor had been fined—as he certainly should have been—for not seeing a patient with bronchial pneumonia when he should have done so. It also reported that another physician had been fined for faulty handling of his certification and paper work. *But the man who had done bad paper work was fined four times as much as the man who had neglected his patient!* This seemed to me to be symptomatic of the way things were going in England.

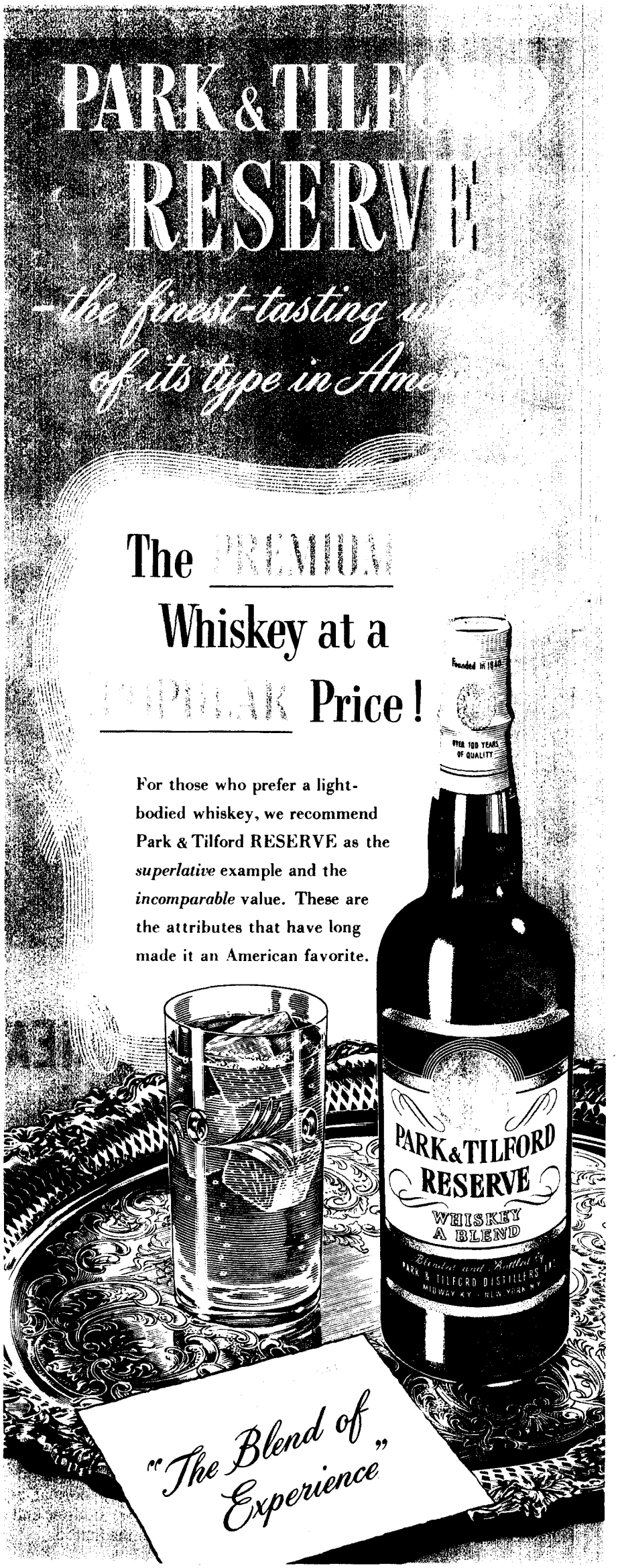
"The other thing that decided me was when my Executive Council—that's the local government bureau for the Scheme, remember—hauled me up before them on the strength of a letter from a boy who said that I had not been seeing his mother as often as I should. He even diagnosed his mother's case. Said she was having a change of life and that she needed to have the doctor more often.

"I told the council that the woman was not undergoing the menopause, but suffering from multiple sclerosis, and that I was seeing her as often as necessary and doing all I could for her.

"Of course, I was in the clear. But the fact that I had to explain my professional behavior to a body composed largely of laymen was too much. Moreover, under such a system, the confidences that exist between patient and physician are no longer inviolate. The law says that, when some government bureau demands it, you have to break these confidences.

"These things I won't stand for, and neither would thousands of other British doctors if they weren't forced by economic and other circumstances to do so."

So here is Ralph Jocelyn Gampell, self-styled twentieth-century Pilgrim, seeking freedom. He took out his first citizenship papers the first day he was in the United States. He and his family are here to stay. THE END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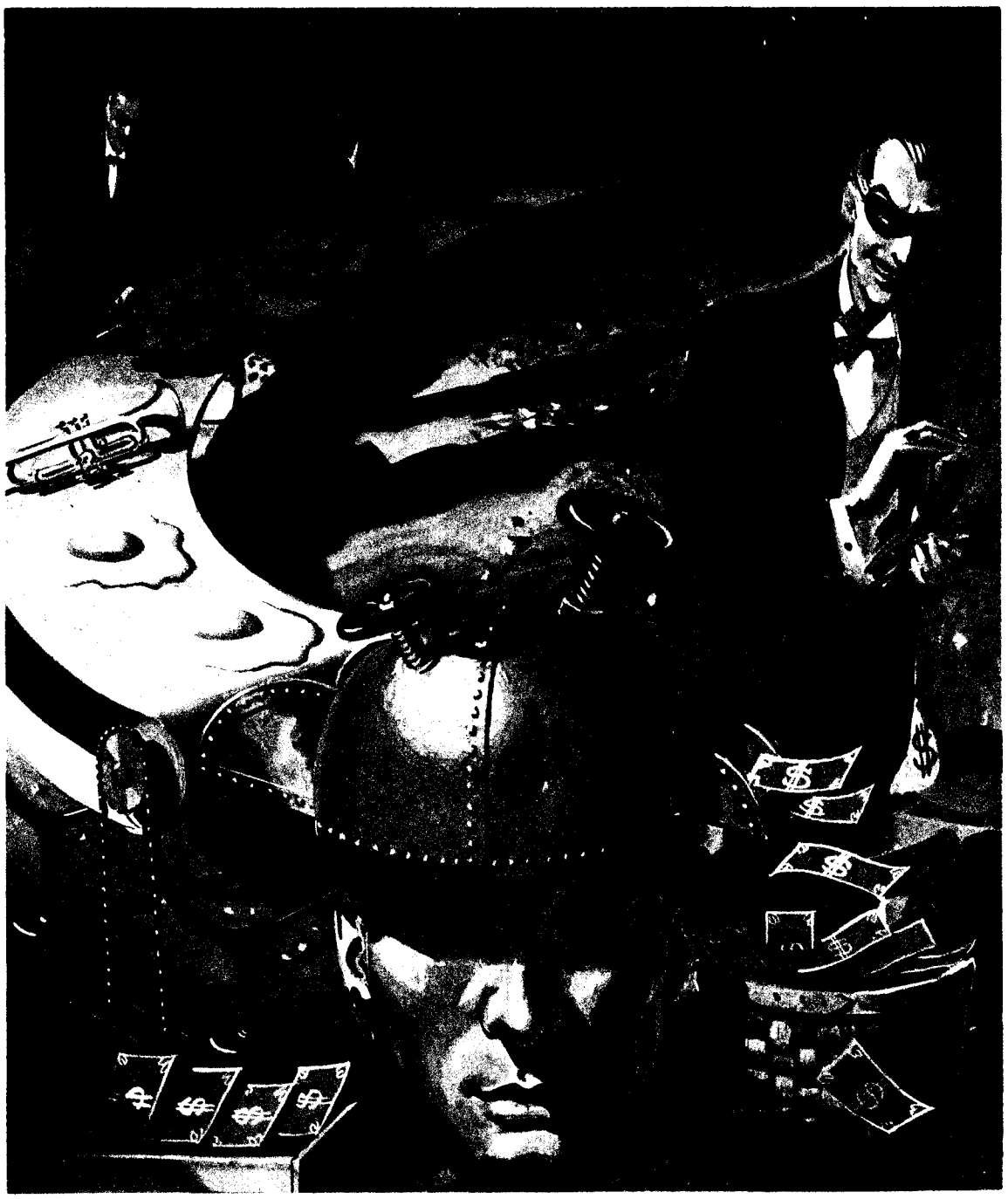

JOHN PIKE

CABBAGES AND HEADS

THERE IS A SAYING, doubtfully ascribed to Samuel Goldwyn, that "anybody who goes to a psychoanalyst ought to have his head examined." Sometimes we're almost ready to agree with that opinion when we read about the doings of certain members of the head-examining profession.

For instance, there was the article about an expert who was studying the food preferences of neurotics. He had made the remarkable discovery that practically all normal men liked fried eggs, but that one out of five neurotic men didn't. Likewise with cabbage. Only 3 per cent of the normal human guinea pigs disliked it, while almost a third of the neurotics couldn't stand the stuff.

Then there was the piece about an analyst who goes on a New York radio station once a week to reveal the subconscious implications of popular song lyrics. Most people of average intelligence would probably agree that the only necessary ingredients of such verses are a wisp of an idea, a good stock of banal sentiments, and a rhyming dictionary. But the good doctor apparently finds all sorts of hidden meanings in the June-moon school of literary revelation.

Even the music doesn't escape his analysis. It seems that this expert in "tinpanalysis" (a whimsical pun thought up by the radio people, not by us) was really disturbed by the snatch of syncopated bugle call in Alexander's Ragtime Band. He considered it an aggressive, militant note. Bands may become dangerous, he warned, a sort of secret weapon.

We tried to figure out how the statistics on eggs and cabbages could add to the knowledge and treatment of neuroses. But all we could see was that this new knowledge might cause a vague apprehension in people who consider themselves normal, but who have trouble digesting fried foods or find that cooked cabbage gives them the fantod.

We also tried to discover what a psychoanalyst of some repute thought he was doing—besides making some money—when he went on the air to probe the emotional depths of the practically machine-made verses of our popular songs. We couldn't get an answer to that one, either.

We do feel pretty sure, however, of one thing that the song-hit analyst and the cabbage statistician and a number of their publicity-hungry colleagues *are* doing. They are giving psychoanalysis a bad name. And they are encouraging the widely held belief that its practitioners are a bunch of crackpots.

This is most unfortunate. Maybe psychoanalysis is still a rather inexact science. But it has long since proved its value and importance. We read a good deal about the urgent need for more analysts and psychiatrists, and there is no doubt that there is such a need. If more qualified help were available, a good deal of tragedy, crime and just plain unhappiness might be prevented, and a good many inmates of prisons and mental institutions restored to normal life.

We can't see that the lyric and egg men are doing much to fill this urgent need. With the man-power shortage that exists in their profession, it would seem that they could put their time and such talents as they have to a more practical use. But perhaps they are offering some inadvertent help, at that. For they may be hastening the day when more responsible analysts and our state governments will get together and put the science on a legalized, licensed and regulated basis.

Right now there is no regulation or certification. Anybody can hang out a shingle which says that he's a psychoanalyst or a psychological consultant, and so far as any law is concerned he's in business. That is a situation which can give rise to a lot of harm as well as a lot of damfoolishness. It's time something was done about it.

Strictly to Our Taste

WE'VE BEEN FEELING real cheerful ever since those nine housewives won $70,000 in a baking contest in New York. We were glad for the winners, of course. But what encouraged us most was the contest itself.

The sponsors didn't stop the music. They started the oven, and the contestants went to work. The result was the kind of pies, cakes, cookies and other good things that Mother not only used to make, but is still making.

Mrs. Ralph Smafield of Detroit took the grand prize of $50,000 for a water-rising nut twist. That's a heap of money for one sweetmeat, no matter how good. But we're not going to say that the reward was exorbitant.

A lot of art and inspiration goes into kitchen masterpieces which appear every day on countless dinner tables throughout the land. Maybe their creators get a passing compliment for them, but that's all. So we're glad that somebody has come along and offered prizes to a few of these domestic artists for examples of their best creations, rather than for their ability to write a prize-winning jingle or identify an obscure tune.

Only nine women got in on the pay-off. But we hope their good fortune carries a consolation prize for other geniuses of the kitchen range who have finally seen their humble but wonderful art hit the jack pot.

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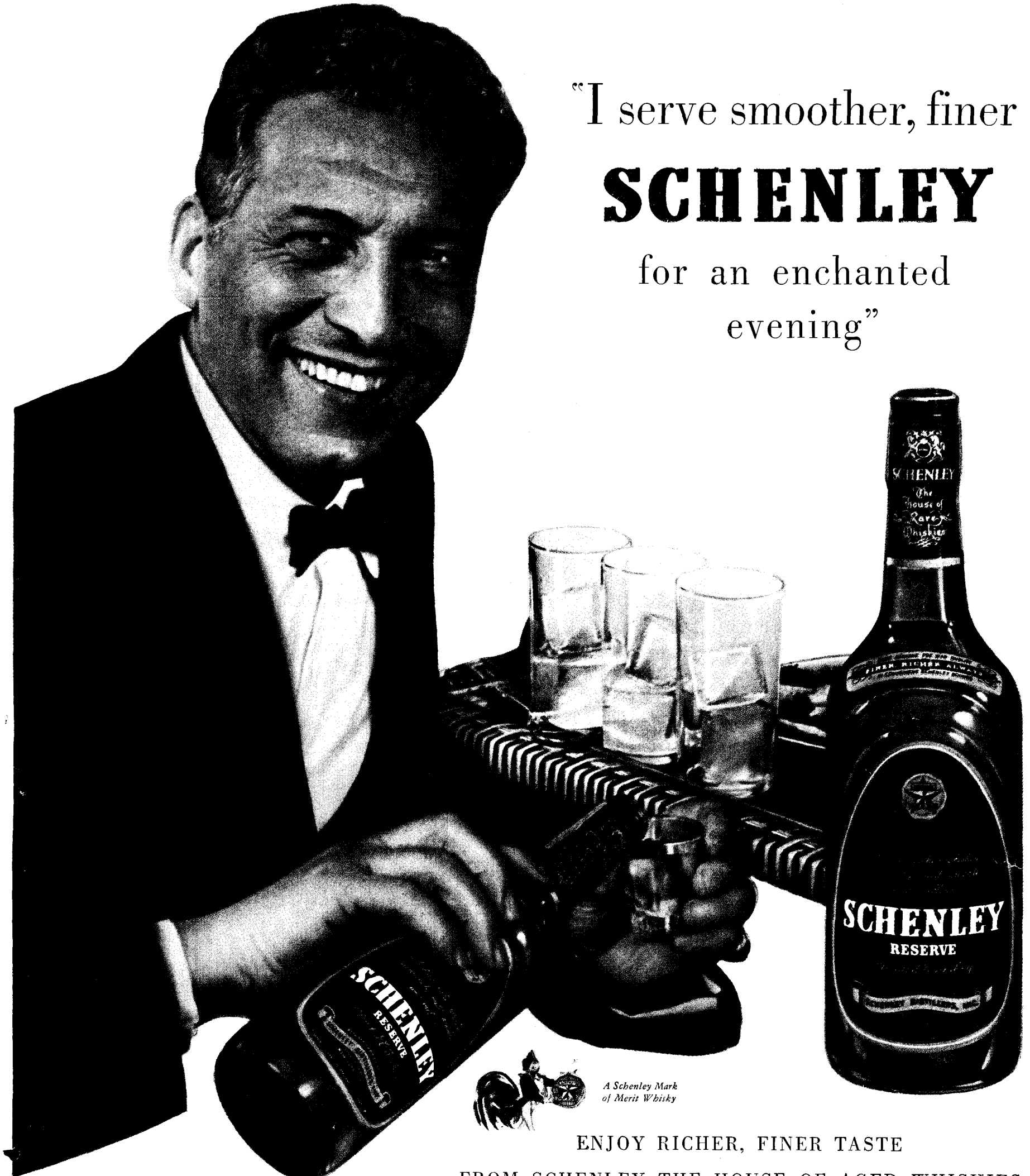
EZIO PINZA, famous singing star of "South Pacific", says:

"I serve smoother, finer

SCHENLEY

for an enchanted evening"



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In a cigarette it's the tobacco that counts — So to give you a finer cigarette...

Curtis A. Walker, *veteran independent warehouseman of Wendell, N. C., says: "Season after season, I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine tobacco . . . tobacco that makes a mild smoke. I've smoked Luckies myself for 20 years." Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette.*

LUCKIES PAY MORE!

Fine tobacco costs more—and Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official parity prices for fine tobacco to give you more mildness . . . more smoothness . . . more real deep-down smoking enjoyment!

Get the extra enjoyment out of smoking that Luckies can give you. For fine tobacco does give you *more* smoking pleasure—and Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. To give you a more thoroughly enjoyable smoke, the makers of Luckies buy fine, light, naturally mild tobacco! That's why there's never a rough puff in a Lucky Strike! Find out for yourself that Luckies truly give you more smoothness, more mildness, more real deep-down smoking enjoyment. Get a carton of Luckies today!

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L.S./M.F.T. — Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

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